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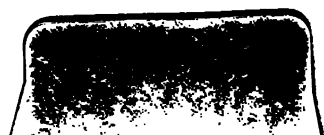
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WASHINGTON IRVING

AND THE AGE OF GOLD

From the original picture by Jarvis





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Longgaithe - Residence of W. Kingston 1807

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WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS, FROM ALLIBONE'S FORTHCOMING
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WASHINGTON IRVING

AT THE AGE OF 30

From the original picture by Jarvis.





It is important to note that the above results are based on the assumption that the data are stationary. If the data are non-stationary, the results may be biased. Therefore, it is important to test for stationarity before conducting the regression analysis.

LIVING WOODLAND



Livingstone - Residence of Washington Irving

19

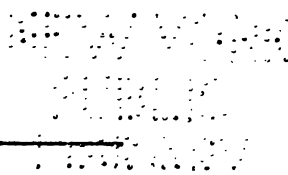
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SKETCH OF IRVING'S WORKS.

[The following sketch of the Life and Works of Mr. Irving is reprinted by special permission from the proof-sheets of the "*Critical Dictionary of Authors of Literature*," by S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE: now in the press of Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia. It is proper to state that the article was prepared by Mr. Allibone, and is now reprinted, without consultation with Mr. Irving or his friends. The plan of the work for which it was prepared, includes a comprehensive reference to the best contemporary criticisms, both favorable and otherwise.—*Publisher*.]



WASHINGTON IRVING, one of the most distinguished of modern authors, was born April 3, 1783, in the city of New York, in a house in William Street, between John and Fulton Streets, and not far from that venerable pile, the Old Dutch Church. This mansion—so long an object of interest to citizen and sojourner—had until within the last few years resisted the progress of "improvement," which was gradually changing the face of the neighborhood; but it too at last yielded to its fate, and in 1846 its site was occupied by one of the "Washington Stores." The father of Washington Irving was a native of Scotland, his mother an Englishwoman: and perhaps it is not entirely a matter of imagination to fancy that the national characteristics of both

parents are to be discovered in several of the productions of the author of *The Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*.

The earliest of Mr. Irving's contributions to the *Republic of Letters*—a number of letters on the drama, the social customs of New York, &c.,—were published, in 1802 (under the *nom de plume* of Jonathan Oldstyle), in the *Morning Chronicle*, a Democratic journal, edited by the author's brother, Dr. Peter Irving. These epistles appeared in pamphlet form, without the author's consent, in the year 1824. After some attention to the study of Coke and Blackstone, the state of Mr. Irving's health caused him in 1804 to seek for that physical benefit which a change of scene and climate might naturally be expected to afford. After an absence of two years in Italy, Switzerland, France, and England, &c., he returned home in 1806, resumed his legal studies, and was admitted to the bar. In January, 1807, appeared, to the great delight of the wits of the good city of Gotham, the first number of a semi-monthly magazine, the joint production of Washington Irving, William Irving, (who contributed the poetry, and hints and sketches for some of the essays,) and James K. Paulding. This was the since-famous *Salmagundi*; or, *The Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff* and others. The amusing character of this periodical rendered it exceedingly agreeable to the town, and its popularity promised a long and profitable life; but for some reason or other it was discontinued, after the issue of the twentieth number. In 1809 was published the famous *History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker. The first part of this work was sketched in company with Dr. Peter Irving, who, on his departure for Europe, confided the whole to Washington, by whose humorous genius it was expanded to its present shape. Though this was one of the

first-fruits of his inventive talent, it is risking but little to affirm that in its peculiar qualities it has not been surpassed by any later efforts—successful as they have been—of its accomplished author. In 1810, Washington Irving—who had never found sufficient attraction in his legal studies to induce him to practise the profession—was admitted as a partner, with two of his brothers, in the extensive commercial establishment which they conducted at New York and Liverpool. The failure of this house in 1817, consequent upon the pecuniary difficulties which followed the treaty of peace between England and the United States, occurred when Washington was in Europe, and this reverse of fortune induced the already popular author to determine to follow literature as a profession. He had of late employed his pen but seldom: a series of naval biographies contributed to Moses Thomas's (of Philadelphia) *Analectic Magazine*, (of which Irving was in 1813–14 the editor,) and a biographical sketch of Thomas Campbell, prefixed to a Philadelphia edition of the works of the latter, are all of Irving's productions with which the world seems to have been favored, from the date of the publication of *The Knickerbocker*, in 1809, to the time of the appearance of the *Sketch-Book*, in 1819. The numbers of the last-named work (composed in London) were transmitted to New York for publication, were read with avidity on both sides of the water, and several of the series were soon copied by *Jerdan* in the *London Literary Gazette*, and by the editors of other periodicals.

“We are greatly at a loss [remarks the formidable *Blackwood* in the number for February, 1820] to comprehend for what reason Mr. Irving has thought fit to publish his *Sketch-Book* in America earlier than in Britain; but at all events he is doing himself great injustice by not having an edition printed here of

every number, after it has appeared in New York. Nothing has been written for a long time, for which it would be more safe to promise great and eager acceptance."—Vol. vi. 557, (by J. G. Lockhart.)

This is the article referred to by Sir Walter Scott in the letter quoted by Irving in the Preface to his revised edition of the Sketch-Book.

This was encouragement indeed,—encouragement such as many a British aspirant for literary fame would have given the copy-right of his best work to have secured. In the same month in which the above eulogy appeared, Irving published in London, under the *nom de plume* of Geoffrey Crayon, Gentⁿ, the first volume of the Sketch-Book. It was printed by John Miller, but at the author's expense; Murray, the Great Mogul of the book-trade, having declined the enterprise. The failure of Miller within a few weeks after the publication threw Irving again on the town for a publisher, and, through the friendly offices of Sir Walter Scott, Murray was induced to act in the premises. He gave the author £200, which he soon felt justified by the sale of the work in increasing to £400. The Sketch-Book was originally published in February, 1820, in one volume, but in July of the same year it appeared in two volumes,—a second edition of the first, together with a new volume. The author had now attained an extended literary reputation, both at home and abroad; and so far was he from having any difficulty in procuring a publisher, that when Bracebridge Hall or the Humorists was ready for the press in 1822, Mr. Murray was ready to offer 1,000 guineas for the copy-right without having seen the MS. He obtained the coveted prize at his offer, and subsequently gave the same author nearly twice as much (£2,000) for the Chronicle of

the Conquest of Granada, and quite three times as much (3,000 guineas) for the History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. But we anticipate. The dates of the publications of Irving's succeeding works, given to the world between the appearance of the Sketch-Book in London, in 1820, and his return to the United States in May, 1832, were as follows:

Bracebridge Hall, or, the Humorists; a Medley, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent^a, Lon., 1822, 2 vols. 8vo.; N. York, 1822, 2 vols. 8vo.

Tales of a Traveller, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent^a, Lon., 1824, 2 vols. 8vo.; N. York, 1824, 4 Pts. Sold to Murray (without his having seen the MS.) for 1500 guineas.

The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, 1828; 4 vols. 8vo.; N. York, 1828, 3 vols. 8vo.

Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, Lon., 1829, 2 vols. p. 8vo.; Phila., 1829, 2 vols. 12mo.

Voyages of the Companions of Columbus, 1 vol. Lon., Paris and Phila., 1831.

The Alhambra, Lon., 1832, 2 vols. 8vo.; Phila., 1832, 2 vols. 12mo.

In May, 1832, as above stated, Mr. Irving returned home, after an absence of seventeen years. During this long period he had been an extensive traveller. We left him at London, superintending the publication of The Sketch-Book, in 1820. A portion of this year and of the following was spent in the city of Paris: the winter of 1822 was passed at Dresden, and that of 1825 in the south of France. In the winter of 1825-26; at the earnest request of Mr. Alexander H. Everett, American Minister to Spain,—to whom the idea was first suggested by O. Rich, Esq., American Consul at Madrid,—Mr. Irving visited Madrid for the

purpose of translating into English the valuable compilation of Navarrete, *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos*, &c., published at Madrid in 1825, (after Mr. Irving's arrival,) in 2 vols. 4to. Mr. Rich, indeed, had from the first set his heart—not upon a mere translation of this collection, but—upon a *Life of Columbus* from the pen of Washington Irving. This darling desire he was so happy as to see realized, and to him, therefore, is the world indebted for the publication of this work. Mr. Irving was the guest of this eminent bibliographer, whose name has long been honored by students in both hemispheres; and, says he,

“In his extensive and curious library I found one of the best collections extant of Spanish colonial history, containing many documents for which I might elsewhere search in vain. This he put at my absolute command, with a frankness and unreserve seldom to be met with among the possessors of such rare and valuable works; and his library has been my main resource throughout the whole of my labors.”

We shall have more to quote to Mr. Rich's credit when we reach his patronymic in the future pages of our Dictionary. In this year (1826) and the following, as also in the spring of 1829, Mr. Irving made profitable journeys in the south of Spain, the results of which were given to the world in 1829, in the *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*; in 1832, in the picturesque pages of the *Alhambra*; in 1835, in the *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*; and in 1849–50, in *Mahomet and his Successors*.

Mr. Irving left Spain in July, 1829, and returned to London to discharge the duties connected with the Secretaryship of Legation to the American Embassy, which had been conferred upon

him during his absence. In 1830 Mr. Henry Hallam and himself were honored by the gift of the two fifty-guinea gold medals, ordered by George IV. to be presented to the two authors who should be adjudged to have attained the greatest excellence in historical composition. This high compliment to Mr. Irving was a well-deserved tribute to the merits of his *History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. In the next year the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Mr. Irving by the University of Oxford,—a testimonial which that august body is not in the habit of bestowing upon slight foundations. After an absence protracted through seventeen years, Mr. Irving at length sailed for home, and arrived in New York on the 21st day of May, 1832. To one who had conferred such imperishable renown upon the American name—even had there been nothing in the *man* to elicit that enthusiastic affection with which Washington Irving is regarded by his countrymen—no common honors were accorded. A public dinner was immediately tendered to him in New York, and the friends of early days, together with those who had grown into civic eminence and social consideration during his absence, united in paying homage to him who had conferred honor upon all. The citizens of other States also claimed their right to entertain their illustrious countryman, and nothing but that modesty which has always been a distinguishing trait of his character, prevented a series of ovations and a triumphal march through the American Republic from Boston to St. Louis and Philadelphia to New Orleans.

“We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure,” remarks one of the most eminent of his countrymen, “of bearing our humble part in the cordial welcome with which the unanimous voice of the country is now greeting the distinguished pilgrim on his re-

turn from abroad. . . . The open and hearty welcome which his fellow-citizens have given him, shows that he is best appreciated where he is best known. His reception at New York was the fairest triumph that has yet been accorded to literary desert in the New World."—EDWARD EVERETT: *Review of the Alhambra, in N. Amer. Rev.*, xxxv. 265-282.

Shortly after his return to the United States, Mr. Irving visited some of the most interesting portions of the Great West, and gratified the world with the fruits of his researches among the Indians, in the *Tour on the Prairies*, published in the *Crayon Miscellany* in 1835. Those more fond of studying the phenomena of life under another phase, found in the *Recollections of Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey*, and *The Legends of the Conquest of Spain*,—comprising the second and third volumes of the *Crayon Miscellany*,—sufficient to charm the imagination and delight the taste. To this collection succeeded *Astoria*; or, *Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains*, published in 1836, (in which the author was assisted by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving;) and the *Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West*, (based upon the MSS. of Capt. B. and other materials,) which was given to the world in 1837. In the years 1839 and '40, Mr. Irving contributed a number of papers to *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, a portion of which, with other fugitive articles, were collected in 1855, and published in a volume under the title of *Wolfert's Roost*. From 1842 to '46, Mr. Irving resided at Madrid as United States Minister to Spain, and, returning home in the latter year, sought a quiet retreat for his remaining years in *Wolfert's Roost*,—an earthly paradise which we shall not attempt to describe after the portraiture which the owner himself has given to the world.

The "Stronghold of old Baltus Van Tassel on the Banks of the Hudson," so graphically sketched in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, has now acquired a double share of renown and undying honors by the occupancy of its eloquent topographer. A well-drawn picture of Wolfert's Roost and its present lord (by Henry T. Tuckerman), will be found in *The Homes of American Authors*, N. York, 1853. Here, in his bachelor-home,—for Geoffrey Crayon has been content to eulogize the blessings of matrimony whilst denying himself their indulgence,—in the company of his surviving brother and affectionate nieces, who are to him as daughters, the author of the *Sketch-Book* passes his tranquil days in calm anticipation of that change which, we trust, for the sake of his many friends, is yet at a long distance.

His publications since his retirement have been the *Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Margaret Miller Davidson*, 1841; *Oliver Goldsmith, a Biography*, 1849, (enlarged from a sketch prefixed to the *Works of the latter* published in Paris, Galignani, 1825, 4 vols., Baudry, 1837, 4 vols. 8vo.;) *Mahomet and his Successors*, 2 vols., 1849–50; *The Life of George Washington*, vol. i., 1855, ii. and iii., 1856, vol. iv., 1857. This work will be completed in another volume. Mr. Irving has also within the last few years superintended the publication of a revised edition of his works,—urged thereto by the persuasions of the eminent publisher, Mr. George P. Putnam, of New York. The new edition was issued by Mr. Putnam in 15 vols., 1848–50, and the sale so far (i. e. to Jan., 1857) has been 250,000 volumes, which, added to about as many disposed of the old editions, gives an aggregate sale in America alone of half a million volumes of the works of this popular author. This enumeration does not include the 98,000 volumes already printed of the unfinished *Life*

of Washington, nor the number of copies sold of *Wolfert's Roost*, which must be very large.

The Works of Washington Irving, in the new revised and uniform edition just referred to, are thus arranged: Vol. I. *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. II. *The Sketch-Book*. III., IV., V. *Columbus and his Companions*. VI. *Bracebridge Hall*. VII. *Tales of a Traveller*. VIII. *Astoria*. IX. *The Crayon Miscellany*. X. *Capt. Bonneville's Adventures*. XI. *Oliver Goldsmith; a Biography*. XII., XIII. *Mahomet and his Successors*. XIV. *The Conquest of Granada*. XV. *The Alhambra*. To these must be added *Wolfert's Roost* and *The Life of Washington*, which, with *The Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, will be included in a Second Series of uniform editions of Irving's Works. A collective London edition is published by Henry G. Bohn, uniform with his Standard Library. It is comprised in 10 thick 8vo. vols. (1851),—viz.: Vol. I. *Salmagundi and Knickerbocker*; with *Portrait of Irving*. II. *Sketch-Book, and Life of Goldsmith*. III. *Bracebridge Hall, Abbotsford, and Newstead*. IV. *Tales of a Traveller, and the Alhambra*. V. *Conquest of Granada, and Conquest of Spain*. VI., VII. *Life of Columbus, and Companions of Columbus*; with a *New Index, and a fine Portrait*. VIII. *Astoria, and A Tour on the Prairies*. IX. *Mahomet and his Successors*; with *Portrait*. X. *Conquest of Florida, (by Theodore Irving,) and Adventures of Capt. Bonneville*. Irving's Works are also published in London, from time to time, by Murray, Bentley, Routledge, W. Smith, Tegg, &c.

Some have been issued with illustrations, on both sides of the Atlantic; and Mr. Putnam publishes some of Irving's choice works, illustrated by Darley, in 4 vols. r. 8vo. This set, of which 10,000 vols. have been sold, is composed of—Vol. I. *The*

Sketch-Book. II. Knickerbocker. III. Tales of a Traveller. IV. The Alhambra. An edition of Bracebridge Hall, with engravings on steel from designs by Schmoltze, is now (1857) in preparation.

Nor must we omit to notice the Illustrated edition of Irving's Life of Washington, now (1857) in course of publication in semi-monthly Parts, (14 to each vol.,) imp. 8vo.

One hundred and ten copies of the Life of Washington will be struck off on large paper, r. 4to. We believe that all of these are already engaged by amateurs.

And now, in accordance with our promise in the preface to this work,—a promise which the preceding pages will prove we have neither forgotten nor delayed to fulfil,—we shall proceed to adduce, as we have done in other instances, the verdicts which eminent critics have passed upon the literary characteristics of the subject of our notice. In many preceding cases we have been obliged to omit much more than we had space to quote of interesting and truly valuable criticism; but, when we commence the pleasing task of citing opinions respecting the productions of Washington Irving, we are literally oppressed by the *embarras de richesses*. As we glance around our library-shelves, and behold the mass of materials which we have been for years collecting on this theme, (as we have on the same scale, though not to the same extent, collected for the illustration of many thousands of other writers,) we feel it to be no exaggeration to say that we could readily fill a goodly octavo volume with the matter which our space will oblige us to reject. Be it our care, therefore, to make that judicious selection from the materials which invite our research, which shall truly represent the impression which this distinguished writer has made upon the present generation, and

the one which first sat in judgment on the early fruits of his literary toil.

1. SALMAGUNDI; OR, THE WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ., AND OTHERS, January, 1807, to January, 1808 :

"We all remember the success of Salmagundi, to which he was a large and distinguished contributor; with what rapidity and to what extent it circulated through America; how familiar it made us with the local pleasantries and the personal humors of New York, and what an abiding influence it has had in that city, by forming a sort of school of wit of a character somewhat marked and peculiar, and superior to every thing our country has witnessed, except, perhaps, that of the wits of *The Anarchiad* in Connecticut."—EDWARD EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xv. 206, July, 1822.

"We have no hesitation in saying at the outset, that we consider the good papers of Salmagundi, and the greater part of Knickerbocker, superior to the Sketch-Book. . . . It [Salmagundi] was exceedingly pleasant morning or after-dinner reading, never taking up too much of a gentleman's time from his business and pleasures, nor so exalted and spiritualized as to seem mystical to his far-reaching vision. . . . Though its wit is sometimes forced, and its serious style sometimes false, upon looking it over we have found it full of entertainment, with an infinite variety of characters and circumstances, and with that amiable, good-natured wit and pathos which shows that the heart has not grown hard while making merry of the world."—RICHARD H. DANA, SR.: *N. Amer. Rev.*, ix. 323, 334, 344–345, Sept. 1819.

"The better pieces are written in Mr. Irving's best manner. Take it altogether, it was certainly a production of extraordinary merit, and was instantaneously and universally recognized as such by the public. It wants, of course, the graver merits of the modern British Collections of Essays; but for spirit, effect, and

actual literary value, we doubt whether any publication of the class since *The Spectator*, upon which it is directly modelled, can fairly be put in competition with it."—ALEXANDER H. EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxviii. 116, Jan. 1829.

"It was in form and method of publication imitated from *The Spectator*, but, in details, spirit, and aim, so exquisitely adapted to the latitude of New York, that its appearance was hailed with a delight hitherto unknown: it was, in fact, a complete triumph of local genius."—HENRY T. TUCKERMAN: *Sketch of Amer. Lit.*

"In this work we are introduced to the watering-places, balls, elections, reviews, and coteries of the daughter-country, and particularly of New York, the centre of its fashion, in a style of unsparing and broad humor, infinitely outdoing any liberties which Mathews thought fit to take with his hospitable entertainers, and reflecting some credit on the good temper which was shown by its reception. . . . That *Salmagundi* owes its principal pretensions to Mr. Irving's exertions, we are the more inclined to conclude from the evidence of a work in which, not very long afterwards, he tried his strength single-handed, under the title of *Knickerbocker's Humorous History of New York*."—*Lon. Quar. Rev.*, xxxi. 474, 475, March, 1825.

"The production of Paulding, Irving, Verplanck,* and perhaps of others, in partnership: the papers of Paulding are more sarcastic, ill-natured, acrimonious,—bitter,—than those of Irving; but quite as able: those by Verplanck we do not know: we have only *heard* of him as one of the writers: it is a work in two volumes duodecimo; essays, after the manner of Goldsmith,—a downright, secret, labored, continual imitation of him,—abounding, too, in plagiarisms: the title is from our English *FLIM-FLAMs*: oriental papers, the little man in black, &c. &c., from the *Citizen of the World*: parts are capital: as a whole, the work is quite superior to any thing of the kind which this age has produced."—*Blackw. Mag.*, xvii. 61, Jan. 1825.

* An error: Mr. Verplanck had no part in the work.—Ed.

2. KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK, 1809.

It was to this work that Irving owed his fortunate introduction to Sir Walter Scott. Campbell was aware of the delight with which it was read by the Great Unknown, and therefore gave the author a letter to Abbotsford. The young American arrived at Selkirk on the 29th of August, 1817.

"I had come down from Edinburgh," he tells us, "partly to visit Melrose Abbey and its vicinity, but chiefly to get a sight of the 'mighty minstrel of the North.' I had a letter of introduction to him from Thomas Campbell, the poet, and had reason to think, from the interest he had taken in some of my earlier scribblings, that a visit from me would not be deemed an intrusion. On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I set off in a post-chaise for the Abbey. On the way thither I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent the postillion to the house with the letter of introduction and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott (he had not yet been made a baronet) to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning."—*Irving's Abbotsford*.

Mr. Lockhart shall tell us in what spirit this "modest approach" was received:

"Scott's family well remember the delight with which he received this announcement: he was at breakfast, and sallied forth instantly, dogs and children after him as usual, to greet the guest and conduct him in person from the highway to the door."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*.

Mr. Irving must be permitted to take up the thread:

"Before Scott had reached the gate, he called out to me in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me

warmly by the hand: 'Come, drive down, drive down to the house,' said he; 'ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey.'

"I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. 'Hout, man!' cried he; 'a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast!'"—*Ubi supra*.

Thus graphically is sketched, by the gratified stranger, his first interview with the tried and loving friend of many years; and this lifelike description is familiar, or should be so, to all. But it has been the happy lot of the writer of these pages to hear from Irving's own lips—while the generous tear of affection quivered in his eye—the pathetic account of his *last* interview with his friend, a few months before the lamentations of nations over his grave testified to the strong hold which he had gained upon the hearts of his readers in every land. But we are anticipating here: should we ever record the deeply-interesting narration to which we refer, it will be more appropriately introduced in our life of the author of *Waverley*. It is worth mentioning in this connection, that in a letter from Scott to John Richardson, dated 22d Sept. 1817, he remarks:

"When you see Tom Campbell, tell him with my best love that I have to thank him for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

Every American who has been abroad, and mingled at all in the polite circles of Europe, can testify that Sir Walter Scott here speaks that only which thousands will gladly endorse. We quote one instance which we find recorded in Mr. N. P. Willis's agreeable *Pencilings by the Way*. He is describing an evening party at the Countess of Blessington's:

"Nearest me sat Smith, the author of *Rejected Addresses*,—a hale, handsome man, apparently fifty, with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy. . . . Among other things, he talked a great deal of America, and asked me if I knew our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving. I had never been so fortunate as to meet him. 'You have lost a great deal,' he said, 'for never was so delightful a fellow. I was once taken down with him into the country by a merchant to dinner. Our friend stopped his carriage at the gate of his park, and asked us if we would walk through his grounds to the house. Irving refused, and held me down by the coat, so that we drove on to the house together, leaving our host to follow on foot. "I make it a principle," said Irving, "never to walk with a man through his own grounds. I have no idea of praising a thing whether I like it or not. You and I will do them to-morrow morning by ourselves."' The rest of the company had turned their attention to Smith as he began his story, and there was a universal inquiry after Mr. Irving. Indeed, the first questions on the lips of every one to whom I am introduced as an American are of him and Cooper."

Tom Moore's warm affection for the author of the *Sketch-Book* is no secret to those who have read the entertaining *Diary* of the former, recently published by Lord John Russell. We quote from one of the poet's entries a *bon mot* of Irving's, which has amused us not a little:

"April 10, 1830.—Forgot to mention in its place Irving's description of the evening at Horace Twiss's, (the evening of the day he wanted me to meet the Duke of Wellington.) But few people had come; and 'there was Twiss,' said Irving, 'with his two great men, the Duke and the Chancellor, just like a spider that has got two big flies, and does not know what to do with them.'"

But, the reader will query, how had Scott become acquainted

with the literary merits of the young American?—for such acquaintance he seems to have had. Lockhart shall again be our spokesman :

“Scott had received *The History of New York* by Knickerbocker, shortly after its appearance in 1812, from an accomplished American traveller, Mr. Brevoort; and the admirable humor of this early work had led him to anticipate the brilliant career which its author has since run. Mr. Thomas Campbell, being no stranger to Scott’s high estimate of Irving’s genius, gave him a letter of introduction,” &c.

It so happens—though it is hardly an accident, either—that we have before us a fac-simile of Scott’s letter to Mr. Henry Brevoort, acknowledging the receipt of Knickerbocker’s *History of New York*; and it is strictly to our present purpose—the citation of opinions upon Irving’s works—to quote this epistle for the gratification of the reader :

“*My Dear Sir* :—I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently-jocose history of New York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece; but I must own that, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read any thing so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses power of a different kind, and [he] has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat,

which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness. Believe me, dear sir,

“Your obliged and humble servant,

“WALTER SCOTT.

“Abbotsford, 23d April, 1813.”

We have already seen that it was to the friendly offices of Scott that Irving was indebted for the happy circumstance which made John Murray his publisher, and the handsome tribute to both these gentlemen which appears in the Preface to the revised edition of *The Sketch-Book* (New York, 1848), must not be omitted in this place:

“From that time [the publication of *The Sketch-Book* in 1820] Murray became my publisher, conducting himself in all his dealings with that fair, open, and liberal spirit which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers. Thus, under the kind and cordial auspices of Sir Walter Scott, I began my literary career in Europe; and I feel that I am but discharging, in a trifling degree, my debt of gratitude to the memory of that golden-hearted man, in acknowledging my obligations to him. But who of his literary contemporaries ever applied to him for aid or counsel, that did not experience the most prompt, generous, and effectual assistance?”

We continue the quotation of opinions:

“Equally or more admired [than *Salmagundi*] was *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, a work to be compared with any thing of the kind in our language; a book of unwearying pleasantry, which, instead of flashing out, as English and American humor is wont, from time to time, with long and dull intervals, is kept up with a true French vivacity from beginning to end; a book which, if it have a fault, has only that of being too pleasant, too sustained a tissue of merriment and ridicule.”—EDWARD EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xv. 206, July, 1822.

"It has the same faults and same good qualities in its style, its wit and humor; and its characters are evidently by the same hand as the leading ones in *Salmagundi*, though not copies from them. They are perfectly fresh and original, and suited to their situations. Too much of the first part of the first volume is laborious and up-hill; and there are places, here and there, in the last part, to which there is the same objection. Our feelings seldom flag in the second."—RICHARD H. DANA, SR.: *N. Amer. Rev.*, ix. 345, Sept. 1819.

"This we consider as equal to the best, and in some respects perhaps superior to any other, of our author's productions, [viz.: *Oldstyle*, *Salmagundi*, *Naval Biographies*, *The Sketch-Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *Tales of a Traveller*, and *Columbus*.] It is the one which exhibits most distinctly the stamp of real inventive power, the true test, as we have hinted, of genius. The plan, though simple enough, and when hit upon sufficiently obvious, is entirely original."—ALEX. H. EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxviii. 117-118, Jan. 1829.

"The most elaborate piece of humor in our literature,—Irving's facetious history of his native town."—HENRY T. TUCKERMAN: *Sketch of Amer. Lit.*

"Of the point of many of the allusions contained in this political satire, partaking somewhat of the style of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, and in which more than one President of the United States figures, we very much lament that we are not fully competent to judge. To us it is a tantalizing book, of which all that we understand is so good, and affords us so much pleasure, even through an imperfect acquaintance with it, that we cannot but conclude that a thorough knowledge of the whole point in every part would be a treat indeed."—*Lon. Quar. Rev.*, xxxi. 475, March, 1825.

Another English authority does not consider that Irving was so invariably allegorical as the critic just quoted seems to suppose:

"By nine readers out of ten, perhaps, Knickerbocker is read as a piece of generous drollery,—nothing more. Be it so. It will wear the better. The design of Irving himself is not always clear, nor was he always undeviating in his course. Truth or fable, fact or falsehood,—it was all the same to him, if a bit of material came in his way. In a word, we look upon this volume of Knickerbocker—though it is tiresome, though there *are* some wretched failures in it, a little overdoing of the humorous, and a little confusion of purpose throughout—as a work honorable to English literature, manly, bold, and so *altogether original*, without being extravagant, as to stand alone among the labors of men."—*American Writers*, No. 4, in *Blackw. Mag.*, xvii. 62, Jan. 1825.

"To speak the plain truth, Diedrich Knickerbocker is, after all, our favorite. There is more *richness* of humor, and there is more strength of language too, in these earlier efforts."—*Ibid.*, xiv. 504, Nov. 1823.

"The whole book is a *jeu-d'esprit*, and perhaps its only fault is, that no *jeu-d'esprit* ought to be quite so long as to fill two closely-printed volumes."—*Ibid.*, vii. 361, July, 1820, (by J. G. Lockhart.)

The eloquent historian of the Conquest of Mexico, in a dissertation upon the Right of Title by Discovery, after referring the reader to some of the great legal luminaries of different countries,—to Vattel, Kent, and Wheaton,—concludes with the following allusion to the erudite essay of our ancient friend, the chronicler of the early fortunes of Nieuw-Nederlands:

"If it were not treating a grave discussion too lightly, I should crave leave to refer the reader to the renowned Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York, (book 1, chap. 5,) for a luminous disquisition on this knotty question. At all events, he will find there the popular arguments subjected to the test of ridicule,—a test showing, more than any reasoning can, how

much, or rather how little, they are really worth."—*Prescott's Hist. of the Conquest of Mexico*, 23d. ed., Bost., 1855, ii. 33, n.

For further notices of Knickerbocker's History of New York, see *Lon. Month. Rev.*, xciv. 67; *Lon. Athen.*, 1832, 458; *Knickerbocker Mag.*, iii. 1; GRAHAME, JAMES, p. 717, in this Dictionary.

3. THE SKETCH-BOOK, 1819–20.

"I have glanced over the Sketch-Book. It is positively beautiful, and increases my desire to crimp you, if it be possible."—*Sir Walter Scott to Washington Irving*, offering him the editorship (with a salary of £500 per annum) of a projected Edinburgh weekly literary periodical. This offer was gratefully declined by Irving.

"But, though it is primarily for its style and composition that we are induced to notice this book, it would be quite unjust to the author not to add, that he deserves very high commendation for its more substantial qualities; and that we have seldom seen a work that gave us a more pleasing impression of the writer's character, or a more favorable one of his judgment and taste. . . . It seemed fair and courteous not to stint a stranger on his first introduction to our pages; and what we have quoted, we are persuaded, will justify all that we have said in his favor. . . . We have found the book in the hands of most of those to whom we have thought of mentioning it."—LORD JEFFREY: *Edin. Rev.*, xxxiv. 161, 168, 176, Aug. 1820.

"Few recent publications have been so well received in England as the Sketch-Book. Several of the Waverley novels have passed through fewer editions than this agreeable work, and the journals of most consequence have paid the highest compliments to its merit. We are nevertheless free to confess, that we think *The Sketch-Book*, as a whole, inferior to the author's earlier

writings.—EDWARD EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xv. 208, July, 1822.

"We will be open with him, and tell him that we do not think the change is for the better. He appears to have lost a little of that natural run of style for which his lighter writings were so remarkable. He has given up something of his direct, simple manner, and plain phraseology, for a more studied, periphrastical mode of expression. He seems to have exchanged words and phrases which were strong, distinct, and definite, for a genteel sort of language, cool, less definite, and general. It is as if his mother-English had been sent abroad to be improved, and, in attempting to become accomplished, had lost too many of her home qualities. . . . The Sketch-Book is extremely popular, and it is worthy of being so. Yet it is with surprise that we have heard its style indiscriminately praised. . . . Had we thought less highly of his powers, we should have said less about his errors. Did we not take delight in reading him, we should have been less earnest about his mistakes. . . . He is a man of genius, and able to bear his faults."—RICHARD H. DANA, SR.: *N. Amer. Rev.*, ix. 348, 350, 356, Sept. 1819.

"The characteristics of the Sketch-Book are essentially the same with those of the preceding work; but, with somewhat more polish and elegance, it has somewhat less vivacity, freshness, and power. This difference constitutes the distinction between Mr. Irving's first and second manner, the latter of which is preserved in all his subsequent publications, excepting the one immediately before us [*Life of Columbus*]. Of these two manners, the one or the other may perhaps be preferred by different readers, according to their different tastes. We incline ourselves to the former, conceiving that spirit and vigor are the highest qualities of style, and that the loss of any merit of this description is but poorly compensated by a little additional finish."—ALEX. H. EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxviii. 119, Jan. 1829.

"His stories of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow are per-

haps the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this country has produced, next to the works of Scott."—*Chambers's Cyc. Eng. Lit.*, Edin., 1844, ii. 594.

Dr. Dibdin, a Nestor among critics, cannot find words sufficiently strong in which to express his admiration of *The Sketch-Book*. Referring to Mr. Roscoe, he remarks :

"This is probably the last time that his name will adorn these pages ; and in taking leave of it, how can I better express my feelings than in the beautiful language of the author of *The Sketch-Book* ?"—*Library Companion*, ed. 1825, 542.

Again :

"I know of few passages—indeed, I know of none—which so completely and so deliciously (if I may so speak) describe the comforts of a well-stored library as the following, from the author of *The Sketch-Book* : 'When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these only retain their steady value,' &c."

The doctor quotes to the end of the next paragraph, and then demands,

"Can sentiment (I ask) be purer, or language more harmonious, than this ?"—*Ubi supra*, p. 544. See also p. 346.

"The *Sketch-Book* is a timid, beautiful work ; with some childish pathos in it ; some rich, pure, bold poetry ; a little squeamish, puling, lady-like sentimentality ; some courageous writing, some wit, and a world of humor, so happy, so natural, so altogether unlike that of any other man, dead or alive, that we would rather have been the writer of it, fifty times over, than of every thing else that he has ever written. The touches of poetry are every where ; but never where we would look for them. Irving has no passion : he fails utterly in true pathos,—cannot speak as if he were carried away by any thing. He is always thoughtful ; and, save when he tries to be fine or sentimental,

always natural. The '*dusty splendor*' of Westminster Abbey, the '*ship staggering*' over the precipices of the ocean, the shark '*darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters,*'—all these things are poetry, such poetry as never was, never will be, surpassed. We could mention fifty more passages,—epithets of power, which no mere *prose* writer would have dared, under any circumstances, to use."—*American Writers*, No. 4, in *Blackw. Mag.*, xvii. 65, Jan. 1825.

"We trust some arrangement has been entered into by virtue of which the succeeding numbers of this exquisite miscellany may be early given to the English public; who, we are sure, are, at least, as much inclined to receive them well as the American. Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favorites among the English writers of this age, and he is not a bit the less so for having been born in America."—*Blackw. Mag.*, vii. 361, July, 1820, (by J. G. Lockhart.)

We have already quoted Lockhart's opinion of The Sketch-Book in a preceding page, *q. v.* See also Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, July, 1822, and May, 1823.

"Of the merit of his Knickerbocker and New York Stories, we cannot pretend to judge. But in his Sketch-Book and Bracebridge Hall he gives us very good American copies of our British Essayists and Novelists, which may be very well on the other side of the water, or as proofs of the capabilities of the national genius, but which might be dispensed with here, where we have to boast of the originals. Not only Mr. Irving's language is with great taste and felicity modelled on that of Addison, Goldsmith, Sterne, or Mackenzie, but the thoughts and sentiments are taken at the rebound, and, as they are brought forward at the present period, want both freshness and probability. Mr. Irving's writings are literary *anachronisms*. He comes to England for the first [the second] time; and, being on the spot, fancies himself in the midst of those characters and manners which he had read of in

The Spectator and other approved authors, and which were the only idea he had hitherto formed of the parent-country. Instead of looking around to see what *we are*, he sets to work to describe us as *we were*, at second-hand."—*Hazlitt's Spirit of the Age*.

As this charge—of literary anachronism—has often been urged against some of the graphic scenes depicted in *The Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, it is only just to allow the author to be heard in his own defence :

"At the time of the first publication of this paper [The Christmas Dinner, in the *Sketch-Book*], the picture of an old-fashioned Christmas in the country was pronounced by some as out of date. The author had afterwards an opportunity of witnessing almost all the customs above described, existing in unexpected vigor in the skirts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, where he passed the Christmas holidays. The reader will find some account of them in the author's account of his sojourn in Newstead Abbey."—*Note to revised edit. of The Sketch-Book*, New York, 1848, p. 298.

We lack space to quote Mr. Irving's description of the primitive customs which he found in full and honored observance in different parts of England,—customs which, as he remarks,

"Have only been pronounced obsolete by those who draw their experience merely from city life. . . . It has been deemed that some of the anecdotes of holiday customs given in my preceding writings, related to usages which have entirely passed away. Critics who reside in cities have little idea of the primitive manners and observances which still prevail in remote and rural neighborhoods."—*Crayon Miscellany: Newstead Abbey*, N. York, 1848, 298, 299.

Mr. Irving's comments are fully endorsed by an eminent English authority :

"The accuracy of his pictures of old English customs and sports, which he represents as flourishing under the influence of the benevolent squire, has been questioned, we know, by suburban readers: in our opinion, and according to our experience, there is nothing too highly colored in them. [The writer then proceeds to prove his position.] We think, therefore, that, far from exceeding the limits of probability in this respect, Mr. Irving has hardly made the full use of northern customs which was really open to him. Nor can we see any thing overdrawn in the characters themselves."—*Lon. Quar. Rev.*, xxxi. 476, 477, March, 1825.

The Dublin University Magazine remarks, in the same strain:

"Bracebridge Hall is the only account we have which gives any thing like a true picture of the life of an English country gentleman of our own day."—May, 1835, 554.

Other reviews of The Sketch-Book appeared in the *Lon. Quar. Rev.*, xxv. 50; *Lon. Month. Rev.*, xciii. 198; *Edin. Month. Rev.*, iv. 303. In our life of Lord Byron, p. 322 of this Dictionary, will be found an interesting account of the enthusiastic admiration expressed by his lordship of The Sketch-Book and its author.

Before we leave our subject, we must not forget to copy an entry in Moore's Diary, in which the success of The Sketch-Book at its first appearance is referred to:

"Dined with McKay at the *table-d'hôte*, at Meurice's, for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the work which has lately had success, The Sketch-Book; a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man."—Paris, Dec. 21, 1820.

4. BRACEBRIDGE HALL; OR, THE HUMORISTS, 1822:

"The great charm and peculiarity of his work consists now,

as on former occasions, in the singular sweetness of the composition, and the mildness of the sentiments,—sicklied over perhaps a little, now and then, with that cloying heaviness into which unvaried sweetness is so apt to subside. The rhythm and melody of the sentences is certainly excessive: as it not only gives an air of mannerism, but raises too strong an impression of the labor that must have been bestowed, and the importance which must have been attached to that which is, after all, but a secondary attribute to good writing. It is very ill-natured in us, however, to object to what has given us so much pleasure; for we happen to be very intense and sensitive admirers of those soft harmonies of studied speech in which this author is apt to indulge himself; and have caught ourselves, oftener than we shall confess, neglecting his excellent matter, to lap ourselves in the liquid music of his periods, and letting ourselves float passively down the mellow falls and windings of his soft-flowing sentences, with a delight not inferior to that which we derive from fine versification.”—LORD JEFFREY: *Edin. Rev.*, xxxvii. 338–339, Nov. 1822.

“We have no hesitation in pronouncing Bracebridge Hall quite equal to any thing which the present age of English literature has produced in this department. In saying this, we class it in the branch of essay-writing. . . . Besides the episodical tables, he has given us admirable sketches of life and manners, highly curious in themselves, and rendered almost important by the good-natured mock gravity, the ironical reverence, and lively wit, with which they are described. We can scarce express the delight with which we turn to the definite images such a work excites, from the vagueness and generality of ordinary story-writing, where personages without prototypes in any society on earth speak a language learned out of books, without a trait of nature, life, or truth.”—EDWARD EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xv. 209, 223–224, July, 1822.

“Bracebridge Hall certainly does not possess the spirit of *The Sketch-Book*.”—*Blackw. Mag.*, xi. 688, June, 1822.

"STOUT GENTLEMAN—very good, and a pretty fair account of a real occurrence, [see Note at bottom of the page;] STUDENT OF SALAMANCA—beneath contempt; Irving has no idea of genuine romance, or love, or any thing else, we believe, that ever seriously troubles the blood of men: ROOKERY—struck off in a few hours; contrary to what has been said, Irving does not labor as people suppose—he is too indolent—given too much, we *know*, to revery: DOLPH HEYLIGER; THE HAUNTED HOUSE; STORM-SHIP—all in the fashion of his early time; perhaps—we are greatly inclined to believe—perhaps the remains of what was meant for Salmagundi or Knickerbocker: the rest of the two volumes quite unworthy of Irving's reputation."—*American Writers*, No. 4, in *Blackw. Mag.*, xvii. 66, Jan. 1825.

"In spite, however, of the pleasure which Bracebridge Hall has afforded us, we can see nothing in it which might not have been compressed into the space of one volume. The *make-weights* (for we can give them no other name) which are thrown in to round off the work more properly belong to Mr. Irving's recent publication, the *Tales of a Traveller*; in fact they are, for the most part, told by the same imaginary narrators, and we shall, therefore, consider them under the same head."—*Lon. Quar. Rev.*, xxxi. 481–482, March, 1825.

See also Moore's Diary, March 19, 1821.

5. TALES OF A TRAVELLER, 1824.

"I have been miserably disappointed in the *Tales of a Traveller*." In this strain commences Timothy Tickler's review of the *Tales*, and he proceeds to abuse them terribly: the more so, he intimates, from the fact that

"Few people have admired Mr. Irving more than myself, few have praised him more, and certainly few wish him and his career better than I do at this moment."—*Blackw. Mag.*, xvi. 294, 297, Sept. 1824.

In the same periodical (xvii. 66-67, *American Writers*, No. 4) the *Tales* are quite as severely handled, but the critic dismisses the author with many civil words and a hearty benediction :

You—Geoffrey Crayon—have great power,—original power. We rejoice in your failure now, because we believe that it will drive you into a style of original composition, far more worthy of yourself. Go to work. Lose no time. Your foundations will be the stronger for this uproar. You cannot write a novel, a poem, a true tale, or a tragedy. You *can* write another *SKETCH-BOOK* worth all that you have ever written, if you will draw out from yourself. You have some qualities that no other living writer has,—a bold, quiet humor, a rich, beautiful mode of painting without caricature, a delightful, free, happy spirit : make use of them. We look to see you all the better for this trouncing. God bless you ! Farewell.”

The reviewer in the *London Quarterly* (vol. xxxi. 481-487, March, 1825) finds hardly any thing to commend in the *Tales* of a Traveller, save the autobiography of Buckthorne :

“It is with great pleasure that we turn from productions which Mr. Irving honestly confesses to be the sweepings of his Scrap-book, to the tale of Buckthorne, whose adventures, together with those of his friends, occupy the second division of the *Tales*. In this instance, finding the contents of the said Scrap-book run short, he has been driven to tax his own invention in good earnest, and the result is excellent. From the evidence of this tale, which abounds in point and incident, it seems probable to us that he might as a novelist prove no contemptible rival to Goldsmith, whose turn of mind he very much inherits, and of whose style he particularly reminds us in the life of Dribble. Like him, too, Mr. Irving possesses the art of setting ludicrous perplexities in the most irresistible point of view, and we think equals him in the variety, if not in the force, of his humor. . . . After the evidence of Mr. Irving's powers afforded by the last-quoted passage,

he must in future be true to his own reputation throughout, and correct the habits of indolence which so considerable a part of the *Tales of a Traveller* evince. The indulgence which he so fairly deserved at his outset, as an ingenious stranger intuitively proficient in the style and ideas of the mother-country, must now cease, and he must be considered in future as not only admitted to the full freedom and privileges of the English guild of authorship, but amenable also at the same time, as an experienced craftsman, to its most vigorous statutes. We may congratulate him on the rank which he has already gained, of which the momentary caprice of the public cannot long deprive him; and with hearty good will, playfully, but we hope not profanely, we exclaim, as we part with him, 'Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother Jonathan.'—*Lon. Quar. Rev.*, xxxi. 483-484, 486-487.

But perhaps the most severe of all the reviews of the *Tales of a Traveller* appeared in the *Westminster Review* (ii. 334), then in the first blossom of its youth. Geoffrey Crayon's courteous notices of the English nobility, and his equally creditable disgust at the sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution, excited the ire of the democratic critic to an uncontrollable pitch. Even the author's admiring friend, Tom Moore, seems to have had but little hope for the success of the *Tales*:

"Irving and I set out for the cottage between ten and eleven. Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkeys, but he was sleepy, and did not open his mouth: the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal. Walked him over this morning to call on Lord Lansdowne, (come down in consequence of Lord King's illness,) who walked part of the way back with us. Read me some part of his new work, *Tales of a Traveller*. Rather tremble for its fate. Murray has given him £1,500 for it; might have had, I think, £2,000."—June 17, 1824.

6. THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, 1828 :

"Venient annis
 Sæcula seris, quibus, Oceanus
 Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
 Pateat tellus, Typhisque novos
 Detegat Orbes, nec sit terris
 Ultima Thule."—SENECA: *Medea*.

"The author, having resided for some years past in Madrid, and enjoyed access to the archives of the Spanish Government, as well as to many private Libraries, has been enabled to weave into this work many curious facts, hitherto unknown, concerning the History of Columbus."

The existence of a new world beyond the Atlantic was firmly believed by many of the ancients, as is abundantly proved by numerous passages in the classics :

"None of the intimations [remarks Mr. Prescott] are so precise as that contained in the well-known lines of Seneca's *Medea* :

'Venient annis sæcula,' &c.

Although, when regarded as a mere poetical vagary, it has not the weight which belongs to more serious suggestions of similar import, in the writings of Aristotle and Strabo. The various allusions in the ancient classic writers to an undiscovered world form the subject of an elaborate essay in the *Memorias da Acad. Real das Sciencias de Lisboa*, (tom. v. pp. 101–112,) and are embodied, in much greater detail, in the first section of Humboldt's *Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent*: a work in which the author, with his usual acuteness, has successfully applied the vast stores of his erudition and experience to the illustration of many interesting points connected with the discovery of the New World and the personal history of Columbus."—*Hist. of the Reign of Ferd. and Isabella*, 11th ed., Bost., 1856, ii. 116–117, n.

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Mr. Prescott remarks in the text :

"A proof of this popular belief occurs in a curious passage of the *Morgante Maggiore* of the Florentine poet Pulci, a man of letters, but not distinguished for scientific attainments beyond his day. The passage is remarkable, independently of the cosmographical knowledge it implies, for its allusion to phenomena in physical science not established till more than a century later. The devil, alluding to the vulgar supposition respecting the Pillars of Hercules, thus addresses his companion Rinaldo :

" ' Know that this theory is false : his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
Men shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common centre all things tend ;
So earth, by curious mystery divine,
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, never divined of yore.
But see, the Sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light.'

PULCI: *Morgante Maggiore*, canto 25, st. 229, 230."

"I have used blank verse [proceeds Mr. Prescott, in a note] as affording facility for a more literal version than the corresponding *ottava rima* of the original. This passage of Pulci, which has not fallen under the notice of Humboldt, or any other writer on the same subject whom I have consulted, affords probably the most circumstantial prediction that is to be found of the existence of a western world. Dante, two centuries before, had intimated more vaguely his belief in an undiscovered quarter of the globe :

De' vostri sensi ch' è del rimanente,
 No vogliate negar l'esperienza,
 Diretro al sol, del mondo senza gente.'

Inferno, cant. 26, v. 115.—*Ubi Supra*, 117–118, 118, n.

We happen to have lying on our table a notice of a work which should not be neglected by the collector of American History, (a large class among our friends in Boston and New York,) and which we observe has not escaped the researches of Mr. Irving (Hist. of Columbus) or of Mr. Prescott (Hist. of Ferdinand and Isabella). It is entitled *Raccolta del Documento Originale e inediti spettante a Cristoforo Colombo alla Scoperta ed al Governo dell' America*, Genoa, 1823, 4to. An invaluable collection of authentic remains, letters, memorials, &c., of the great navigator, with a learned introduction by Prof. Spotorno.

An English translation of this work was issued in the same year (1 vol. 8vo. pp. 159 and 255) in London. A notice of this collection will be found in Rich's *Bibl. Amer. Nova*, ii. 152, 155; *N. Amer. Rev.*, xviii. 415–417, April, 1824, by Jared Sparks; *Ibid.*, xxi. 398–429, Oct. 1825. The *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos de Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete*, Madrid, 1825, 2 vols. 4to, (3d vol., 1829, 4to,) to which we have already referred, will of course be found in the American department of the collector's Library. Those who are still ignorant of the value of this treasury, and the eminent services of its erudite compiler to the important cause of historical research, must consult Prescott's *Mexico*, 23d ed., 1855, Pref., vi.–vii.; his *Ferd. and Isabella*, 11th ed., 1856, Pref., v., and vol. ii., 133–184, 507, n.; his *Peru*, ed. 1855, Pref., vi.–vii., vol. ii., 76; Irving's *Columbus and his Companions*, ed. 1848, i., Pref., 13–18, iii., *Introduc.*, xv. See also a review of Navarrete's *Coleccion*,—

written by Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, a ripe scholar,—in the *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxiv. 265–294, April, 1827.

“His great work, *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos*,” remarks Mr. Prescott, “although far from being completed after the original plan of its author, is of inestimable service to the historian.”—*Peru, Pref.*, vii.

Perhaps we have already lingered sufficiently long on the threshold of our subject,—the citation of opinions respecting Irving’s *History of Columbus*; but we must not pass on without commending to our reader a notice in the *N. Amer. Rev.*, xliii. 43–52, July, 1836, (by J. L. Kingsley,) of the Italian Jesuit Ubertino Carrara’s Latin epic on the Discovery of America, entitled *Columbus*, first published in 1715, at Rome. The poet thus announces his subject:

“Primus ab Europâ, Solis qui viserit urnam,
Parque prophanatum velis mare, maxima regna
Regibus Hispanis, orbemque adjecerit orbi,
Sit mihi materies operis.”—*Lib. i. 1.*

We recently cut the following notice from some paper of the day:

“*Chart of Columbus*.—An old picture-dealer has lately sold to the Spanish Government, for 4,000 fr., the chart which the pilot of Columbus, Juan de la Cossa, used in his Voyage to the New World. It was formerly in one of the public libraries of Spain; and, when the galleries and churches of that country were ravaged by Marshal Soult, it fell into his hands, with the Conception, by Murillo, and various other spoils.”

In the adduction of opinions respecting the manner in which Mr. Irving has acquitted himself in the responsible office of the biographer of the Great Admiral, with whom can we so properly

begin as with that eminent scholar to whose researches Mr. Irving and the world at large are so much indebted for all that we *know* of the illustrious Genoese? And here we are greatly pleased in being able to quote in evidence the most unqualified commendation of Mr. Irving's labors, which eulogy we are the more rejoiced to find from the certainty that if the opinion made as much against, as it fortunately does for, the historian's reputation, it would not be withheld from our readers. Our duty is neither to bury Cæsars nor to praise them, but rather to faithfully chronicle the recorded decisions of the great judges of literary jurisprudence. M. Navarrete may well be supposed to have entertained a natural anxiety that the copious collections for the illustration of the Life of Columbus which he had brought together, at the price of so many days and nights of persevering industry and careful research, should be faithfully made known to those who could only enjoy them in an English dress. Indeed, as we have seen in a preceding page, nothing more was originally contemplated by Mr. Everett than a translation by Irving of Navarrete's Coleccion. But, fortunately for the cause of letters, Mr. Irving determined upon a more comprehensive undertaking:

"On considering the matter more maturely [he remarks], I perceived that, although there were many books, in various languages, relative to Columbus, they all contained limited and in complete accounts of his life and voyages; while numerous valuable tracts on the subject existed only in manuscript or in the form of letters, journals, and public muniments. It appeared to me that a history faithfully digested from these various materials was a desideratum in literature, and would be a more satisfactory occupation to myself, and a more acceptable work to my country, than the translation I had contemplated."—Madrid, 1827: *Pref. to 1st edit. Life of Columbus.*

The work was completed, and this decisive seal to its excellence was impressed by the learned Navarrete himself:

"Yo me complazco en que los documentos y noticias que publicó en mi coleccion sobre los primeros acontecimientos de la historia de América hayan recaído en manos tan hábiles para apreciar su autenticidad, para examinarlas con crítica, y propagarlas por todas partes, echando los fundamentos de la verdad que hasta ahora ha sido tan adulterada por los escritores parciales ó sistemáticos."—*From a Letter dated Madrid, April 1, 1831.*

The same distinguished authority, in the Introduction to the 3d volume of his Collection of Spanish Voyages, after adducing a number of testimonials to the usefulness of the two first volumes (1825, 4to), remarks:

"Insigne prueba de esto mismo acaba de darnos el Señor Washington Irving en la Historia de la Vida y de los Viajes de Cristóbal Colon que ha publicado con una aceptacion tan general como bien merecida. Digimos en nuestra introduccion (1, \$56, pag. lxxxii.) que no nos proponiamos escribir la historia de aquel almirante, sino publicar noticias y materiales para que se escribiese con veracidad, y es una fortuna que el primero que se haya aprovechado de ellas sea un literato juicioso y erúdito, conocido ya en su patria y en Europa por otras obras apreciables. Colocado en Madrid, exento de las rivalidades que han dominado entre algunas naciones Europeas sobre Colon y sus descubrimientos; con la proporcion de examinar excelentes libros y preciosos manuscritos, de tratar á personas instruidas en estas materias, y teniendo siempre á la mano los autenticos documentos que acabamos de publicar, ha logrado dar á su historia aquella extension, imparcialidad, y exactitud que la hacen muy superior á las de los escritores que le precedieron. Agrégase á esto, su metódico, arreglo, y conveniente distribucion; su estilo animado, puro, y elegante; la noticia de varias personages que intervinieron de los sucesos de Colon, y el exámen de varias cuestiones en que luce

siempre la mas sana crítica, la erudicion y buen gusto."—*Prologo al tomo iii.*, Madrid, 1829, 4to.

It is proper that we should next quote the verdict of Mr. Alexander H. Everett,—so intimately connected with the inception of this great enterprise,—one of the ripest scholars that America has yet produced, and a critic of too much candor to permit his own interest in the work or his friendship for the author to either influence his judgment or qualify its expression :

"This is one of those works which are at the same time the delight of readers and the despair of critics. It is as nearly perfect as any work well can be; and there is therefore little or nothing left for the reviewer but to write at the bottom of every page, as Voltaire said he should be obliged to do, if he published a commentary on Racine, *Pulchré! bene! optimé!* . . . He has at length filled up the void that before existed, in this respect, in the literature of the world, and produced a work which will fully satisfy the public and supersede the necessity of any future labors in the same field. While we venture to predict that the adventures of Columbus will hereafter be read only in the work of Mr. Irving, we cannot but think it a beautiful coincidence that the task of duly celebrating the achievements of the discoverer of our continent should have been reserved for one of its inhabitants; and that the earliest professed author of first-rate talent who appeared among us should have devoted one of his most important and finished works to this pious purpose.

'Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.'

For the particular kind of historical writing in which Mr. Irving is fitted to labor and excel, the *Life of Columbus* is undoubtedly one of the very best—perhaps we might say, without the fear of mistake, the very best—subject afforded by the annals of the world. . . . In treating this happy and splendid subject, Mr.

Irving has brought out the full force of his genius, as far as a just regard for the principles of historical writing would admit."—*N. Amer. Rev.*, xxviii. 103, 128, 129, Jan. 1829.

The verdict of the brilliant historian of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—who has so greatly distinguished himself by his researches in the same field of historical investigation as that in which Mr. Irving gleaned so abundant a harvest—must have been awaited by the latter with no little anxiety. In a notice of the publication of the *Coleccion* of Señor Navarrete, to which we have frequently referred, Mr. Prescott remarks:

"Fortunately, Mr. Irving's visit to Spain at this period enabled the world to derive the full benefit of Señor Navarrete's researches, by presenting their results in connection with whatever had been before known of Columbus, in the lucid and attractive form which engages the interest of every reader. It would seem highly proper that the fortunes of the discoverer of America should engage the pen of an inhabitant of her most favored and enlightened region; and it is unnecessary to add, that the task has been executed in a manner which must secure to the historian a share in the imperishable renown of his subject."—*Ferd. and Isabella*, 11th ed., 1856, ii. 133.

"It is not necessary to pursue the track of the illustrious voyager whose career, forming the most brilliant episode to the history of the present reign, has been so recently traced by a hand which few will care to follow."—*Ibid.*, ii. 465–466. See also 482–483, n.

"The noblest monument to the memory of Columbus."—*Ibid.*, ii. 509.

"I will only remark, in conclusion of this too prolix discussion about myself, that, while making my tortoise-like progress, I saw what I had fondly looked upon as my own ground (having indeed lain unmolested by any other invader for so many ages)

suddenly entered, and in part occupied, by one of my countrymen. I allude to Mr. Irving's History of Columbus and Chronicle of Granada; the subjects of which, although covering but a small part of my whole plan, form certainly two of its most brilliant portions. Now, alas! if not devoid of interest, they are at least stripped of the charm of novelty. For what eye has not been attracted to the spot on which the light of that writer's genius has not fallen?"—*Ibid.*, i., Pref., xi.-xii.

In his Preface to the History of the Conquest of Mexico, Mr. Prescott, referring to the passage just quoted, notices it as a "singular chance," that, after collecting the materials for his last-named work, he found himself "unconsciously taking up ground which Mr. Irving was preparing to occupy." But we have already noticed this fact in our Life of CHARLES JAMES FOX, p. 624 of this Dictionary, to which the reader is referred. We had intended to quote other comments of Mr. Prescott's upon Irving's History of Columbus, but, as our article already lengthens beyond our intended limits, we must be content to refer the reader to the Preface to Mexico, ix., x.; *Ibid.*, iii. 252, n.; Prescott's review of Irving's Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, in N. Amer. Rev., xxix. 293-314, Oct. 1829. See also W. H. Gardiner's review of Prescott's Ferd. and Isabella, in N. Amer. Rev., xlv. 203-291, Jan. 1838,—Prescott and Irving Compared, &c.

We proceed with our quotations; but they must be brief:

"This is on the whole an excellent book; and we venture to anticipate that it will be an enduring one. Neither do we hazard this prediction lightly, or without a full consciousness of all it implies. . . . For we mean, not merely that the book will be familiarly known and referred to some twenty or thirty years hence, and will pass in solid binding into every considerable col-

lection; but that it will supersede all former works on the same subject, and never be itself superseded."—LORD JEFFREY: *Edin. Rev.*, xlviii. 1–32, Sept. 1828.

"When he writes the History of Columbus, you see him weighing doubtful facts in the scales of a golden criticism. You behold him laden with the manuscript treasures of well-searched archives, and disposing the heterogeneous materials into a well-digested and instructive narration."—EDWARD EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xli. 5, July, 1835.

"This work is written with the attractions of style and taste, and glowing description, which belong to the inspiration of the theme, and to the genius of the distinguished author."—CHANCELLOR KENT.

"A life of Columbus, authentic, clear, and animated in narration, graphic in its descriptive episodes, and sustained and finished in style. It is a permanent contribution to English as well as American literature; one which was greatly needed, and most appropriately supplied."—HENRY T. TUCKERMAN: *Sketch of Amer. Lit.*

"Since I have been here, I have contrived (by reading a half-hour in the night and a half-hour in the morning) to peruse the whole of Irving's Life of Columbus, in three volumes. It is quite an interesting work, though I think too much spread out by repetition of the same thoughts and descriptions. It is in all respects, however, reputable to the literature of our country."—JUDGE STORY: *Letter to Wm. W. Story*, Washington, Feb. 21, 1836.

Judge Story's comment reminds us of a similar one recorded by Tom Moore, and Cooper's ready retort:

"When Rogers, in talking of Washington Irving's Columbus, said, in his dry, significant way, 'It's rather *long*,' Cooper turned round on him, and said, sharply, 'That's a *short* criticism.'"—*Moore's Diary*, May 27, 1828.

"By the accession of his volumes, we have now the Biography of Columbus; as by Robertson's [History of America] we before had, and still have, the history. Mr. Irving's has been to me a very interesting production, sometimes marked with passages of great force and beauty; and it contains every thing respecting Columbus that can be wanted. He has had valuable sources of information, which he describes, and which were not within the reach of Robertson. Still, his volumes only show, as usual, the merits of Robertson. Upon looking over the historian's account once more, I see no mistakes, and no material omissions: in a concise and calm manner every particular of importance is intimated to the reader; and Mr. Irving has only told in the detail (but in a very interesting and agreeable manner, and I recommend his volumes to you) what our excellent historian had told before."—*Prof. Smyth's Lects. on Mod. Hist.*

There is another comparison between Robertson and Irving which it occurs to us to quote. It is one drawn by Lord Brougham in his Life of Dr. Robertson, and elicited by the account of the latter, in his History of America, of the first discovery of land by Columbus:

"If the word dramatic," remarks his lordship, "has been applied to this narrative, it has been advisedly chosen; because no one can doubt that with the most scrupulous regard to the truth, and even to the minute accuracy of his history, this composition has all the beauties of a striking poem. To judge of its merits in this respect, I will not compare or rather contrast it with the Histories of Oviedo or Herrera, or Ferdinand Columbus, or even with the far better composition of Dr. Campbell, or whoever wrote the history of the discovery in Harris's Bibliotheca Itinerarium, nor yet with the ambitious but worse-written narrative of Mr. Washington Irving in his Life and Voyages of Columbus," &c.

The noble critic then proceeds (in a note) to quote examples from both writers :

"It is no part of my intention to underrate the merits of this very popular author ; but I speak of the manner in which he has treated the subject ; and, coming after so great a master, it was not judicious in him to try for effect, instead of studying the chaste simplicity of his predecessors. These are a few of his expressions : The ships 'were ploughing the waves ;' Columbus was 'wrapped in the shades of night ;' he 'maintained an intense watch ;' he 'ranged his eye along the dusky horizon ;' he beheld 'suddenly a glimmering light.' Robertson had never thought of saying 'suddenly,' as knowing that light must of necessity be sudden. Then the light has 'passing gleams ;' his feelings 'must have been tumultuous and intense ;' contrary to the fact, and to the character of the man ; 'the great mystery of the ocean was revealed ;' 'what a bewildering crowd of conjectures thronged on his mind !' All this speculation of the writer to insure the effect, Dr. Robertson rejects as fatal to effect, and gives only what actually happened. Finally, he was possibly to find 'the morning dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities.' Surely no one can hesitate which of the two pictures to prefer. If the one is not absolutely tawdry, the other is assuredly more chaste. To compare the two pieces of workmanship is a good lesson, and may tend to cure a vitiated taste, (Book iii. Chap 3.) To take only one instance : 'About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro,' &c. Thus Robertson. Irving says : 'Wrapped from observation in the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance.' Can any one doubt which of the two passages is the most striking,—the chaste and severe, or the ornamented and gaudy and meretricious ? The account of Robertson makes the ships lie-to

all night. Irving either makes them lie-to, and afterwards go on sailing rapidly; or the lying-to was the night before, and they sailed quicker the nearer they came to land and in the dusk. The one makes them only see the shore after dawn; the other makes them see it two leagues off, in a dark night, at two in the morning, within the tropics."—*Lives of Men of Letters of the Time of George III.*, Lon. and Glasg., 1855, 265-266, n.*

In addition to the opinions cited above, see Lon. Month. Rev., cxv. 419; cxxiv. 244; Lon. Lit. Gaz., 1828, 65-67; Amer. Quar. Rev., iii. 173; ix. 163; South. Rev., ii. 1; vii. 214; South. Lit. Mess., vi. 569; Phila. Mus. of For. Lit., xiii. 23, from Lon. Weekly Rev.

7. CHRONICLE OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA, FROM THE MSS OF FRAY ANTONIO AGAPIDA, 1829.

Perhaps we need hardly inform our readers that the worthy chronicler Fray is an imaginary personage.

"Mr. Irving's late publication, the Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, has superseded all further necessity for poetry, and, unfortunately for me, for history. He has fully availed himself of all the picturesque and animating movements of this romantic era; and the reader who will take the trouble to compare his Chronicle with the present more prosaic and literal narrative [War of Granada, in Ferdinand and Isabella] will see how little he has been seduced from historic accuracy by the poetical aspect of his subject. The fictitious and romantic dress of his work has enabled him to make it the medium for reflecting more vividly the floating opinions and chimerical fancies of the age, while he has illuminated the picture with the dramatic brilliancy of coloring denied to sober history."—*Prescott's Ferd. and Isabella*, 11th ed., 1856, ii. 109, n.

* An article on Irving's works, in the "Christian Review," questions the justice of this criticism.

And see Mr. Prescott's review of the *Chronicle*, in *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxix. 293-314; also in his *Miscellanies*, 1855, 88-122.

"A few works recently published in the United States have shed far more light [than Robertson's *Charles V.* and Watson's *Philip II.*] on the interior organization and intellectual culture of the Spanish nation. Such, for example, are the writings of Irving, whose gorgeous coloring reflects so clearly the chivalrous splendors of the fifteenth century."—*Ibid.*, *Miscell.*, 125, 126, *q. v.*; (from *N. Amer. Rev.*, July, 1837.)

Since Mr. Prescott's commendation was penned, the *Chronicle* has been brought more strictly within historical bounds, and in other respects also greatly improved.

"His *Chronicle*, at times, wears almost the air of romance; yet the story is authenticated by frequent reference to existing documents, proving that he has substantial foundation for his most extraordinary incidents."—*Lon. Quar. Rev.*, xliii. 55-80.

This article, explanatory of the work, and carefully avoiding commendation, was written for the *Quarterly* by Mr. Irving, at the request of Mr. John Murray. See also *Lon. Month. Rev.*, cxix. 430; *Amer. Month. Rev.*, v. 190; *Lon. Lit. Gaz.*, 1829, 329.

8. VOYAGES OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS, 1831.

See *Lon. Month. Rev.*, N. S., xvi. 244; *Lon. Gent. Mag.*, 1831, Pt. 1, 143; Prescott's *Conq. of Peru*, ed. 1855, i. 198, n.

9. THE ALHAMBRA. 1832.

"On the whole, we consider the work before us as equal in literary value to any of the others of the same class, with the exception of *The Sketch-Book*; and we should not be surprised if it were read as extensively as even that very popular produc-

tion. We hope to have it in our power, at no remote period, to announce a continuation of the series, which we are satisfied will bear, in the booksellers' phrase, several more volumes."—EDWARD EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxxv. 265-282, Oct, 1832.

A very suggestive remark occurs in the course of this review, which we quote with the hope that it will bring forth fruit in its season :

"The period of the Moorish ascendancy is, perhaps, the most interesting in the annals of Spain, and would furnish a fit subject for a more methodical, extensive, and elaborate historical description than has yet been given of it in any language."

Since the above was written, Mr. Prescott, indeed, has given us his truly great work on the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in which we have a graphic account of the decadence—or, more properly speaking, the extirpation—of the Moorish power in Spain; and he has not neglected eloquently to dilate upon the ancient glories of Cordova, Seville, and Granada in their best estate; but it did not enter into his plan to discuss this comprehensive theme in the extent which can alone do it justice. With the vast collections which he has already made, the profound knowledge of the subject which the digestion of those materials has conferred, and the eloquence and force of his historic pen, what better subject can Mr. Prescott have than the one we have ventured to suggest? But, before we entirely forget Mr. Irving in this episode, we must remember to notice that, whilst Mr. Everett ranks *The Alhambra* below *The Sketch-Book*, Mr. Prescott very happily refers to the volume as the "beautiful Spanish Sketch-book, *The Alhambra*." See *Ferd. and Isabella*, 11th ed., 1856, ii. 100, n. See other reviews of *The Alhambra*, in the *Westminster Rev.*, xvii. 132; *Lon. Athen.*, 1832, 283; *Amer.*

Month. Rev., ii. 117. We must commend to the attention of those fond of the remains of Moorish antiquity, the splendid publication of Owen Jones, 1842-'45, entitled *Illustrations of the Palace of the Alhambra*. This superb work comprises the plans, elevations, sections, and details of the Alhambra, with a complete translation, by Pasqual de Gayangos, of the Arabic Inscriptions, and an Historical Notice of the Kings of Granada, from the Conquest of that City by the Arabs, to the Expulsion by the Moors; from Drawings taken on the spot, in the year 1834, by the late Jules Goury, and in 1834 and '37, by Owen Jones, Architect, 2 vols. fol., with 100 superb plates, 67 of which are magnificently executed in gold and colors; the remainder are elaborate engravings in outline; also fine wood-cuts in the text.

10. A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES, 1835.

"To what class of compositions the present work belongs, we are hardly able to say. It can scarcely be called a book of travels, for there is too much painting of manners and scenery, and too little statistics; it is not a novel, for there is no story; and it is not a romance, for it is all true. It is a sort of sentimental journey, a romantic excursion, in which nearly all the elements of several different kinds of writing are beautifully and gaily blended into a production almost *sui generis*. . . . We are not sure that the passage in the book which we have read with greatest satisfaction is not that in which we are promised its continuation."—EDWARD EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xli. 1-28, July, 1835.

See also *Dubl. Univ. Mag.*, v. 555; and see reviews of *The Crayon Miscellany*, in *South. Lit. Mess.*, i. 646; *South. Lit. Jour.*, i. 8.

11. ASTORIA, Lon. 1836, 3 vols. cr. 8vo.; Phila., 1836, 2

vols. 8vo. See Rich's Bibl. Amer. Nova, ii. 283. In French, trans. by P. N. Grolier, 1839, 2 vols. 8vo.

"The whole work bears the impress of Mr. Irving's taste. A great variety of somewhat discordant materials is brought into a consistent whole, of which the parts have a due reference to each other; and some sketches of life and traits of humor come fresh from the pen of Geoffrey Crayon."—EDWARD EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xliv. 200–237, Jan. 1837.

"I have read *Astoria* with great pleasure: it is a book to put in your library, as an entertaining, well-written—*very* well-written—account of savage life, on a most extensive scale. Ellice, who has just come from America, says Mr. Astor is worth £5,000,000 sterling; but Baring does not believe it, or is jealous perhaps."—*Rev. Sydney Smith to Sir George Philips*, Combe Foley, Dec. 22, 1836: *Smith's Letters and Corresp.*, 1855, vol. ii.

"The narrative, though told with the grace of the writer, is necessarily dry."—*Blackw. Mag.*, xli. 169, Feb. 1837, *q. v.*

We must not omit to quote the following well-merited tribute to a gentleman who, by his extensive circulation of sound literature for many years both in Europe and America, has honestly earned the title of a benefactor to the public mind. We refer to Mr. Irving's friend and publisher, Mr. George P. Putnam, of New York:

"We notice *Astoria* and the *Tour on the Prairies* now, only on account of their connection with our subject, and to commend the taste and enterprise of the publisher who has given to the reading world what has long been wanted,—a neat and uniform edition of all the writings of Mr. Irving, at a price which ought to obtain for them a wide circulation. These two works, which have all the pleasing characteristics of the author's style, appear ~~very~~ seasonably in a new edition."—PROF. FRANCIS BOWEN: *Ad-*

ventures on the Prairies, in *N. Amer. Rev.*, lxi. 175-196, July, 1849.

We have not the slightest interest in the gains or losses of Mr. Putnam's copy-rights, but we have much in the moral and intellectual cultivation of the mind and heart of our countrymen and countrywomen, and therefore, as Lord Chesterfield said of the witty scintillations of the Dean of St. Patrick's, "He that hath any books in the three kingdoms hath those of Swift," so say we, He that hath any books in this great republic, should have those of Irving. As for those who have no books,—if any such there be,—in that household you may look for *ennui*, mental and physical languor, gossiping, dissipation, and "every evil work." As Sancho Panza conferred his hearty benediction upon the philanthropic inventor of sleep, so do we cordially revere the character of the literary Howard who founded the first family library. Of Sancho's favorite recreation he could only say, in the height of his somniferous pæan, that it "covered a man like a mantle;" but of good books we can testify that they nurture the soul with the food of angels.

But "to proceed with our subject," as the divines say, which has "naturally divided itself" into a hydra-headed discourse: other reviews of *Astoria* will be found in the *Westminster Rev.*, xxvi. 318; *Amer. Quar. Rev.*, xxi. 60; *South. Lit. Mess.*, iii. 59. See also Franchère's *Narrative of a Voyage to the North-west Coast of America*, in 1811-'14, translated into English by J. V. Huntingdon, N. York, 1854, 12mo. This work contains comments upon some of the statements in Irving's *Astoria*.

12. *THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE*, Lon. and Phila., 1837, 2 vols. 12mo.

"Washington Irving, after gleaning the romance of Europe, is now indefatigably laboring at the romance of America."—*Blackw. Mag.*, xlii. 64–67, July, 1837.

"These volumes are full of exciting incident, and, by reason of Mr. Irving's fine taste and attractive style, they possess the power and the charms of romance."—CHANCELLOR KENT.

13. OLIVER GOLDSMITH: A BIOGRAPHY, N. York, 1849, 12mo. This work we have already noticed in our LIVES OF JOHN FORSTER and OLIVER GOLDSMITH, in this Dictionary. See also *Lon. Athen.*, 1849, 1151, 1152.

14. MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS, 1850, 2 vols. 12mo. See *N. Amer. Rev.*, lxxi. 273; *N. York Church Rev.*, iii. 401; *South. Quar. Rev.*, xx. 173.

15. WOLFERT'S ROOST, 1855, 12mo. The publication of this volume elicited so many complimentary notices, that the New York publishers, Messrs. George P. Putnam & Co., issued a collection of them in pamphlet form of 24 pages. This little *brochure* should accompany every set of Irving's works. We give an extract from a notice which has escaped the vigilance of the publisher :

"We envy those who will now read these tales and sketches of character for the first time. Washington Irving is here, as he always is, equal to himself. He has the finish of our best writers; he has the equality and gentle humor of Addison and Goldsmith."—*Westminster Rev.*, April, 1855.

Another complimentary notice, also not in the pamphlet just referred to, appeared in the *London New Monthly Magazine*, and was copied into the *Boston Living Age* for Aug. 11, 1855. From a review of *Wolfert's Roost*, in the *London Athenæum*,

1855, 192, 193, we have already given an extract in our article on Ralph Waldo Emerson, to which the reader is referred.

16. THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, N. York, vol. i. 1855 ; vols. ii., iii. 1856. See *ante*.

We have before us a number of eulogistic reviews of the early volumes of this as yet unfinished history ; but it is obvious that a production of this character must be regarded as a whole, and that no intelligent, impartial criticism can be expected until those among us learned in historic lore shall have had opportunity to sit in judgment upon a completed work, and compare accredited "State-Paper" documents with the biographer's charming story. That such verdict will be a favorable one, Mr. Irving's well-known conscientiousness as a historian forbids us to doubt. In the mean time, there can be no impropriety in our remarking, that the biographer has well merited the gratitude of his countrymen for transporting the illustrious commander from the learned austerity of the Senate-Chamber, and the chilling dignity of Congressional Libraries, to the domestic familiarity of the parlor and the winter-evening fireside of the cottage. Reviews of the early volumes of the Life of Washington will be found,—of vol. i., in Westminster Rev., Oct. 1855 ; vol. iii., Ibid., Oct. 1856 ; vols. i., ii., iii., Lon. Athenæum, Aug. 16, 1856 ; i., ii., iii., N. Amer. Rev., July, 1856.

As every thing concerning Washington Irving may be presumed to be interesting to the reader, we quote the following genealogical scrap from Dennistoun's Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange :

"John of Irwyn had landed possessions in the parish of

Holm, in Orkney, in 1438, when the county was still an appanage of the crown of Denmark and Norway. The Irvines of Sebay are very frequently mentioned in the times of Robert and Patrick Stewart, Earls of Orkney, and suffered very severely from the outrages of these rapacious nobles. They became extinct in the direct male line *tempore* Charles I.; but one collateral branch had immediately before settled in the island of Sanday, and another, the Irvines of Gairstay, in the island of Shapinshay. They lost the estate of Gairstay several generations back, and sank down into the condition of mere peasants, tenants of Quhome, where some of them reside at this day. I was there lately with Mr. Balfour, the proprietor of Shapinshay, who pointed out the old and modest house at Quhome where was born William Irvine, father of Washington Irving. Is it not somewhat singular that Sir Robert Strange and the author of Bracebridge Hall can be almost demonstrated of the same blood? I *guess* if Irving knew his pedigree could be traced step by step up to John Erwyn of 1438, he would readily claim and vindicate his Orcadian descent."

In addition to the authorities quoted in the course of this article, see also Homes of American Authors; Griswold's Prose Writers of America; Duyckinck's Cyc. of Amer. Lit.; Sketch of Irving, by H. T. Tuckerman; Miss Bremer's Impressions of America; Madden's Life of the Countess of Blessington; H. B. Wallace's Literary Criticisms; Edin. Rev., lxi. 23; Blackw. Mag., xiv. 564; Fraser's Mag., iv. 435, xii. 409; South. Quar. Rev., viii. 69; South. Lit. Mess., viii. 275; Amer. Whig Rev., xii. 602, (by J. B. Cobb;) Democratic Rev., ix. 573; Ibid., xxi. 488, (by P. H. Mayer;) United States Lit. Gaz., i. 177; N. York Eclectic Mag., xv. 412; Bost. Chris. Rev., xv. 203; Bost. Liv. Age, xlv. 723, (from Lon. Spectator.) We have already referred to Lord Byron's enthusiastic attachment to the writings and

character of Irving, (Life of Lord Byron in this Dictionary.) In a letter to Tom Moore, (Ravenna, July 5, 1821,) he remarks :

"I have had a friend of your Mr. Irving's, . . . and talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight."

Again, under date of Sept. 24, 1821, he proposes to Murray, as one of the articles of their future correspondence, that he should not send him "any modern, or (as they are called) new, publications, in *English, whatsoever*, save and excepting any of Walter Scott, Crabbe, . . . Irving, (the American,)" &c.

"The names of Cooper, Channing, and Washington Irving," remarks the historian of Modern Europe, "amply demonstrate that the American soil is not wanting in genius of the most elevated and fascinating character."—SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON: *Hist. of Europe*, 1789–1815, chap. lxxvi.

Mr. Stewart, of the American Navy, a friend of the present Emperor of France, tells us that, when in New York, Louis Napoleon declined to "appear in society," but adds :

"'There are, however,' remarked the prince, 'individuals resident in New York whose acquaintance I should be happy to make. Mr. Washington Irving is one. I have read his works, and admire him both as a writer and a man, and would take great pleasure in meeting him. Chancellor Kent is another. I have studied his Commentaries, think highly of them, and regard him as the first of your jurists. I would be happy to know him personally.'"

"He did make the acquaintance both of Mr. Irving and the Chancellor," continues Mr. Stewart, "and enjoyed the hospitality of the one at Sunnyside, and of the other at his residence in town."—*Letter of Rev. C. S. Stewart*, N. York, April 4, 1856, to the National Intelligencer.

How many can echo this remark of Napoleon!—"I admire

him both as a writer and as a man." It is indeed true, to borrow the words of an eminent American poet,

"Amiability is so strongly marked in all Mr. Irving's writings, as never to let you forget the man; and the pleasure is doubled in the same manner as it is in lively conversation with one for whom you have a deep attachment and esteem. There is in it also the gayety and airiness of a light, pure spirit,—a fanciful playing with common things, and here and there beautiful touches, till the ludicrous becomes half-picturesque."—RICHARD H. DANA, SR. : *N. Amer. Rev.*, ix. 336, Sept. 1819.

If Mr. Dana were called upon to reaffirm the above, after forty years, and over the large pile of volumes which Mr. Irving has since given to the world, we are satisfied that he would do it without a moment's hesitation.

Many years ago, Edward Everett advised the young aspirant after literary distinction,

"If he wishes to study a style which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison's, its ease, simplicity, and elegance, with greater accuracy, point, and spirit, let him give his days and nights to the volumes of Irving."—*N. Amer. Rev.*, xli. 4, July, 1835.

Young men have followed this advice most sedulously; and, indeed, a number of years before this counsel was penned, Mr. Irving's example had produced wonders:

"The great effect which it has produced is sufficiently evident already, in the number of good writers, in various forms of elegant literature, who have sprung up among us within the few years which have elapsed since the appearance of Mr. Irving, and who justify our preceding remark, that he may fairly be considered as the founder of a school."—ALEXANDER H. EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxviii. 11, Jan. 1829.

"Heretofore the essays of Washington Irving have offered a solitary specimen of the lighter literature of America, but we can now only regard Geoffrey Crayon as the founder of a class of writers, who follow closely in his footsteps."—*Court Journal: Notice of Stories of American Life, edited by Mary Russell Mitford.*

These remarks apply to both sides of the water. If an English reviewer desires to pay an especially handsome compliment to an author,—presuming that the case admits of a likeness being instituted at all,—he is very likely to be strongly reminded of the style of the author of *The Sketch-Book*. Let us cite some instances. The author of the article on George Colman and Bonnel Thornton's *Connoisseur*, in Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, quotes a passage from an essay on Country Churches, "which," says the critic, "seems like a leaf from the note-book of Washington Irving." The reviewer in the *London New Times* remarks, of the author of *Tales of a Voyager*, that his "humor is of the spirit and quality of Washington Irving." The *London Gentleman's Magazine* says that in the perusal of *The Journal of an Exile* "we have frequently been reminded of the style and manner of *The Sketch-Book*,—the same pathos, the same originality of thought, the same felicity of expression." The *London Monthly Review* is so delighted with *The Lucubrations of Major Humphrey Ravelin*, that it declares that "many of the practised writers must *fall into the rear*, in competition with Major Ravelin, who must *stand muster* with Geoffrey Crayon." The *London Spectator*, in a notice of the *Autobiography of Hugh Miller*, remarks that "his style has a purity and elegance which reminds one of Irving and Goldsmith." One of the most distinguished of American authors is not disposed to think that any of Irving's imitators have equalled their master; at

least, this was his opinion at the time he penned the article from which we are about to quote :

"The candor with which the English have recognized Mr. Irving's literary merits is equally honorable to both parties, while his genius has experienced a still more unequivocal homage, in the countless imitations to which he has given rise ; imitations whose uniform failure, notwithstanding all the appliances of accomplishment and talent, proves their model to be inimitable."—WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxxv. 191-192, July, 1832.

It is only proper to remark that Mr. Prescott has no reference, so far as we are aware, to either of the comparisons cited above. They were collected by ourselves, in the course of desultory reading. Washington Irving, indeed, can never be confounded with the host of his imitators, abroad or at home. His literary reputation rests upon sure foundations,—broad, deep, well settled, and immutable. As regards his own country,

"Other writers may no doubt arise in the course of time, who will exhibit in verse or prose a more commanding talent, and soar a still loftier flight in the empyrean sky of glory. Some western Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Corneille, or Calderon, may irradiate our literary world with a flood of splendor that shall throw all other greatness into the shade. This, or something like it, may or may not happen ; but, even if it should, it can never be disputed that the mild and beautiful genius of Mr. Irving was the Morning Star that led up the march of our heavenly host ; and that he has a fair right, much fairer certainly than the great Mantuan, to assume the proud device, *Primus ego in Patriam*."—ALEXANDER H. EVERETT: *N. Amer. Rev.*, xxviii. 110, Jan. 1829.

As respects Mr. Irving's fame abroad, it is certainly true, as

Mr. Prescott remarks, that his merits have been—from the first, we will add—warmly acknowledged by British critics, and cordially appreciated by British readers. The circulation of his delightful volumes is by no means confined to the literary circles of the critics :

“To my poor cottage, rich only in printed paper,” remarks an accomplished lady, “people all come to borrow books for themselves or for their children. Sometimes they make their own selections; sometimes, much against my will, they leave the choice to me; and in either case I know no books that are oftener lent than those that bear the pseudonym of Geoffrey Crayon. Few, very few, can show a long succession of volumes so pure, so graceful, and so varied as Mr. Irving.”—*Mary Russell Milford's Recollections of a Literary Life.*

Such a tribute as this must be peculiarly grateful to Mr. Irving. “It is excellent,” says Isabella to the haughty duke, “to have a giant's strength;” but there is a rarer and more precious gift. To have the power, by the magic of the inspiration of genius, to elevate the mind, and to improve the heart,—to cause the rich to forget their covetousness and the poor their poverty,—to while away the tedious hours of declining age, of bodily pain, or mental disquietude,—this is indeed a gift more excellent than the giant's strength, the victor's laurel, or the conqueror's crown; and this honor has WASHINGTON IRVING,—the author of *THE SKETCH-BOOK*, and *THE ALHAMBRA*, the biographer of COLUMBUS and of WASHINGTON.

SUNNYSIDE AND ITS PROPRIETOR.

[From an article by H. T. TUCKERMAN, in "*Homes of American Authors.*"]

* * * THIS outline [of Irving's Life and Works] should be filled by the reader's imagination with the accessories and coloring incident to so varied, honorable and congenial a life. In all his wanderings, his eye was busied with the scenes of nature, and cognizant of their every feature, his memory brooded over the traditions of the past, and his heart caught and reflected every phase of humanity. With the feelings of a poet and the habitudes of an artist, he thus wandered over the rural districts of merry England, the melancholy hills of romantic Spain, and the exuberant wilderness of his native land, gathering up their most picturesque aspects and their most affecting legends, and transferring them, with the pure and vivid colors of his genial expression, into permanent memorials. Every quaint outline, every mellowed tint, the ærial perspective that leads the sight into the mazes of antiquity, the amusing still-life or characteristic human attributes,—all that excites wonder, sympathy and merriment, he thus recognized and preserved, and shed over all the sunny atmosphere of a kindly heart and the freshness of a natural zest, and the attraction of a modest character,—a combina-

tion which has been happily characterized by Lowell in the Fable for Critics :

“What! Irving? thrice welcome warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel.
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The 'fine old English Gentleman,' simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain.
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving.”

The eminent success which has attended the late republication of Irving's works, teaches a lesson that we hope will not be lost on the cultivators of literature. It proves a truth which all men of enlightened taste intuitively feel, but which is constantly forgotten by perverse aspirants for literary fame, and that is—the permanent value of a direct, simple, and natural style. It is not only the genial philosophy, the humane spirit, the humor and pathos of Irving, which endear his writings and secure for them an habitual interest, but it is the refreshment afforded by a re-

currence to the unalloyed, unaffected, clear and flowing style in which he invariably expresses himself.

The place which our author holds in national affection can never be superseded. His name is indissolubly associated with the dawn of our recognized literary culture. We have always regarded his popularity in England as one of the most charming traits of his reputation, and that, too, for the very reasons which narrow critics once assigned as derogatory to his national spirit. His treatment of English subjects; the felicitous manner in which he revealed the life of our ancestral land to us her prosperous offspring, mingled as it was with vivid pictures of our own scenery, touched a chord in the heart which responds to all that is generous in sympathy and noble in association. If we regard Irving with national pride and affection, it is partly on account of his cosmopolitan tone of mind—a quality, among others, in which he greatly resembles Goldsmith. It is, indeed, worthy of a true American writer that, with his own country and a particular region thereof as a nucleus of his sentiment, he can see and feel the characteristic and the beautiful, not only in old England, but in romantic Spain; that the phlegmatic Dutchman and the mercurial southern European find an equal place in his comprehensive glance. To range from the local wit of *Salmagundi* to the grand and serious historical enterprise which achieved a classic *Life of Columbus*, and from the simple grief embalmed in the "*Widow's Son*" to the observant humor of the "*Stout Gentleman*," bespeaks not only an artist of exquisite and versatile skill, but a man of the most liberal heart and catholic taste.

Reputations, in their degree and kind, are as legitimate subjects of taste as less abstract things,—and in that of Washington Irving there is a completeness and unity seldom realized.

It accords, in its unchallenged purity, with the harmonious character of the author and the serene attractions of his home. By temperament and cast of mind he was ordained to be a gentle minister at the altar of literature, an interpreter of the latent music of nature, and the redeeming affections of humanity; and, with a consistency not less dictated by good sense than true feeling, he has instinctively adhered to the sphere he was specially gifted to adorn. Since his advent as a writer, an intense style has come into vogue, glowing rhetoric, bold verbal tactics, and a more powerful exercise of thought characterize many of the popular authors of the day; but in literature as in life, there are various provinces both of utility and taste; and in this country and age, a conservative tone, a reliance on the kindly emotions and the refined perceptions, are qualities eminently desirable. Therefore, as we look forth upon the calm and picturesque landscape that environs him, we are content that no fierce polemic, visionary philanthropist, or morbid sentimentalist, has thus linked his name with the tranquil beauties of the scene; but that it is the home of an author who, with graceful diction and an affectionate heart, celebrates the scenic charms of the outward world and the harmless eccentricities and natural sentiment of his race. The true bias of Irving's genius is artistic. The lights and shadows of English life, the legendary romance of Spain, the novel-ties of a tour on the Prairies of the West, and of adventures in the Rocky Mountains, the poetic beauty of the Alhambra, the memories of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, the quaint and comfortable philosophy of the Dutch colonists, and the scenery of the Hudson, are themes upon which he expatiates with the grace and zest of a master. His affinity of style with the classic British essayists served not only as an invaluable precedent in

view of the crude mode of expression prevalent half a century ago among us, but also proved a bond in letters between our own country and England, by recalling the identity of language and domestic life, at a time when great asperity of feeling divided the two countries.

The circumstances of our daily life and the impulse of our national destiny, amply insure the circulation of progressive and practical ideas; but there is little in either to sustain a wholesome attachment to the past, or inspire disinterested feeling and imaginative recreation. Accordingly, we rejoice that our literary pioneer is not only an artist of the beautiful, but one whose pencil is dipped in the mellow tints of legendary lore, who infuses the element of repose and the sportiveness of fancy into his creations, and thus yields genuine refreshment and a needed lesson to the fevered minds of his countrymen. Of all his immortal pictures, however, the most precious to his countrymen is that which contains the house of old Baltus Van Tassell, especially since it has been refitted and ornamented by Geoffrey Crayon; and pleasant as it is to their imagination as Wolfert's Roost, it is far more dear to their hearts as Sunnyside.

And the legends which he has so gracefully woven around every striking point in the scene, readily assimilate with its character, whether they breathe grotesque humor, harmless superstition, or pensive sentiment. We smile habitually, and with the same zest, at the idea of the Trumpeter's rubicund proboscis, the valiant defence of Bearn Island, and the figure which the pedagogue cuts on the dorsal ridge of old Gunpowder; and, inhaling the magnetic atmosphere of Sleepy Hollow, we easily give credit to the apparition of the Headless Horseman, and have no desire to repudiate the frisking imps of the Duvyel's Dans Kamer. The buxom

charms of Katrina Van Tassel, and the substantial comforts of her paternal farm-house, are as tempting to us as they once were to the unfortunate Ichabod and the successful Brom Bones.

The mansion of this prosperous and valiant family, so often celebrated in his writings, is the residence of Washington Irving. It is approached by a sequestered road, which enhances the effect of its natural beauty. A more tranquil and protected abode, nestled in the lap of nature, never captivated a poet's eye. Rising from the bank of the river, which a strip of woodland alone intercepts, it unites every rural charm to the most complete seclusion. From this interesting domain is visible the broad surface of the Tappan Zee; the grounds slope to the water's edge, and are bordered by wooded ravines; a clear brook ripples near, and several neat paths lead to shadowy walks or fine points of river scenery. The house itself is a graceful combination of the English cottage and the Dutch farm-house. The crow-stepped gables, the tiles in the hall, and the weathercocks, partake of the latter character; while the white walls gleaming through the trees, the smooth and verdant turf, and the mantling vines of ivy and clambering roses, suggest the former. Indeed, in this delightful homestead are tokens of all that is most characteristic of its owner. The simplicity and rustic grace of the abode indicate an unperverted taste,—its secluded position a love of retirement; the cottage ornaments remind us of his unrivalled pictures of English country-life; the weathercock that used to veer about on the Stadt-House of Amsterdam, is a symbol of the fatherland; while the one that adorned the grand dwellings in Albany before the Revolution, is a significant memorial of the old Dutch colonists; and they are thus both associated with the fragrant memory of that famous and unique historian Diedrich Knickerbocker.

The quaint and the beautiful are thus blended, and the effect of the whole is singularly harmonious. From the quietude of this retreat are obtainable the most extensive prospects; and while its sheltered position breathes the very air of domestic repose, the scenery it commands is eloquent of broad and generous sympathies.

Not less rare than beautiful is the lot of the author, to whom it is permitted to gather up the memorials of his fame, and witness their permanent recognition;—the first partial favor of his contemporaries renewed by the mature appreciation of another generation; and equally gratifying is the coincidence of such a noble satisfaction with a return to the cherished and picturesque haunts of childhood and youth. It is a phase of life scarcely less delightful to contemplate than to enjoy; and we agree with a native artist who declared that in his many trips up and down the Hudson, he never passed Sunnyside without a thrill of pleasure. Nor, if thus interesting even as an object in the landscape, is it difficult to imagine what moral attractions it possesses to the kindred and friends who there habitually enjoy such genial companionship and frank hospitality. To this favored spot, around which his fondest reminiscences hovered during a long absence, Mr. Irving returned, a few years since, crowned with the purest literary renown, and as much attached to his native scenery as when he wandered there in the holiday reveries of boyhood. And here, in the midst of a landscape his pen has made attractive in both hemispheres, and of friends whose love surpasses the highest meed of fame, he lives in daily view of scenes thrice endeared—by taste, association, and habit;—the old locust that blossoms on the green bank in spring, the brook that sparkles along the grass, the peaked turret and vine-covered wall of

that modest yet traditional dwelling, the favorite valley watered by the romantic Pocantoro, and, above all, the glorious river of his heart.

We are strongly tempted to record some of the charming anecdotes which fall from his lips in the hour of genial companionship; to revert to the details of his personal career; the remarkable coincidences by which he became a spectator of some of the most noted occurrences of the last half century;—his personal intercourse with the gifted and renowned of both hemispheres; the fond admiration manifested by his countrymen in making his name familiar as a household word, on their ships and steamers, their schools, hotels and townships; the beautiful features of his domestic life; the affectionate reverence with which he is regarded by his relatives and his immediate friends and neighbors;—the refined yet joyous tone of his truly “Sunnyside” hospitalities, so charmingly enlivened by his humorous and historical reminiscences. But two considerations warn us from these seductive topics—the one a cherished hope that the reminiscences thus briefly alluded to may yet be gathered up by his own hand; the other our knowledge of his delicacy of feeling and sensitive habit in regard to personalities. In a letter to the editor of the “Knickerbocker Magazine,” Mr. Irving, under the character of Geoffrey Crayon, gives an account of his purchase of the Van Tassel estate, now called “Sunnyside,” and a characteristic description of the neighborhood, which abounds in some of the happiest touches of his style. This letter was the commencement of a series of articles published in the Knickerbocker, which, excepting his “Life of Goldsmith,” are the last of his published writings. It appeared in the Knickerbocker for March, 1839, from which we extract it.

"To the Editor of the Knickerbocker.

"SIR: I have observed that as a man advances in life, he is subject to a kind of plethora of the mind, doubtless occasioned by the vast accumulation of wisdom and experience upon the brain. Hence he is apt to become narrative and admonitory, that is to say, fond of telling long stories, and of doling out advice, to the small profit and great annoyance of his friends. As I have a great horror of becoming the oracle, or, more technically speaking, the 'bore' of the domestic circle, and would much rather bestow my wisdom and tediousness upon the world at large, I have always sought to ease off this surcharge of the intellect by means of my pen, and hence have inflicted divers gossiping volumes upon the patience of the public. I am tired, however, of writing volumes; they do not afford exactly the relief I require; there is too much preparation, arrangement, and parade, in this set form of coming before the public. I am growing too indolent and unambitious for any thing that requires labor or display. I have thought, therefore, of securing to myself a snug corner in some periodical work, where I might, as it were, loll at my ease in my elbow-chair, and chat sociably with the public, as with an old friend, on any chance subject that might pop into my brain.

"In looking around, for this purpose, upon the various excellent periodicals with which our country abounds, my eye was struck by the title of your work—'THE KNICKERBOCKER.' My heart leaped at the sight.

"DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, sir, was one of my earliest and most valued friends, and the recollection of him is associated with some of the pleasantest scenes of my youthful days. To explain this, and to show how I came into possession of sundry of his

posthumous works, which I have from time to time given to the world, permit me to relate a few particulars of our early intercourse. I give them with the more confidence, as I know the interest you take in that departed worthy, whose name and effigy are stamped upon your title-page, and as they will be found important to the better understanding and relishing divers communications I may have to make to you.

“My first acquaintance with that great and good man, for such I may venture to call him, now that the lapse of some thirty years has shrouded his name with venerable antiquity, and the popular voice has elevated him to the rank of the classical historians of yore, my first acquaintance with him was formed on the banks of the Hudson, not far from the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow. He had come there in the course of his researches among the Dutch neighborhoods for materials for his immortal history. For this purpose, he was ransacking the archives of one of the most ancient and historical mansions in the country. It was a lowly edifice, built in the time of the Dutch dynasty, and stood on a green bank, overshadowed by trees, from which it peeped forth upon the Great Tappan Zee, so famous among early Dutch navigators. A bright pure spring welled up at the foot of the green bank; a wild brook came babbling down a neighboring ravine, and threw itself into a little woody cove, in front of the mansion. It was indeed as quiet and sheltered a nook as the heart of man could require, in which to take refuge from the cares and troubles of the world; and as such, it had been chosen in old times, by Wolfert Acker, one of the privy councillors of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant.

“This worthy but ill-starred man had led a weary and worried life, throughout the stormy reign of the chivalric Peter, being

one of those unlucky wights with whom the world is ever at variance and who are kept in a continual fume and fret, by the wickedness of mankind. At the time of the subjugation of the province by the English, he retired hither in high dudgeon; with the bitter determination to bury himself from the world, and live here in peace and quietness for the remainder of his days. In token of this fixed resolution, he inscribed over his door the favorite Dutch motto, 'Lust in Rust' (pleasure in repose). The mansion was thence called 'Wolfert's Rust'—Wolfert's Rest; but in process of time, the name was vitiated into Wolfert's Roost, probably from its quaint cock-loft look, or from its having a weathercock perched on every gable. This name it continued to bear, long after the unlucky Wolfert was driven forth once more upon a wrangling world, by the tongue of a termagant wife; for it passed into a proverb through the neighborhood, and has been handed down by tradition, that the cock of the Roost was the most hen-pecked bird in the country.

"This primitive and historical mansion has long since passed through many changes. At the time of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker, it was in possession of the gallant family of the Van Tassels, who have figured so conspicuously in his writings. What appears to have given it peculiar value in his eyes, was the rich treasury of historical facts here secretly hoarded up, like buried gold; for it is said that Wolfert Acker, when he retreated from New Amsterdam, carried off with him many of the records and journals of the province, pertaining to the Dutch dynasty; swearing that they should never fall into the hands of the English. These, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians; but these did I find the indefatigable Diedrich diligently deciphering. He was already a sage in years and

experience, I but an idle stripling; yet he did not despise my youth and ignorance, but took me kindly by the hand, and led me gently into those paths of local and traditional lore which he was so fond of exploring. I sat with him in his little chamber at the Roost, and watched the antiquarian patience and perseverance with which he deciphered those venerable Dutch documents, worse than Herculaneum manuscripts. I sat with him by the spring, at the foot of the green bank, and listened to his heroic tales about the worthies of the olden time, the paladins of New Amsterdam. I accompanied him in his legendary researches about Tarrytown and Sing-Sing, and explored with him the spell-bound recesses of Sleepy Hollow. I was present at many of his conferences with the good old Dutch burghers and their wives, from whom he derived many of those marvellous facts not laid down in books or records, and which give such superior value and authenticity to his history, over all others that have been written concerning the New Netherlands.

“But let me check my proneness to dilate upon this favorite theme; I may recur to it hereafter. Suffice it to say, the intimacy thus formed continued for a considerable time; and in company with the worthy Diedrich, I visited many of the places celebrated by his pen. The currents of our lives at length diverged. He remained at home to complete his mighty work, while a vagrant fancy led me to wander about the world. Many, many years elapsed, before I returned to the parent soil. In the interim, the venerable historian of the New Netherlands had been gathered to his fathers, but his name has risen to renown. His native city, that city in which he so much delighted, had decreed all manner of costly honors to his memory. I found his effigy imprinted upon New-Year cakes, and devoured with eager relish

by holiday urchins; a great oyster-house bore the name of 'Knickerbocker Hall;' and I narrowly escaped the pleasure of being run over by a Knickerbocker omnibus!

"Proud of having associated with a man who had achieved such greatness, I now recalled our early intimacy with tenfold pleasure, and sought to revisit the scenes we had trodden together. The most important of these was the mansion of the Van Tassels, the Roost of the unfortunate Wolfert. Time, which changes all things, is but slow in its operations upon a Dutchman's dwelling. I found the venerable and quaint little edifice much as I had seen it during the sojourn of Diedrich. There stood his elbow-chair in the corner of the room he had occupied; the old-fashioned Dutch writing-desk at which he had pored over the chronicles of the Manhattoes; there was the old wooden chest, with the archives left by Wolfert Acker, many of which, however, had been fired off as wadding from the long duck gun of the Van Tassels. The scene around the mansion was still the same; the green bank; the spring beside which I had listened to the legendary narratives of the historian; the wild brook babbling down to the woody cove, and the overshadowing locust trees, half shutting out the prospect of the Great Tappan Zee.

"As I looked round upon the scene, my heart yearned at the recollection of my departed friend, and I wistfully eyed the mansion which he had inhabited, and which was fast mouldering to decay. The thought struck me to arrest the desolating hand of Time; to rescue the historic pile from utter ruin, and to make it the closing scene of my wanderings; a quiet home, where I might enjoy 'lust in rust' for the remainder of my days. It is true, the fate of the unlucky Wolfert passed across my mind; but I consoled myself with the reflection that I was a bachelor,

and that I had no termagant wife to dispute the sovereignty of the Roost with me.

"I have become possessor of the Roost. I have repaired and renovated it with religious care, in the genuine Dutch style, and have adorned and illustrated it with sundry reliques of the glorious days of the New Netherlands. A venerable weathercock, of portly Dutch dimensions, which once battled with the wind on the top of the Stadt-House of New Amsterdam, in the time of Peter Stuyvesant, now erects its crest on the gable end of my edifice; a gilded horse, in full gallop, once the weathercock of the great Vander Heyden Palace of Albany, now glitters in the sunshine, and veers with every breeze, on the peaked turret over my portal: my sanctum sanctorum is the chamber once honored by the illustrious Diedrich, and it is from his elbow-chair, and his identical old Dutch writing-desk, that I pen this rambling epistle.

"Here, then, have I set up my rest, surrounded by the recollection of early days, and the mementos of the historian of the Manhattoes, with that glorious river before me, which flows with such majesty through his works, and which has ever been to me a river of delight.

"I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in nature; a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying point, to call us home again after all our wanderings. 'The things which we have learned in our childhood,' says an old writer, 'grow up with our souls, and unite themselves to it.' So it is with the scenes among which

we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings; and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound, to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow; ever straight forward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life; ever simple, open and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.

"Excuse this rhapsody, into which I have been betrayed by a revival of early feelings. The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings, and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heartfelt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley; nor a fairy land among the distant mountains; nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollec-

tions of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine. •

“Permit me then, Mr. Editor, through the medium of your work, to hold occasional discourse from my retreat, with the busy world I have abandoned. I have much to say about what I have seen, heard, felt, and thought, through the course of a varied and rambling life, and some lucubrations, that have long been encumbering my portfolio; together with divers reminiscences of the venerable historian of the New Netherlands, that may not be unacceptable to those who have taken an interest in his writings, and are desirous of any thing that may cast a light back upon our early history. Let your readers rest assured of one thing, that, though retired from the world, I am not disgusted with it; and that if, in my communings with it, I do not prove very wise, I trust I shall at least prove very good-natured.

Which is all at present, from

Yours, etc.,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.



THE BURGOMASTERS OF NEW AMSTERDAM.*

IN treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen, who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic—a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent hen-pecked beings in the community: doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside. Set up, like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whipster and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority, vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner absolute despots in their little domains, lording it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which it is well known is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station—squeezing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance of

* Knickerbocker's N. York, Book iii. chap. 2.

a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff,—five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, subdevils, or bottle-holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters—hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen—who actually died of suffocation in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council-board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen—being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all those snug junketings and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was equally coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great





A - CHEPEN LAUGHING AT A BURGMASTERS JOKE.

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men in a small way—who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the alms-house and the bridewell—that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty—that shall give to their beck a hound-like pack of catchpolls and bumbailiffs—tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down!—My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian—but I have a mortal antipathy to catchpolls, bumbailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain-thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study—for as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, “there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures, and their physical constitution—between their habits and the structure of their bodies.” Thus we see that a lean, spare, diminutive body is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind—either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, un-

wieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe, that your well fed, robustious burghers are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance—and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?—no—no—it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls—one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body—a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart—a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchained in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind. His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the windows of the bed-chamber, are usually half closed, that its slumberings may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighborhood of the heart in an intoler

able passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest—whereupon a host of honest, good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which had lain perdue, slyly peeping out of the loopholes of the heart, finding this cerberus asleep, do pluck up their sprits, turn out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol up and down the diaphragm—disposing their possessor to laughter, good humor, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow-mortals.

As a board of magistrates, formed on this principle, think but very little, they are the less likely to differ and wrangle about favorite opinions—and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was conscious of this, and therefore ordered in his cartularies, that no judge should hold a court of justice, except in the morning, on an empty stomach.—A pitiful rule, which I can never forgive, and which I warrant bore hard upon all the poor culprits in the kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken an opposite course, and have so managed, that the aldermen are the best fed men in the community; feasting lustily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily on oysters and turtles, that in process of time they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony—and the profound laws which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labors of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced.

when awake. In a word, your fair, round-bellied burgomaster, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house-door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its safety ;—but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race-horse to draw an ox waggon.

The burgomasters then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat ; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly, blue-nosed, skimmed milk, New England cheese.

Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter, and his worthy compeers, unless it be the sage divans of some of our modern corporations. They would sit for hours smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness, so necessary to deep reflection. Under the sober sway of Wouter Van Twiller and these his worthy coadjutors, the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country, customary in new cities, and which at this day may be witnessed in the city of Washington ; that immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleasing sight in those times, to behold the honest burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the bench at the door of his whitewashed house, under the shade of some gigantic syc-

more or overhanging willow. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze, and listening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunting of his swine; that combination of farm-yard melody, which may truly be said to have a silver sound, inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of the different appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit-grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the settlement of New Amsterdam. The grass grew quietly in the highways—the bleating sheep and frolicksome calves sported about the verdant ridge, where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll—the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods, where now are to be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money-brokers—and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields, where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of wealth, and the servility and heart-burnings of repining poverty—and what in my mind is still more conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mould, and to be those honest, blunt minds, which, like certain manufactures, are

made by the gross, and considered as exceedingly good for common use.

Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and especially promoted to city honors; your keen intellects, like razors, being considered too sharp for common service. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal distribution of riches, as the great source of jealousies, broils, and heart-breakings; whereas, for my part, I verily believe it is the sad inequality of intellect that prevails, that embroils communities more than any thing else; and I have remarked that your knowing people, who are so much wiser than any body else, are eternally keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New Amsterdam, nothing of the kind was known within its walls—the very words of learning, education, taste, and talents were unheard of—a bright genius was an animal unknown, and a blue-stocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man, in fact, seemed to know more than his neighbor, nor any man to know more than an honest man ought to know, who has nobody's business to mind but his own; the parson and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the sage Van Twiller always signed his name with a cross.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little Burgh! existing in all the security of harmless insignificance—unnoticed and unenvied by the world, without ambition, without vainglory, without riches, without learning, and all their train of carking cares—and as of yore, in the better days of man, the deities were wont to visit him on earth and bless his rural habitations, so we are told, in the sylvan days of New Amsterdam, the good St. Nicholas would often make his appearance in his beloved city, of a

holiday afternoon, riding jollily among the tree-tops, or over the roofs of the houses, now and then drawing forth magnificent presents from his breeches pockets, and dropping them down the chimneys of his favorites. Whereas, in these degenerate days of iron and brass, he never shows us the light of his countenance, nor ever visits us, save one night in the year; when he rattles down the chimneys of the descendants of the patriarchs, confining his presents merely to the children, in token of the degeneracy of the parents.

Such are the comfortable and thriving effects of a fat government. The province of the New Netherlands, destitute of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity that wealth could never purchase. There were neither public commotions, nor private quarrels; neither parties, nor sects, nor schisms; neither persecutions, nor trials, nor punishments; nor were there counsellors, attorneys, catchpolls, or hangmen. Every man attended to what little business he was lucky enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbor. In those days nobody meddled with concerns above his comprehension; nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs; nor neglected to correct his own conduct, and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull to pieces the characters of others—but in a word, every respectable citizen ate when he was not hungry, drank when he was not thirsty, and went regularly to bed when the sun set and the fowls went to roost, whether he were sleepy or not; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement, that I am told every dutiful wife throughout New Amsterdam made a point of enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace—this superabundance of good things clearly constituting the true luxury of life, according to the favorite Dutch

maxim, that "more than enough constitutes a feast." Every thing, therefore, went on exactly as it should do, and in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, "the profoundest *tranquillity* and *repose* reigned throughout the province."



DUTCH COURTSHIP AND OTHER CUSTOMS IN OLDEN TIMES.*

MANIFOLD are the tastes and dispositions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brimful of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work, and swell, and foam, with untried valor, like a barrel of new cider, or a train-band captain, fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles, and horrible encounters; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and revelling in gunpowder and carnage. Others, who are of a less martial, but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvellous, will dwell with wondrous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard-of events, hair-breadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astonishing narrations, which just amble along the boundary line of possibility. A third class, who, not to speak slightly of them, are of a lighter turn, and skim over the records of past times, as they do over the edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement, do singularly delight in treasons, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders,

* Knickerbocker's N. York, Book iii. chap. 8.

and all the other catalogue of hideous crimes, which like cayenne in cookery, do give a pungency and flavor to the dull detail of history—while a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do diligently pore over the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human kind, and watch the gradual changes in men and manners, effected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity, and peace, which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them that as soon as I can possibly alight upon any thing horrible, uncommon, or impossible, it shall go hard but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being premised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if possible, women after my own heart; grave, philosophical, and investigating; fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a nation down, through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first development of the newly hatched colony, and the primitive manners and customs prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many painstaking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors—they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch man-

sion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof; from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march of prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city—the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths, which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret, which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind;—the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant em-

ployed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—inasmuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was

curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace—the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New England witches—grisly ghosts, horses with out heads—and hair-breadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though

our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own waggons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in the winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped

with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting or coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *Yah*, *Mynheer*, or *Yah ya, Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took

leave of them with a hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

In this dulcet period of my history, when the beauteous island of Manna-hata presented a scene, the very counterpart of those glowing pictures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty, and gray-beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentlemen's small clothes; and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days, in which every woman staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were con-

venient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed—and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, when the contents filled a couple of corn baskets, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories; the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well-turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given, it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily-dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball-room. Nor were they the less admired by the gen-

tlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object—and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a Low Dutch sonneteer of the province to be radiant as a sunflower, luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen. The reason of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller,—this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which, no doubt, entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings, was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamschatka damsel with a store of bear skins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of reindeer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of dame Nature, in water-colors and needle-work, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females—a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very *inconsiderable* impression upon the heart of a modern fair; they nei-

ther drove their curricles or sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of—neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent rencontres with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors—for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey-woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawning of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labor in contempt; skulked about docks and market places; loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little money they could procure at hustle-cap and chuck-farthing; swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbors' horses—in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short by an affair of honor with a whipping-post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days—his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons—half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage,

and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigious queue of eelskin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of true Delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honorable terms.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long-forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace—the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted by ribald street-walkers or vagabond boys—those unlucky urchins, who do so infest our streets, displaying under the roses of youth the thorns and briers of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches, and the damsel with petticoats of half a score, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love without fear and without reproach; for what had that virtue to fear, which was defended by a shield of good linsey-woolsey, equal at least to the seven bull-hides of the invincible Ajax? Ah blissful, and never to be forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again—when Buttermilk Channel was quite dry at low water—when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon, and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent

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DUTCH COURTSHIP

NEW YORK: G. PUTNAM & CO.

WILHELMINA, Queen of the Netherlands, born 1880, married 1901, has one son, Prince Alexander, born 1905.

The Dutch Courtship and other customs are described in the following pages. The Dutch people are very fond of their country and their customs, and they are very proud of their country and their customs.

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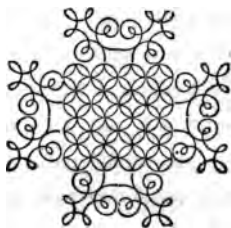
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NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM & CO.

whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city!

Happy would it have been for New Amsterdam, could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity; but alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the bustle, the cares, and miseries of the world. Let no man congratulate himself, when he beholds the child of his bosom or the city of his birth increasing in magnitude and importance—let the history of his own life teach him the dangers of the one, and this excellent little history of Manna-hata convince him of the calamities of the other.



THE WIFE.*

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth . .
The violet bed's not sweeter.

MIDDLETON.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy

* From the Sketch-Book.

plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and ad-

ministering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.—“Her life,” said he, “shall be like a fairy tale.”

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness;

but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through, I inquired, “Does your wife know all this?”—At the question he burst into an agony of tears. “For God’s sake!” cried he, “if you have any pity on me, don’t mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!”

“And why not?” said I. “She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.”

• “Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I

have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!—”

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysms had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

“But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay,” observing a pang to pass across his countenance, “don’t let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary——”

“I could be happy with her,” cried he, convulsively, “in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty, and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!” cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

“And believe me, my friend,” said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, “believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman’s heart a spark

of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is,—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.”

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger.—In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

“And how did she bear it?”

“Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy.—But, poor girl,” added he, “she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniencies nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial.”

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret, the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I: "has any thing happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant,—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion,

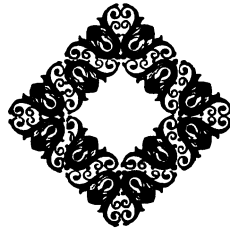
we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grassplot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us: she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still here—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he

could not speak—but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, or Colombo, as the name is written in Italian,† was born in the city of Genoa, about the year 1435. He was the son of Dominico Colombo, a wool comber, and Susannah Fontanarossa, his wife, and it would seem that his ancestors had followed the same handicraft for several generations in Genoa. Attempts have been made to prove him of illustrious descent, and several noble houses have laid claim to him since his name has become so renowned as to confer rather than receive distinction. It is possible some of them may be in the right, for the feuds in Italy in those ages had broken down and scattered many of the noblest families, and while some branches remained in the lordly heritage of castles and domains, others were confounded with the humblest population of the cities. The fact, however, is not material to his fame; and it is a higher proof of

* *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Book i. chap. 1.

† Columbus latinized his name in his letters according to the usage of the time, when Latin was the language of learned correspondence. In subsequent life when in Spain he recurred to what was supposed to be the original Roman name of the family, *Colonus*, which he abbreviated to *Colon*, to adapt it to the Castilian tongue. Hence he is known in Spanish history as *Christoval Colon*.

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merit to be the object of contention among various noble families, than to be able to substantiate the most illustrious lineage. His son Fernando had a true feeling on the subject. "I am of opinion," says he, "that I should derive less dignity from any nobility of ancestry, than from being the son of such a father."

Columbus was the oldest of four children; having two brothers, Bartholomew and Giacomo, or James (written Diego in Spanish), and one sister, of whom nothing is known but that she was married to a person in obscure life called Giacomo Bavarello. At a very early age Columbus evinced a decided inclination for the sea; his education, therefore, was mainly directed to fit him for maritime life, but was as general as the narrow means of his father would permit. Besides the ordinary branches of reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic, he was instructed in the Latin tongue, and made some proficiency in drawing and design. For a short time, also, he was sent to the university of Pavia, where he studied geometry, geography, astronomy and navigation. He then returned to Genoa, where, according to a contemporary historian, he assisted his father in his trade of wool combing. This assertion is indignantly contradicted by his son Fernando, though there is nothing in it improbable, and he gives us no information of his father's occupation to supply its place. He could not, however, have remained long in this employment, as, according to his own account, he entered upon a nautical life when but fourteen years of age.*

In tracing the early history of a man like Columbus, whose actions have had a vast effect on human affairs, it is interesting to notice how much has been owing to external influences, how

* Hist. del Almirante, cap. 4.

much to an inborn propensity of the genius. In the latter part of his life, when, impressed with the sublime events brought about through his agency, Columbus looked back upon his career with a solemn and superstitious feeling, he attributed his early and irresistible inclination for the sea, and his passion for geographical studies, to an impulse from the Deity, preparing him for the high decrees he was chosen to accomplish.*

The nautical propensity, however, evinced by Columbus in early life, is common to boys of enterprising spirit and lively imagination brought up in maritime cities; to whom the sea is the high road to adventure and the region of romance. Genoa, too, walled in and straitened on the land side by rugged mountains, yielded but little scope for enterprise on shore, while an opulent and widely-extended commerce, visiting every country, and a roving marine, battling in every sea, naturally led forth her children upon the waves, as their propitious element. Many, too, were induced to emigrate by the violent factions which raged within the bosom of the city, and often dyed its streets with blood. A historian of Genoa laments this proneness of its youth to wander. They go, said he, with the intention of returning when they shall have acquired the means of living comfortably and honorably in their native place; but we know from long experience, that of twenty who thus depart, scarce two return; either dying abroad, or taking to themselves foreign wives, or being loth to expose themselves to the tempest of civil discords which distract the republic.†

The strong passion for geographical knowledge, also, felt by Columbus in early life, and which inspired his after career, was

* Letter to the Castilian Sovereigns, 1501.

† Foglieta, *Istoria de Genova*, lib. ii.

incident to the age in which he lived. Geographical discovery was the brilliant path of light which was for ever to distinguish the fifteenth century. During a long night of monkish bigotry and false learning, geography, with the other sciences, had been lost to the European nations. Fortunately it had not been lost to mankind: it had taken refuge in the bosom of Africa. While the pedantic schoolmen of the cloisters were wasting time and talent, and confounding erudition by idle reveries and sophistical dialectics, the Arabian sages, assembled at Senaar, were taking the measurement of a degree of latitude, and calculating the circumference of the earth, on the vast plains of Mesopotamia.

True knowledge, thus happily preserved, was now making its way back to Europe. The revival of science accompanied the revival of letters. Among the various authors which the awakening zeal for ancient literature had once more brought into notice, were Pliny, Pomponius Mela, and Strabo. From these was regained a fund of geographical knowledge, which had long faded from the public mind. Curiosity was aroused to pursue this forgotten path, thus suddenly reopened. A translation of the work of Ptolemy had been made into Latin, at the commencement of the century, by Emanuel Chrysoleras, a noble and learned Greek, and had thus been rendered more familiar to the Italian students. Another translation had followed, by James Angel de Scarpiaria, of which fair and beautiful copies became common in the Italian libraries.* The writings also began to be sought after of Averroes, Alfraganus, and other Arabian sages, who had kept the sacred fire of science alive, during the interval of European darkness.

* Andres, *Hist. B. Let.*, lib. iii. cap. 2.

The knowledge thus reviving was limited and imperfect ; yet, like the return of morning light, it seemed to call a new creation into existence, and broke, with all the charm of wonder, upon imaginative minds. They were surprised at their own ignorance of the world around them. Every step was discovery, for every region beyond their native country was in a manner *terra incognita*.

Such was the state of information and feeling with respect to this interesting science, in the early part of the fifteenth century. An interest still more intense was awakened by the discoveries which began to be made along the Atlantic coasts of Africa ; and must have been particularly felt among a maritime and commercial people like the Genoese. To these circumstances may we ascribe the enthusiastic devotion which Columbus imbibed in his childhood for cosmographical studies, and which influenced all his after fortunes.

The short time passed by him at the university of Pavia, was barely sufficient to give him the rudiments of the necessary sciences ; the familiar acquaintance with them, which he evinced in after life, must have been the result of diligent self-schooling, in casual hours of study amid the cares and vicissitudes of a rugged and wandering life. He was one of those men of strong natural genius, who, from having to contend at their very outset with privations and impediments, acquire an intrepidity in encountering and a facility in vanquishing difficulties, throughout their career. Such men learn to effect great purposes with small means, supplying this deficiency by the resources of their own energy and invention. This, from his earliest commencement, throughout the whole of his life, was one of the remarkable features in the history of Columbus. In every undertaking, the scantiness and

apparent insufficiency of his means enhance the grandeur of his achievements.

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COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.*

ABOUT half a league from the little seaport of Palos de Moguer in Andalusia, there stood, and continues to stand at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. One day a stranger on foot, in humble guise, but of a distinguished air, accompanied by a small boy, stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus.† He was on his way to the neighboring town of Huelva, to seek his brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.‡

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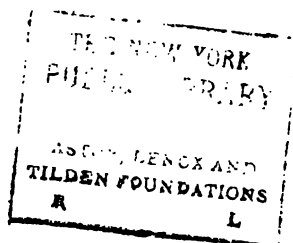
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When he found, however, that the voyager was on the point of abandoning Spain to seek patronage in the court of France, and that so important an enterprise was about to be lost for ever to the country, the patriotism of the good friar took the alarm. He detained Columbus as his guest, and, diffident of his own judgment, sent for a scientific friend to converse with him. That friend was Garcia Fernandez, a physician, resident in Palos, the same who furnishes this interesting testimony. Fernandez was equally struck with the appearance and conversation of the stranger; several conferences took place at the convent, at which several of the veteran mariners of Palos were present. Among these was Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the head of a family of wealthy and experienced navigators of the place, celebrated for their adventurous expeditions. Facts were related by some of these navigators, in support of the theory of Columbus. In a word, his project was treated with a deference in the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, and among the seafaring men of Palos, which had been sought in vain among the sages and philosophers of the court. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, especially, was so convinced of its

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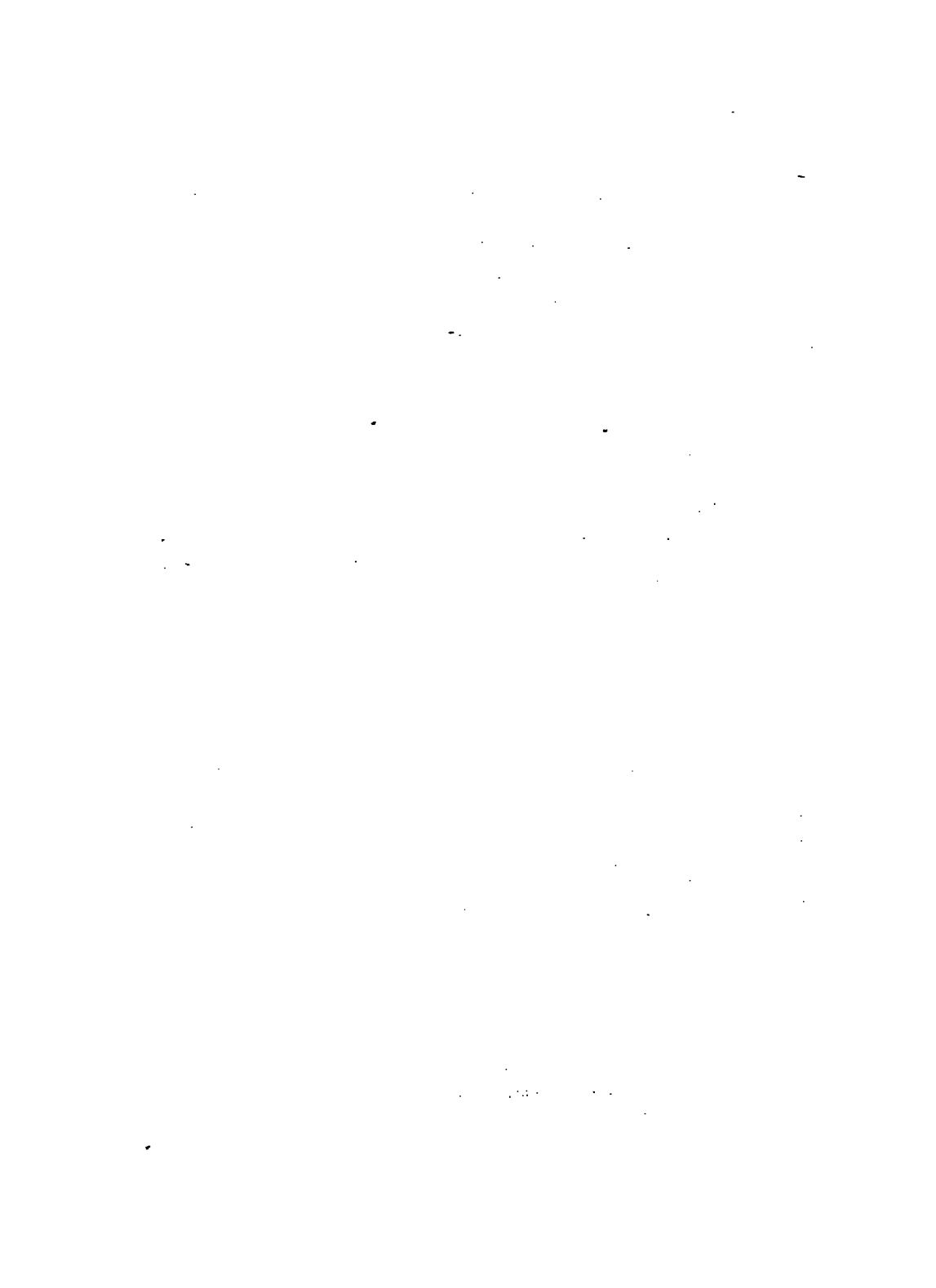
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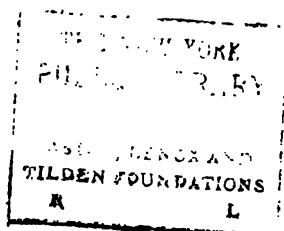
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receive it, than he saddled his mule, and departed privately, before midnight, for the court. He journeyed through the conquered countries of the Moors, and rode into the newly-erected city of Santa Fé, where the sovereigns were superintending the close investment of the capital of Granada.

The sacred office of Juan Perez gained him a ready entrance in a court distinguished for religious zeal; and, once admitted to the presence of the queen, his former relation, as father confessor, gave him great freedom of counsel. He pleaded the cause of Columbus with characteristic enthusiasm, speaking, from actual knowledge, of his honorable motives, his professional knowledge and experience, and his perfect capacity to fulfil the undertaking; he represented the solid principles upon which the enterprise was founded, the advantage that must attend its success, and the glory it must shed upon the Spanish crown. It is probable that Isabella had never heard the proposition urged with such honest zeal and impressive eloquence. Being naturally more sanguine and susceptible than the king, and more open to warm and generous impulses, she was moved by the representations of Juan Perez, which were warmly seconded by her favorite, the Marchioness of Moya, who entered into the affair with a woman's disinterested enthusiasm.* The queen requested that Columbus might be again sent to her, and, with the kind considerateness which characterized her, bethinking herself of his poverty, and his humble plight, ordered that twenty thousand maravedis† in florins should be forwarded to him, to bear his travelling expenses, to provide him with a mule for his journey, and to furnish him with decent

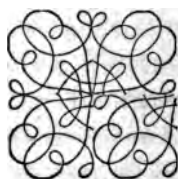
* *Retrato deli Buen Vasallo*, lib. ii. cap. 16.

† Or 72 dollars, and equivalent to 216 dollars of the present day.

raiment, that he might make a respectable appearance at the court.

The worthy friar lost no time in communicating the result of his mission ; he transmitted the money, and a letter, by the hands of an inhabitant at Palos, to the physician Garcia Fernandez, who delivered them to Columbus. The latter complied with the instructions conveyed in the epistle. He exchanged his threadbare garb for one more suited to the sphere of a court, and, purchasing a mule, set out once more, reanimated by hopes, for the camp before Granada.*

* Most of the particulars of this visit of Columbus to the convent of La Rabida are from the testimony rendered by Garcia Fernandez in the lawsuit between Diego, the son of Columbus, and the crown.



EMBARCATION OF COLUMBUS AT THE PORT OF PALOS.*

THE port of Palos de Moguer was fixed upon as the place where the armament was to be fitted out, Columbus calculating, no doubt, on the co-operation of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, resident there, and on the assistance of his zealous friend, the prior of the convent of La Rabida. Before going into the business details of this great enterprise, it is due to the character of the illustrious man who conceived and conducted it, most especially to notice the elevated, even though visionary spirit by which he was actuated. One of his principal objects was undoubtedly the propagation of the Christian faith. He expected to arrive at the extremity of Asia, and to open a direct and easy communication with the vast and magnificent empire of the Grand Khan. The conversion of that heathen potentate had, in former times, been a favorite aim of various pontiffs and pious sovereigns, and various missions had been sent to the remote regions of the East for that purpose. Columbus now considered himself about to effect this great work ; to spread the light of revelation to the very ends of the earth, and thus to be the instrument of accomplishing one of the sublime predictions of Holy Writ. Ferdinand listened with complacency to these enthusiastic anticipations. With him, how-

* Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, Book ii. chap. 7.

ever, religion was subservient to interest; and he had found, in the recent conquest of Granada, that extending the sway of the church might be made a laudable means of extending his own dominions. According to the doctrines of the day, every nation that refused to acknowledge the truths of Christianity, was fair spoil for a Christian invader; and it is probable that Ferdinand was more stimulated by the accounts given of the wealth of Mangi, Cathay, and other provinces belonging to the Grand Khan, than by any anxiety for the conversion of him and his semi-barbarous subjects.

Isabella had nobler inducements; she was filled with a pious zeal at the idea of effecting such a great work of salvation. From different motives, therefore, both of the sovereigns accorded with the views of Columbus in this particular; and when he afterwards departed on his voyage, letters were actually given him for the Grand Khan of Tartary.

The ardent enthusiasm of Columbus did not stop here. Anticipating boundless wealth from his discoveries, he suggested that the treasures thus acquired should be consecrated to the pious purpose of rescuing the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem from the power of the infidels. The sovereigns smiled at this sally of the imagination, but expressed themselves well pleased with it, and assured him that even without the funds he anticipated, they should be well disposed to that holy undertaking.* What the king and queen, however, may have considered a mere sally of momentary excitement, was a deep and cherished design of Co-

* *Protesté a vuestras Altezas que toda la ganancia desta mi empresa se gastase en la conquista de Jerusalem, y vuestras Altezas se rieron, y dijeron que les placia, y que sin este tenian aquella gana. Primer Viage de Colon Navarrete, tom. i. p. 117.*

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PORT OF PALOS.

There was a
great deal of
work for
the people
to do.

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a great deal
of work for
the people
to do.



Point de vue

lumbus. It is a curious and characteristic fact, which has never been particularly noticed, that the recovery of the holy sepulchre was one of the great objects of his ambition, meditated throughout the remainder of his life, and solemnly provided for in his will. In fact, he subsequently considered it the main work for which he was chosen by Heaven as an agent, and that his great discovery was but a preparatory dispensation of Providence to furnish means for its accomplishment.

A home-felt mark of favor, characteristic of the kind and considerate heart of Isabella, was accorded to Columbus before his departure from the court. An *albala*, or letter-patent, was issued by the queen on the 8th of May, appointing his son Diego page to Prince Juan, the heir apparent, with an allowance for his support; an honor granted only to the sons of persons of distinguished rank.*

Thus gratified in his dearest wishes, after a course of delays and disappointments sufficient to have reduced any ordinary man to despair, Columbus took leave of the court on the 12th of May, and set out joyfully for Palos. Let those who are disposed to faint under difficulties, in the prosecution of any great and worthy undertaking, remember that eighteen years elapsed after the time that Columbus conceived his enterprise, before he was enabled to carry it into effect; that the greater part of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation, amidst poverty, neglect, and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle, and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was about his fifty-sixth year. His example should encourage the enterprising never to despair.

On arriving at Palos, Columbus repaired immediately to the

* Navarrete, *Colec. de Viages*, tom. ii. doc. 11.

neighboring convent of La Rabida, where he was received with open arms by the worthy prior, Fray Juan Perez, and again became his guest.* The port of Palos, for some misdemeanor, had been condemned by the royal council to serve the crown for one year with two armed caravels; and these were destined to form part of the armament of Columbus, who was furnished with the necessary papers and vouchers to enforce obedience in all matters necessary for his expedition.

On the following morning, the 23d of May, Columbus, accompanied by Fray Juan Perez, whose character and station gave him great importance in the neighborhood, proceeded to the church of St. George in Palos, where the alcalde, the regidores, and many of the inhabitants of the place had been notified to attend. Here, in presence of them all, in the porch of the church, a royal order was read by a notary public, commanding the authorities of Palos to have two caravels ready for sea within ten days after this notice, and to place them and their crews at the disposal of Columbus. The latter was likewise empowered to procure and fit out a third vessel. The crews of all three were to receive the ordinary wages of seamen employed in armed vessels, and to be paid four months in advance. They were to sail in such direction as Columbus, under the royal authority, should command, and were to obey him in all things, with merely one stipulation, that neither he nor they were to go to St. George la Mina, on the coast of Guinea, nor any other of the lately discovered possessions of Portugal. A certificate of their good conduct, signed by Columbus, was to be the discharge of their obligation to the crown.†

* Oviedo, *Cronica de las Indias*, lib. ii. cap. 5.

† Navarrete, *Colec. de Viages*, tom. ii. doc. 6.

Orders were likewise read, addressed to the public authorities, and the people of all ranks and conditions, in the maritime borders of Andalusia, commanding them to furnish supplies and assistance of all kinds, at reasonable prices, for the fitting out of the vessels; and penalties were denounced on such as should cause any impediment. No duties were to be exacted for any articles furnished to the vessels; and all criminal processes against the person or property of any individual engaged in the expedition was to be suspended during his absence, and for two months after his return.*

With these orders the authorities promised implicit compliance; but, when the nature of the intended expedition came to be known, astonishment and dismay fell upon the little community. The ships and crews demanded for such a desperate service were regarded in the light of sacrifices. The owners of vessels refused to furnish them; the boldest seamen shrank from such a wild and chimerical cruise into the wilderness of the ocean. All kinds of frightful tales and fables were conjured up concerning the unknown regions of the deep; and nothing can be a stronger evidence of the boldness of this undertaking than the extreme dread of it in a community composed of some of the most adventurous navigators of the age.

Weeks elapsed without a vessel being procured, or any thing else being done in fulfilment of the royal orders. Further mandates were therefore issued by the sovereigns, ordering the magistrates of the coast of Andalusia to press into the service any vessels they might think proper, belonging to Spanish subjects, and to oblige the masters and crews to sail with Columbus in what-

* Navarrete, *Colec. de Viages*, tom. ii. doc. 8, 9.

ever direction he should be sent by royal command. Juan de Peñalosa, an officer of the royal household, was sent to see that this order was promptly complied with, receiving two hundred maravedis a day as long as he was occupied in the business, which sum, together with other penalties expressed in the mandate, was to be exacted from such as should be disobedient and delinquent. This letter was acted upon by Columbus in Palos and the neighboring town of Moguer, but apparently with as little success as the preceding. The communities of those places were thrown into complete confusion; tumults took place; but nothing of consequence was effected. At length Martin Alonzo Pinzon stepped forward, with his brother Vicente Yañez Pinzon; both navigators of great courage and ability, owners of vessels, and having seamen in their employ. They were related, also, to many of the seafaring inhabitants of Palos and Moguer, and had great influence throughout the neighborhood. They engaged to sail on the expedition, and furnished one of the vessels required. Others, with their owners and crews, were pressed into the service by the magistrates under the arbitrary mandate of the sovereigns; and it is a striking instance of the despotic authority exercised over commerce in those times, that respectable individuals should thus be compelled to engage, with persons and ships, in what appeared to them a mad and desperate enterprise.

During the equipment of the vessels, troubles and difficulties arose among the seamen who had been compelled to embark. These were fomented and kept up by Gomez Rascon and Christoval Quintero, owners of the Pinta, one of the ships pressed into the service. All kinds of obstacles were thrown in the way, by these people and their friends, to retard or defeat the voyage. The calkers employed upon the vessels did their work in a care-

less and imperfect manner, and on being commanded to do it over again absconded.* Some of the seamen who had enlisted willingly, repented of their hardihood, or were dissuaded by their relatives, and sought to retract; others deserted and concealed themselves. Every thing had to be effected by the most harsh and arbitrary measures, and in defiance of popular prejudice and opposition.

The influence and example of the Pinzons had a great effect in allaying this opposition, and inducing many of their friends and relatives to embark. It is supposed that they had furnished Columbus with funds to pay the eighth part of the expense which he was bound to advance. It is also said that Martin Alonzo Pinzon was to divide with him his share of the profits. As no immediate profit, however, resulted from this expedition, no claim of the kind was ever brought forward. It is certain, however, that the assistance of the Pinzons was all-important, if not indispensable, in fitting out and launching the expedition.†

After the great difficulties made by various courts in patronizing this enterprise, it is surprising how inconsiderable an armament was required. It is evident that Columbus had reduced his requisitions to the narrowest limits, lest any great expense should cause impediment. Three small vessels were apparently all that he had requested. Two of them were light barks, called caravels, not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days. Representations of this class of vessels exist in old prints and paintings. They are delineated as open, and without deck in the centre, but built up high at the prow and stern, with fore-

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind., lib. i. cap. 77, MS.

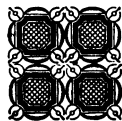
† These facts concerning the Pinzons are mostly taken from the testimony given, many years afterwards, in a suit between Don Diego, the son of Columbus, and the crown.

castles and cabins for the accommodation of the crew. Peter Martyr, the learned contemporary of Columbus, says that only one of the three vessels was decked. The smallness of the vessels was considered an advantage by Columbus, in a voyage of discovery, enabling him to run close to the shores, and to enter shallow rivers and harbors. In his third voyage, when coasting the Gulf of Paria, he complained of the size of his ship, being nearly a hundred tons burthen. But that such long and perilous expeditions, into unknown seas, should be undertaken in vessels without decks, and that they should live through the violent tempests, by which they were frequently assailed, remain among the singular circumstances of these daring voyages.

At length, by the beginning of August, every difficulty was vanquished, and the vessels were ready for sea. The largest, which had been prepared expressly for the voyage, and was decked, was called the *Santa Maria*: on board of this ship Columbus hoisted his flag. The second, called the *Pinta*, was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, accompanied by his brother Francisco Martin, as pilot. The third, called the *Niña*, had latine sails, and was commanded by the third of the brothers, Vicente Yañez Pinzon. There were three other pilots, Sancho Ruiz, Pedro Alonzo Niño, and Bartolomeo Roldan. Roderigo Sanchez of Segovia was inspector-general of the armament, and Diego de Arana, a native of Cordova, chief alguazil. Roderigo de Escobar went as royal notary, an officer always sent in the armaments of the crown, to take official notes of all transactions. There were also a physician and a surgeon, together with various private adventurers, several servants, and ninety mariners; making, in all, one hundred and twenty persons.*

* Charlevoix, *Hist. St. Domingo*, lib. i. Muñoz, *Hist. Nuevo Mundo*, lib. ii.

The squadron being ready to put to sea, Columbus, impressed with the solemnity of his undertaking, confessed himself to the friar Juan Perez, and partook of the sacrament of the communion. His example was followed by his officers and crew, and they entered upon their enterprise full of awe, and with the most devout and affecting ceremonials, committing themselves to the especial guidance and protection of Heaven. A deep gloom was spread over the whole community of Palos at their departure, for almost every one had some relative or friend on board of the squadron. The spirits of the seamen, already depressed by their own fears, were still more cast down at the affliction of those they left behind, who took leave of them with tears and lamentations, and dismal forebodings, as of men they were never to behold again.



FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.—DISCOVERY OF LAND.*

THE situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made; but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit.

In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in little knots, and fomenting a spirit of mutinous opposition: and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish temperament and its impatience of control; and that a great part of these men were sailing on compulsion; we cannot wonder that

* *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Book iii. chap. 4.

there was imminent danger of their breaking forth into open rebellion, and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a desperado, bent, in a mad phantasy, upon doing something extravagant to render himself notorious. What were their sufferings and dangers to one evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? What obligations bound them to continue on with him; or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it so far. How much further were they to go in quest of a merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety, and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner, without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments contemplating the stars; a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.*

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his

* Hist. del Almirante, cap. 19. Herrera, Hist. Ind., decad. i. lib. i. cap. 10.

crew, but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance; soothing some with gentle words; endeavoring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do any thing to impede the voyage. On the 25th of September, the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. The airs being light, and the sea calm, the vessels sailed near to each other, and Columbus had much conversation with Martin Alonzo Pinzon on the subject of a chart, which the former had sent three days before on board of the Pinta. Pinzon thought that, according to the indications of the map, they ought to be in the neighborhood of Cipango, and the other island which the admiral had therein delineated. Columbus partly entertained the same idea, but thought it possible that the ships might have been borne out of their track by the prevalent currents, or that they had not come so far as the pilots had reckoned. He desired that the chart might be returned, and Pinzon tying it to the end of a cord, flung it on board to him. While Columbus, his pilot, and several of his experienced mariners were studying the map, and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the Pinta, and looking up, beheld Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel, crying "Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward!" He pointed at the same time to the southwest, where there was indeed an appearance of land at about twenty-five leagues' distance. Upon this Columbus threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God; and Martin Alonzo repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which he was joined by his own crew and that of the admiral.*

* Journal of Columb., Primer Viage, Navarrete, tom. i.

The seamen now mounted to the mast-head, or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction became so general of land in that quarter, and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course, and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied, but in compliance with their clamorous wishes.

For several days they continued on with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews, and insensibly beguiled them onward.

On the 1st of October, according to the reckoning of the pilot of the admiral's ship, they had come five hundred and eighty leagues west since leaving the Canary islands. The reckoning which Columbus showed the crew was five hundred and eighty-four, but the reckoning which he kept privately, was seven hundred and seven.* On the following day, the weeds floated from east to west; and on the third day no birds were to be seen.

The crews now began to fear that they had passed between islands, from one to the other of which the birds had been flying.

* Navarrete, tom. i. p. 16.

Columbus had also some doubts of the kind, but refused to alter his westward course. The people again uttered murmurs and menaces; but on the following day they were visited by such flights of birds, and the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed to one of confident expectation.

Eager to obtain the promised pension, the seamen were continually giving the cry of land, on the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, which produced continual disappointments, Columbus declared that should any one give such notice, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the evening of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzón began to lose confidence in their present course, and proposed that they should stand more to the southward. Columbus, however, persisted in steering directly west.* Observing this difference of opinion in a person so important in his squadron as Pinzón, and fearing that chance or design might scatter the ships, he ordered that, should either of the caravels be separated from him, it should stand to the west, and endeavor as soon as possible to join company again: he directed, also, that the vessels should keep near to him at sunrise and sunset, as at these times the state of the atmosphere is most favorable to the discovery of distant land.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward: the Niña, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact.

* Journ. of Columbus, Navarrete, tom. i. p. 17.

In a little while a flag was hoisted at her mast-head, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.*

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiriting to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went, the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the southwest, and others were heard also flying

* Hist. del Almirante, cap. 20. Journ. of Columbus, Navarrete, tom. i.

by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck, were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observes, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur, the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.*

* Hist. del Almirante, cap. 20. Las Casas, lib. i. Journal of Columb., Navarrete, Colec. tom. i. p. 19.

It has been asserted by various historians, that Columbus, a day or two previous to coming in sight of the New World, capitulated with his mutinous crew, promising, if he did not discover land within three days, to abandon the voyage. There is no authority for such an assertion either in the history of his son Fernando or that of the Bishop Las Casas, each of whom had the Admiral's papers before him. There is no mention of such a circumstance in the extracts made from the journal by Las Casas, which have recently been brought to light, nor is it asserted by either Peter Martyr or the Curate of Los Palacios, both contemporaries and acquaintances of Columbus, and who could scarcely have failed to mention so striking a fact, if true. It rests merely upon the authority of Oviedo, who is of inferior credit to either of the authors above cited, and was grossly misled as to many of the particulars of this voyage by a pilot of the

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

name of Hernan Perez Matheo, who was hostile to Columbus. In the manuscript process of the memorable lawsuit between Don Diego, son of the admiral, and the fiscal of the crown, is the evidence of one Pedro de Bilbao, who testifies that he heard many times that some of the pilots and mariners wished to turn back, but that the admiral promised them presents, and entreated them to wait two or three days, before which time he should discover land. ("Pedro de Bilbao oyo muchas veces que algunos pilotos y marineros querian volverse sino fuera por el Almirante que les prometio donos, les rogó esperasen dos o tres dias i que antes del termino descubriera tierra.") This, if true, implies no capitulation to relinquish the enterprise.

On the other hand, it was asserted by some of the witnesses in the above-mentioned suit, that Columbus, after having proceeded some few hundred leagues without finding land, lost confidence and wished to turn back; but was persuaded and even piqued to continue by the Pinzons. This assertion carries falsehood on its very face. It is in total contradiction to that persevering constancy and undaunted resolution displayed by Columbus, not merely in the present voyage, but from first to last of his difficult and dangerous career. This testimony was given by some of the mutinous men, anxious to exaggerate the merits of the Pinzons, and to depreciate that of Columbus. Fortunately, the extracts from the journal of the latter, written from day to day with guileless simplicity, and all the air of truth, disprove these fables, and show that on the very day previous to his discovery, he expressed a peremptory determination to persevere, in defiance of all dangers and difficulties.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the forecabin, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.*

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful

* Hist. del. Almirante, cap. 21.

whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the

residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.







COLUMBUS — DISCOVERY OF LAND

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AMERIGO VESPUCCI.*

Among the earliest and most intelligent of the voyagers who followed the track of Columbus, was Amerigo Vespucci. He has been considered by many as the first discoverer of the southern continent, and by a singular caprice of fortune, his name has been given to the whole of the New World. It has been strenuously insisted, however, that he had no claim to the title of a discoverer; that he merely sailed in a subordinate capacity in a squadron commanded by others; that the account of his first voyage is a fabrication; and that he did not visit the main-land until after it had been discovered and coasted by Columbus. As this question has been made a matter of warm and voluminous controversy, it is proper to take a summary view of it in the present work.

Amerigo Vespucci was born in Florence, March 9th, 1451, of a noble, but not at that time wealthy family; his father's name was Anastasio; his mother's was Elizabetti Mini. He was the third of their sons, and received an excellent education under his uncle, Georgio Antonio Vespucci, a learned friar of the fraternity of San Marco, who was instructor to several illustrious personages of that period.

* Appendix to Life of Columbus, vol. iii.

Amerigo Vespucci visited Spain, and took up his residence in Seville, to attend to some commercial transactions on account of the family of the Medici of Florence, and to repair, by his ingenuity, the losses and misfortunes of an unskilful brother.*

The date of his arrival in Spain is uncertain, but from comparing dates and circumstances mentioned in his letters, he must have been at Seville when Columbus returned from his first voyage.

Padre Stanislaus Canovai, Professor of Mathematics at Florence, who has published the life and voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, says that he was commissioned by king Ferdinand, and sent with Columbus in his second voyage in 1493. He states this on the authority of a passage in the *Cosmography* of Sebastian Munster, published at Basle in 1550;† but Munster mentions Vespucci as having accompanied Columbus in his first voyage; the reference of Canovai is therefore incorrect; and the suggestion of Munster is disproved by the letters of Vespucci, in which he states his having been stimulated by the accounts brought of the newly-discovered regions. He never mentions such a voyage in any of his letters; which he most probably would have done, or rather would have made it the subject of a copious letter, had he actually performed it.

The first notice of a positive form which we have of Vespucci, as resident in Spain, is early in 1496. He appears, from documents in the royal archives at Seville, to have acted as agent or factor for the house of Juanoto Berardi, a rich Florentine merchant, resident in Seville; who had contracted to furnish the Spanish sovereigns with three several armaments, of four vessels

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each, for the service of the newly-discovered countries. He may have been one of the principals in this affair, which was transacted in the name of this established house. Berardi died in December, 1495, and in the following January we find Amerigo Vespucci attending to the concerns of the expeditions, and settling with the masters of the ships for their pay and maintenance, according to the agreements made between them and the late Juanoto Berardi. On the 12th of January, 1496, he received on this account 10,000 maravedis from Bernardo Pinelo the royal treasurer. He went on preparing all things for the dispatch of four caravels to sail under the same contract between the sovereigns and the house of Berardi, and sent them to sea on the 3d of February, 1496; but on the 8th they met with a storm and were wrecked; the crews were saved with the loss of only three men.* While thus employed, Amerigo Vespucci, of course, had occasional opportunity of conversing with Columbus, with whom, according to the expression of the admiral himself, in one of his letters to his son Diego, he appears to have been always on friendly terms. From these conversations, and from his agency in these expeditions, he soon became excited to visit the newly-discovered countries, and to participate in enterprises which were the theme of every tongue. Having made himself well acquainted with geographical and nautical science, he prepared to launch into the career of discovery. It was not very long before he carried this design into execution.

In 1498, Columbus, in his third voyage, discovered the coast of Paria, on Terra Firma; which he at that time imagined to be a great island, but that a vast continent lay immediately adjacent.

* These particulars are from manuscript memoranda, extracted from the royal archives, by the late accurate historian Muñoz.

He sent to Spain specimens of pearls found on this coast, and gave the most sanguine accounts of the supposed riches of the country.

In 1499, an expedition of four vessels under command of Alonzo de Ojeda, was fitted out from Spain, and sailed for Paria, guided by charts and letters sent to the government by Columbus. These were communicated to Ojeda, by his patron, the bishop Fonseca, who had the superintendence of Indian affairs, and who furnished him also with a warrant to undertake the voyage.

It is presumed that Vespucci aided in fitting out the armament, and sailed in a vessel belonging to the house of Berardi, and in this way was enabled to take a share in the gains and losses of the expedition; for Isabella, as queen of Castile, had rigorously forbidden all strangers to trade with her transatlantic possessions, not even excepting the natives of the kingdom of Aragon.

This squadron visited Paria and several hundred miles of the coast, which they ascertained to be Terra Firma. They returned in June, 1500; and on the 18th of July, in that year, Amerigo Vespucci wrote an account of his voyage to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medici of Florence, which remained concealed in manuscript, until brought to light and published by Bandini in 1745.

In his account of this voyage, and in every other narrative of his different expeditions, Vespucci never mentions any other person concerned in the enterprise. He gives the time of his sailing, and states that he went with two caravels, which were probably his share of the expedition, or rather vessels sent by the house of Berardi. He gives an interesting narrative of the voyage, and

of the various transactions with the natives, which corresponds, in many substantial points, with the accounts furnished by Ojeda and his mariners of their voyage, in a lawsuit hereafter mentioned. In May, 1501, Vespucci, having suddenly left Spain, sailed in the service of Emanuel, king of Portugal; in the course of which expedition he visited the coast of Brazil. He gives an account of this voyage in a second letter to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medici, which also remained in manuscript until published by Bartolozzi in 1789.*

No record nor notice of any such voyage undertaken by Amerigo Vespucci, at the command of Emanuel, is to be found in the archives of the Torre do Tombo, the general archives of Portugal, which have been repeatedly and diligently searched for the purpose. It is singular also that his name is not to be found in any of the Portuguese historians, who in general were very particular in naming all navigators who held any important station among them, or rendered any distinguished services. That Vespucci did sail along the coasts, however, is not questioned. His nephew, after his death, in the course of evidence on some points in dispute, gave the correct latitude of Cape St. Augustine, which he said he had extracted from his uncle's journal.

In 1504, Vespucci wrote a third letter to the same Lorenzo de Medici, containing a more extended account of the voyage just alluded to in the service of Portugal. This was the first of his narratives that appeared in print. It appears to have been published in Latin, at Strasburgh, as early as 1505, under the title "*Americus Vesputius de Orbe Antarctica per Regem Portugalliæ pridem inventa.*" †

* Bartolozzi, *Recherche Historico*. Firenze, 1789.

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It is from this voyage to the Brazils that Amerigo Vespucci was first considered the discoverer of Terra Firma; and his name was at first applied to these southern regions, though afterwards extended to the whole continent. The merits of his voyage were, however, greatly exaggerated. The Brazils had been previously discovered, and formally taken possession of for Spain in 1500, by Vincente Yañez Pinzon; and also in the same year, by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, on the part of Portugal; circumstances

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unknown, however, to Vespucci and his associates. The country remained in possession of Portugal, in conformity to the line of demarcation agreed on between the two nations.

Vespucci made a second voyage in the service of Portugal. He says that he commanded a caravel in a squadron of six vessels destined for the discovery of Malacca, which they had heard to be the great depot and magazine of all the trade between the Ganges and the Indian Sea. Such an expedition did sail about this time, under the command of Gonzalo Coelho. The squadron sailed, according to Vespucci, on the 10th of May, 1503. It stopped at the Cape de Verd islands for refreshments, and afterwards sailed by the coast of Sierra Leone, but was prevented from landing by contrary winds and a turbulent sea. Standing to the southwest, they ran three hundred leagues until they were three degrees to the southward of the equinoctial line, where they discovered an uninhabited island, about two leagues in length and one in breadth. Here, on the 10th of August, by mismanagement, the commander of the squadron ran his vessel on a rock and lost her. While the other vessels were assisting to save the crew and property from the wreck, Amerigo Vespucci was despatched in his caravel to search for a safe harbor in the island. He departed in his vessel without his long-boat, and with less than half of his crew, the rest having gone in the boat to the assistance of the wreck. Vespucci found a harbor, but waited in vain for several days for the arrival of the ships. Standing out to sea, he met with a solitary vessel, and learnt that the ship of the commander had sunk, and the rest had proceeded onwards. In company with this vessel he stood for the Brazils, according to a command of the king, in case that any vessel should be parted from the fleet. Arriving on the coast, he discovered the famous

bay of All Saints, where he remained upwards of two months, in hopes of being joined by the rest of the fleet. He at length ran 260 leagues further south, where he remained five months building a fort and taking in a cargo of Brazil-wood. Then, leaving in the fortress a garrison of 24 men with arms and ammunition, he set sail for Lisbon, where he arrived in June, 1504.* The commander of the squadron and the other four ships were never heard of afterwards.

Vespucci does not appear to have received the reward from the King of Portugal that his services merited, for we find him at Seville early in 1505, on his way to the Spanish court, in quest of employment: and he was bearer of a letter from Columbus to his son Diego, dated February 5, which, while it speaks warmly of him as a friend, intimates his having been unfortunate. The following is the letter:

MY DEAR SON,—Diego Mendez departed hence on Monday, the third of this month. After his departure I conversed with Amerigo Vespucci, the bearer of this, who goes there (to court) summoned on affairs of navigation. Fortune has been adverse to him as to many others. His labors have not profited him as much as they reasonably should have done. He goes on my account, and with much desire to do something that may result to my advantage, if within his power. I cannot ascertain here in what I can employ him, that will be serviceable to me, for I do not know what may be there required. He goes with the determination to do all that is possible for me; see in what he may be of advantage, and co-operate with him, that he may say and do every thing, and put his plans in operation; and let all be done

* Letter of Vespucci to Soderini or Renato—Edit. of Canovai.

secretly, that he may not be suspected. I have said every thing to him that I can say touching the business, and have informed him of the pay I have received, and what is due, &c.*

About this time Amerigo Vespucci received letters of naturalization from King Ferdinand, and shortly afterwards he and Vincente Yañez Pinzon were named captains of an armada about to be sent out in the spice trade, and to make discoveries. There is a royal order, dated Toro, 11th April, 1507, for 12,000 maravedis for an outfit for "Americo de Vespuche, resident of Seville." Preparations were made for this voyage, and vessels procured and fitted out, but it was eventually abandoned. There are memoranda existing concerning it, dated in 1506, 1507, and 1508, from which it appears that Amerigo Vespucci remained at Seville, attending to the fluctuating concerns of this squadron, until the destination of the vessels was changed, their equipments were sold, and the accounts settled. During this time he had a salary of 30,000 maravedis. On the 22d of March, 1508, he received the appointment of principal pilot, with a salary of 70,000 maravedis. His chief duties were to prepare charts, examine pilots, superintend the fitting out of expeditions, and prescribe the route that vessels were to pursue in their voyages to the New World. He appears to have remained at Seville, and to have retained this office until his death, on the 22d of February, 1512. His widow, Maria Corezo, enjoyed a pension of 10,000 maravedis. After his death, his nephew, Jean Vespucci, was nominated pilot, with a salary of 20,000 maravedis, commencing on the 22d of May, 1512. Peter Martyr speaks with high commendation of this young man. "Young Vespútius

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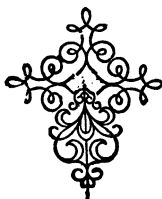
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* Navarrete, *Colec. Viag.*, tom. i. p. 351.

is one to whom Americus Vesputius his uncle left the exact knowledge of the mariner's faculties, as it were by inheritance, after his death; for he was a very expert master in the knowledge of his carde, his compasse and the elevation of the pole starre by the quadrant. * * * * Vesputius is my very familiar friend, and a wittie young man, in whose company I take great pleasure, and therefore use him oftentymes for my guest. He hath also made many voyages into these coasts, and diligently noted such things as he hath seen." *

Vespucii, the nephew, continued in this situation during the lifetime of Fonseca, who had been the patron of his uncle and his family. He was divested of his pay and his employ by a letter of the council, dated the 18th of March, 1525, shortly after the death of the bishop. No further notice of Vespucii is to be found in the archives of the Indies.

* Peter Martyr, decad. iii. lib. v. Eden's English trans.



THE LOVERS.

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

SONG OF SOLOMON.

To a man who is little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot; and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of man, and eke of woman; to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the loves of the plants, but it is certainly as interesting.

I have therefore derived much pleasure, since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful, blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest; while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate so beautiful a prize.

I observed them yesterday in the garden, advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure, and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that "harbinger of spring," was faintly heard from

a distance; the thrush piped from the hawthorn; and the yellow butterflies sported, and toyed, and coquetted in the air.

The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush on her cheek, and a quiet smile on her lips, while in the hand that hung negligently by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along; and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever change, or that young people should ever grow older, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.

From what I have gathered of family anecdote, I understand that the fair Julia is the daughter of a favorite college friend of the Squire; who, after leaving Oxford, had entered the army, and served for many years in India, where he was mortally wounded in a skirmish with the natives. In his last moments he had, with a faltering pen, recommended his wife and daughter to the kindness of his early friend.

The widow and her child returned to England helpless and almost hopeless. When Mr. Bracebridge received accounts of their situation, he hastened to their relief. He reached them just in time to soothe the last moments of the mother, who was dying of a consumption, and to make her happy in the assurance that her child should never want a protector.

The good Squire returned with his prattling charge to his stronghold, where he has brought her up with a tenderness truly paternal. As he has taken some pains to superintend her education, and form her taste, she has grown up with many of his notions, and considers him the wisest as well as the best of men. Much of her time, too, has been passed with Lady Lillycraft, who



The Lady

from the original



THE
GARDEN

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has instructed her in the manners of the old school, and enriched her mind with all kinds of novels and romances. Indeed, her ladyship has had a great hand in promoting the match between Julia and the captain, having had them together at her country seat, the moment she found there was an attachment growing up between them; the good lady being never so happy as when she has a pair of turtles cooing about her.

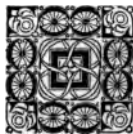
I have been pleased to see the fondness with which the fair Julia is regarded by the old servants at the Hall. She has been a pet with them from childhood, and every one seems to lay some claim to her education; so that it is no wonder she should be extremely accomplished. The gardener taught her to rear flowers, of which she is extremely fond. Old Christy, the pragmatistical huntsman, softens when she approaches; and as she sits lightly and gracefully in her saddle, claims the merit of having taught her to ride; while the housekeeper, who almost looks upon her as a daughter, intimates that she first gave her an insight into the mysteries of the toilet, having been dressing-maid in her young days to the late Mrs. Bracebridge. I am inclined to credit this last claim, as I have noticed that the dress of the young lady had an air of the old school, though managed with native taste, and that her hair was put up very much in the style of Sir Peter Lely's portraits in the picture gallery.

Her very musical attainments partake of this old-fashioned character, and most of her songs are such as are not at the present day to be found on the piano of a modern performer. I have, however, seen so much of modern fashions, modern accomplishments, and modern fine ladies, that I relish this tinge of antiquated style in so young and lovely a girl; and I have had as much pleasure in hearing her warble one of the old songs of Herrick,

or Carew, or Suckling, adapted to some simple old melody, as from listening to a lady amateur sky-lark it up and down through the finest bravura of Rossini or Mozart.

We have very pretty music in the evenings, occasionally, between her and the captain, assisted sometimes by Master Simon, who scrapes, dubiously, on his violin; being very apt to get out, and to halt a note or two in the rear. Sometimes he even thrums a little on the piano, and takes a part in a trio, in which his voice can generally be distinguished by a certain quavering tone, and an occasional false note.

I was praising the fair Julia's performance to him after one of her songs, when I found he took to himself the whole credit of having formed her musical taste, assuring me that she was very apt; and, indeed, summing up her whole character in his knowing way, by adding, that "she was a very nice girl, and had no nonsense about her."



WIVES.*

Believe me, man, there is no greater bliss
Than is the quiet joy of loving wife;
Which whoso wants, half of himselfe doth misse;
Friend without change, playfellow without strife;
Food without fulnesse, counsaile without pride,
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

THERE is so much talk about matrimony going on around me, in consequence of the approaching event for which we are assembled at the Hall, that I confess I find my thoughts singularly exercised on the subject. Indeed, all the bachelors of the establishment seem to be passing through a kind of fiery ordeal; for Lady Lillycraft is one of those tender, romance-read dames of the old school, whose mind is filled with flames and darts, and who breathe nothing but constancy and wedlock. She is for ever immersed in the concerns of the heart; and to use a poetical phrase, is perfectly surrounded by "the purple light of love." The very general seems to feel the influence of this sentimental atmosphere; to melt as he approaches her ladyship, and, for the time, to forget all his heresies about matrimony and the sex.

The good lady is generally surrounded by little documents of her prevalent taste; novels of a tender nature; richly-bound little books of poetry, that are filled with sonnets and love tales, and

* From Bracebridge Hall.

perfumed with rose-leaves ; and she has always an album at hand, for which she claims the contributions of all her friends. On looking over this last repository the other day, I found a series of poetical extracts, in the Squire's handwriting, which might have been intended as matrimonial hints to his ward. I was so much struck with several of them, that I took the liberty of copying them out. They are from the old play of Thomas Davenport, published in 1661, entitled "The City Night-Cap ;" in which is drawn out and exemplified, in the part of Abstemia, the character of a patient and faithful wife, which I think might vie with that of the renowned Griselda.

I have often thought it a pity that plays and novels should always end at the wedding, and should not give us another act, and another volume, to let us know how the hero and heroine conducted themselves when married. Their main object seems to be merely to instruct young ladies how to get husbands, but not how to keep them : now this last, I speak it with all due diffidence, appears to me to be a desideratum in modern married life. It is appalling to those who have not yet adventured into the holy state, to see how soon the flame of romantic love burns out, or rather is quenched in matrimony ; and how deplorably the passionate poetic lover declines into the phlegmatic, prosaic husband. I am inclined to attribute this very much to the defect just mentioned in the plays and novels, which form so important a branch of study of our young ladies ; and which teach them how to be heroines, but leave them totally at a loss when they come to be wives. The play from which the quotations before me were made, however, is an exception to this remark ; and I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of adducing some of them for the benefit of the reader, and for the honor of an old writer, who has bravely at-

tempted to awaken dramatic interest in favor of a woman, even after she was married !

The following is a commendation of Abstemia to her husband Lorenzo :

She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence ;
 Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,
 She inflames love with wonder,) but because
 She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.
 She's truly chaste ; yet such a foe to coyness,
 The poorest call her courteous ; and which is excellent,
 (Though fair and young,) she shuns to expose herself
 To the opinion of strange eyes. She either seldom
 Or never walks abroad in your company.
 And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if
 She were venturing on crack'd ice, and takes delight
 To step into the print your foot hath made,
 And will follow you whole fields ; so she will drive
 Tediousness out of time with her sweet character.

Notwithstanding all this excellence, Abstemia had the misfortune to incur the unmerited jealousy of her husband. Instead, however, of resenting his harsh treatment with clamorous upbraidings, and with the stormy violence of high, windy virtue, by which the sparks of anger are so often blown into a flame, she endures it with the meekness of conscious, but patient virtue ; and makes the following beautiful appeal to a friend who has witnessed her long-suffering :

——— Hast thou not seen me
 Bear all his injuries, as the ocean suffers
 The angry bark to plough thorough her bosom,
 And yet is presently so smooth, the eye
 Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made ?

Lorenzo, being wrought on by false representations, at length repudiates her. To the last, however, she maintains her patient sweetness, and her love for him, in spite of his cruelty. She deplores his error, even more than his unkindness; and laments the delusion which has turned his very affection into a source of bitterness. There is a moving pathos in her parting address to Lorenzo after their divorce:

——— Farewell, Lorenzo,
Whom my soul doth love: if you e'er marry,
May you meet a good wife, so good that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
Of your suspicion: and if you hear hereafter
That I am dead, inquire but my last words,
And you shall know that to the last I loved you.
And when you walk forth with your second choice
Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,
Imagine that you see me, lean and pale,
Strewing your path with flowers ——
But may she never live to pay my debts:
If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
In the conception of the injury.
Pray make me wealthy with one kiss: farewell, sir:
Let it not grieve you when you shall remember
That I was innocent: nor this forget,
Though innocence here suffer, sigh, and groan,
She walks but thorow thorns to find a throne.

In a short time Lorenzo discovers his error, and the innocence of his injured wife. In the transports of his repentance, he calls to mind all her feminine excellence; her gentle, uncomplaining, womanly fortitude under wrongs and sorrows:

——— Oh Abstemia !

How lovely thou lookest now ! now thou appearest
Chaster than is the morning's modesty
That rises with a blush, over whose bosom
The western wind creeps softly ; now I remember
How, when she sat at table, her obedient eye
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unless it look'd where I look'd : oh how proud
She was, when she could cross herself to please me !
But where now is this fair soul ? Like a silver cloud
She hath wept herself, I fear, into the dead sea,
And will be found no more.

It is but doing right by the reader, if interested in the fate of Abstemia by the preceding extracts, to say, that she was restored to the arms and affections of her husband, rendered fonder than ever, by that disposition in every good heart to atone for past injustice, by an overflowing measure of returning kindness :

Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms ; I am now
Confirmed past all suspicion ; thou art far
Sweeter in thy sincere truth than a sacrifice
Deck'd up for death with garlands. The Indian winds
That blow from off the coast, and cheer the sailor
With the sweet savor of their spices, want
The delight flows in thee.

I have been more affected and interested by this little dramatic picture than by many a popular love tale ; though, as I said before, I do not think it likely either Abstemia or patient Grizzle stands much chance of being taken for a model. Still I like to see poetry now and then extending its views beyond the wedding day, and teaching a lady how to make herself attractive

even after marriage. There is no great need of enforcing on an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable; nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions around her. Youth is in itself attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no foreign aid to set it off; it pleases merely because it is fresh, and budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her when he was a lover. Men are always doomed to be duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should therefore ascertain what was the charm which rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavor to keep it up when she has become a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was, the chariness of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavor still to preserve a freshness and virgin delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of woman is to be wooed, not to woo; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses instead of winning him. The secret of a woman's power does not consist so much in giving, as in withholding. A woman may give up too much even to her husband. It is to a thousand little delicacies of conduct that she must trust to keep alive passion, and to protect herself from that dangerous familiarity, that thorough acquaintance with every weakness and imperfection incident to matrimony. By these means she may still maintain her power, though she has surren-

dered her person, and may continue the romance of love even beyond the honey-moon.

"She that hath a wise husband," says Jeremy Taylor, "must entice him to an eternal dearness by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meeknesse, and the jewels of faith and charity. She must have no painting but blushings; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship; and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies."

I have wandered into a rambling series of remarks on a trite subject, and a dangerous one for a bachelor to meddle with. That I may not, however, appear to confine my observations entirely to the wife, I will conclude with another quotation from Jeremy Taylor, in which the duties of both parties are mentioned; while I would recommend his sermon on the marriage ring to all those who, wiser than myself, are about entering the happy state of wedlock.

"There is scarce any matter of duty but it concerns them both alike, and is only distinguished by names, and hath its variety by circumstances and little accidents: and what in one is called love, in the other is called reverence; and what in the wife is obedience, the same in the man is duty. He provides, and she dispenses; he gives commandments, and she rules by them; he rules her by authority, and she rules him by love; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her."

READY-MONEY JACK.*

My purse, it is my privy wyfe,
This song I dare both syng and say,
It keepeth men from grievous stryfe
When every man for hymself shall pay.
As I ryde in ryche array
For gold and silver men wyll me floryshe;
By thys matter I dare well saye,
Ever gramercy myne owne purse.

BOOK OF HUNTING.

ON the skirts of the neighboring village there lives a kind of small potentate, who, for aught I know, is a representative of one of the most ancient legitimate lines of the present day; for the empire over which he reigns has belonged to his family time out of mind. His territories comprise a considerable number of good fat acres; and his seat of power is in an old farm-house, where he enjoys, unmolested, the stout oaken chair of his ancestors. The personage to whom I allude is a sturdy old yeoman of the name of John Tibbets, or rather Ready-Money Jack Tibbets, as he is called throughout the neighborhood.

The first place where he attracted my attention was in the church-yard on Sunday; where he sat on a tombstone after the service, with his hat a little on one side, holding forth to a small circle of auditors; and, as I presumed, expounding the law and the prophets; until, on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse. He presented

* From Bracebride Hall.

so faithful a picture of a substantial English yeoman, such as he is often described in books, heightened, indeed, by some little finery, peculiar to himself, that I could not but take note of his whole appearance.

He was between fifty and sixty, of a strong, muscular frame, and at least six feet high, with a physiognomy as grave as a lion's, and set off with short, curling, iron-gray locks. His shirt-collar was turned down, and displayed a neck covered with the same short, curling, gray hair; and he wore a colored silk neck-cloth, tied very loosely, and tucked in at the bosom, with a green paste brooch on the knot. His coat was of dark green cloth, with silver buttons, on each of which was engraved a stag, with his own name, John Tibbets, underneath. He had an inner waistcoat of figured chintz, between which and his coat was another of scarlet cloth, unbuttoned. His breeches were also left unbuttoned at the knees, not from any slovenliness, but to show a broad pair of scarlet garters. His stockings were blue, with white clocks; he wore large silver shoe-buckles; a broad paste buckle in his hatband; his sleeve-buttons were gold seven-shilling pieces; and he had two or three guineas hanging as ornaments to his watch-chain.

On making some inquiries about him, I gathered, that he was descended from a line of farmers that had always lived on the same spot, and owned the same property; and that half of the church-yard was taken up with the tombstones of his race. He has all his life been an important character in the place. When a youngster he was one of the most roaring blades of the neighborhood. No one could match him at wrestling, pitching the bar, cudgel play, and other athletic exercises. Like the renowned Pinner of Wakefield, he was the village champion; carried off the prize at all the fairs, and threw his gauntlet at the country round.

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It keepeth men from grievous stryde
When every man for hymself shall pay.
As I ryde in ryche array
For gold and silver men wyll me flatterye;
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Ever gramercy myne owne purse.

BOOK OF HERMES.

On the skirts of the neighboring village there lives a kind of small potentate, who, for aught I know, is a representative of one of the most ancient legitimate lines of the present day; for the empire over which he reigns has belonged to his family time out of mind. His territories comprise a considerable number of good fat acres: and his seat of power is in an old farm-house, where he enjoys, un molested, the stout oaken chair of his ancestors. The personage to whom I allude is a sturdy old yeoman of the name of John Tibbets, or rather Ready-Money Jack Tibbets, as he is called throughout the neighborhood.

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Even to this day the old people talk of his prowess, and undervalue, in comparison, all heroes of the green that have succeeded him; nay, they say, that if Ready-Money Jack were to take the field even now, there is no one could stand before him.

When Jack's father died, the neighbors shook their heads, and predicted that young hopeful would soon make way with the old homestead; but Jack falsified all their predictions. The moment he succeeded to the paternal farm, he assumed a new character: took a wife; attended resolutely to his affairs, and became an industrious, thrifty farmer. With the family property he inherited a set of old family maxims, to which he steadily adhered. He saw to every thing himself; put his own hand to the plough; worked hard; ate heartily; slept soundly; paid for every thing in cash down; and never danced except he could do it to the music of his own money in both pockets. He has never been without a hundred or two pounds in gold by him, and never allows a debt to stand unpaid. This has gained him his current name, of which, by the by, he is a little proud; and has caused him to be looked upon as a very wealthy man by all the village.

Notwithstanding his thrift, however, he has never denied himself the amusements of life, but has taken a share in every passing pleasure. It is his maxim, that "he that works hard can afford to play." He is, therefore, an attendant at all the country fairs and wakes, and has signalized himself by feats of strength and prowess on every village green in the shire. He often makes his appearance at horse-races, and sports his half guinea, and even his guinea at a time; keeps a good horse for his own riding, and to this day is fond of following the hounds, and is generally in at the death. He keeps up the rustic revels, and hospitalities too, for which his paternal farmhouse has always been noted; has

plenty of good cheer and dancing at harvest-home, and, above all, keeps the "merry night," * as it is termed, at Christmas.

With all his love of amusement, however, Jack is by no means a boisterous jovial companion. He is seldom known to laugh even in the midst of his gayety; but maintains the same grave, lion-like demeanor. He is very slow at comprehending a joke; and is apt to sit puzzling at it, with a perplexed look, while the rest of the company is in a roar. This gravity has, perhaps, grown on him with the growing weight of his character; for he is gradually rising into patriarchal dignity in his native place. Though he no longer takes an active part in athletic sports, he always presides at them, and is appealed to on all occasions as umpire. He maintains the peace on the village green at holiday games, and quells all brawls and quarrels by collaring the parties and shaking them heartily, if refractory. No one ever pretends to raise a hand against him, or to contend against his decisions; the young men have grown up in habitual awe of his prowess, and in implicit deference to him as the champion and lord of the green.

He is a regular frequenter of the village inn, the landlady having been a sweetheart of his in early life, and he having always continued on kind terms with her. He seldom, however, drinks any thing but a draft of ale; smokes his pipe, and pays his reckoning before leaving the tap-room. Here he "gives his little senate laws;" decides bets, which are very generally referred to him; determines upon the characters and qualities of

* MERRY NIGHT. A rustic merry-making in a farmhouse about Christmas, common in some parts of Yorkshire. There is abundance of homely fare, tea, cakes, fruit, and ale; various feats of agility, amusing games, romping, dancing, and kissing withal. They commonly break up at midnight.

horses; and, indeed, plays now and then the part of a judge, in settling petty disputes between neighbors, which otherwise might have been nursed by country attorneys into tolerable law-suits. Jack is very candid and impartial in his decisions, but he has not a head to carry a long argument, and is very apt to get perplexed and out of patience if there is much pleading. He generally breaks through the argument with a strong voice, and brings matters to a summary conclusion, by pronouncing what he calls the "upshot of the business," or, in other words, "the long and the short of the matter."

Jack made a journey to London a great many years since, which has furnished him with topics of conversation ever since. He saw the old king on the terrace at Windsor, who stopped, and pointed him out to one of the princesses, being probably struck with Jack's truly yeomanlike appearance. This is a favorite anecdote with him, and has no doubt had a great effect in making him a most loyal subject ever since, in spite of taxes and poors' rates. He was also at Bartholomew fair, where he had half the buttons cut off his coat; and a gang of pickpockets, attracted by his external show of gold and silver, made a regular attempt to hustle him as he was gazing at a show; but for once they caught a tartar; for Jack enacted as great wonders among the gang, as Samson did among the Philistines. One of his neighbors, who had accompanied him to town, and was with him at the fair, brought back an account of his exploits, which raised the pride of the whole village; who considered their champion as having subdued all London, and eclipsed the achievements of Friar Tuck, or even the renowned Robin Hood himself.

Of late years the old fellow has begun to take the world easily; he works less, and indulges in greater leisure, his son

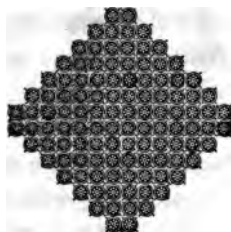
having grown up, and succeeded to him both in the labors of the farm, and the exploits of the green. Like all sons of distinguished men, however, his father's renown is a disadvantage to him, for he can never come up to public expectation. Though a fine active fellow of three-and-twenty, and quite the "cock of the walk," yet the old people declare he is nothing like what Ready-Money Jack was at his time of life. The youngster himself acknowledges his inferiority, and has a wonderful opinion of the old man, who indeed taught him all his athletic accomplishments, and holds such a sway over him, that I am told, even to this day, he would have no hesitation to take him in hands, if he rebelled against paternal government.

The Squire holds Jack in very high esteem, and shows him to all his visitors, as a specimen of old English "heart of oak." He frequently calls at his house, and tastes some of his home-brewed, which is excellent. He made Jack a present of old Tusser's "Hundred Points of good Husbandrie," which has furnished him with reading ever since, and is his text-book and manual in all agricultural and domestic concerns. He has made dog's ears at the most favorite passages, and knows many of the poetical maxims by heart.

Tibbets, though not a man to be daunted or fluttered by high acquaintances, and though he cherishes a sturdy independence of mind and manner, yet is evidently gratified by the attentions of the Squire, whom he has known from boyhood, and pronounces "a true gentleman every inch of him." He is, also, on excellent terms with Master Simon, who is a kind of privy counsellor to the family; but his great favorite is the Oxonian, whom he taught to wrestle and play at quarter-staff when a boy, and considers the most promising young gentleman in the whole county.

* * * * *

At length he found his way to the farm-house of Ready-Money Jack, but passed ere he attempted the wicket; contemplating the picture of substantial independence before him. In the porch of the house sat Ready-Money Jack, in his Sunday dress; with his hat upon his head, his pipe in his mouth, and his tankard before him, the monarch of all he surveyed. Beside him lay his fat house-dog. The varied sounds of poultry were heard from the well-stocked farmyard; the bees hummed from their hives in the garden; the cattle lowed in the rich meadow; while the crammed barns and ample stacks bore proof of an abundant harvest.





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L

BUCKTHORNE.*

* * * * *

I WAS now sent to Oxford, and was wonderfully impressed on first entering it as a student. Learning here puts on all its majesty. It is lodged in palaces; it is sanctified by the sacred ceremonies of religion; it has a pomp and circumstance which powerfully affect the imagination. Such, at least, it had in my eyes, thoughtless as I was. My previous studies with the worthy pastor had prepared me to regard it with deference and awe. He had been educated here, and always spoke of the University with filial fondness and classic veneration. When I beheld the clustering spires and pinnacles of this most august of cities rising from the plain, I hailed them in my enthusiasm as the points of a diadem, which the nation had placed upon the brows of science.

For a time old Oxford was full of enjoyment for me. There was a charm about its monastic buildings; its great gothic quadrangles; its solemn halls, and shadowy cloisters. I delighted, in the evenings, to get in places surrounded by the colleges, where all modern buildings were screened from the sight; and to see the professors and students sweeping along in the dusk in their antiquated caps and gowns. I seemed for a time to be transported among the people and edifices of the old times. I was a

* From the *Tales of a Traveller*.

frequent attendant, also, of the evening service in the New College Hall ; to hear the fine organ, and the choir swelling an anthem in that solemn building, where painting, music, and architecture, are in such admirable unison.

A favorite haunt, too, was the beautiful walk bordered by lofty elms along the river, behind the gray walls of Magdalen College, which goes by the name of Addison's Walk, from being his favorite resort when an Oxford student. I became also a loungeur in the Bodleian library and a great dipper into books, though I cannot say that I studied them ; in fact, being no longer under direction or control I was gradually relapsing into mere indulgence of the fancy. Still this would have been pleasant and harmless enough, and I might have awakened from mere literary dreaming to something better. The chances were in my favor, for the riotous times of the University were past. The days of hard drinking were at an end. The old feuds of "Town and Gown," like the civil wars of the White and Red Rose, had died away ; and student and citizen slept in peace and whole skins, without risk of being summoned in the night to bloody brawl. It had become the fashion to study at the University, and the odds were always in favor of my following the fashion. Unluckily, however, I fell in company with a special knot of young fellows, of lively parts and ready wit, who had lived occasionally upon town, and become initiated into the *Fancy*. They voted study to be the toil of dull minds, by which they slowly crept up the hill, while genius arrived at it at a bound. I felt ashamed to play the owl among such gay birds ; so I threw by my books, and became a man of spirit.

As my father made me a tolerable allowance, notwithstanding the narrowness of his income, having an eye always to my

great expectations, I was enabled to appear to advantage among my companions. I cultivated all kinds of sport and exercises. I was one of the most expert oarsmen that rowed on the Isis. I boxed, fenced, angled, shot, and hunted, and my rooms in college were always decorated with whips of all kinds, spurs, fowling pieces, fishing-rods, foils, and boxing-gloves. A pair of leather breeches would seem to be throwing one leg out of the half-open drawers, and empty bottles lumbered the bottom of every closet.

My father came to see me at college when I was in the height of my career. He asked me how I came on with my studies, and what kind of hunting there was in the neighborhood. He examined my various sporting apparatus with a curious eye; wanted to know if any of the professors were fox-hunters, and whether they were generally good shots, for he suspected their studying so much must be hurtful to the sight. We had a day's shooting together: I delighted him with my skill, and astonished him by my learned disquisitions on horse-flesh, and on Manton's guns; so, upon the whole, he departed highly satisfied with my improvement at college.

I do not know how it is, but I cannot be idle long without getting in love. I had not been a very long time a man of spirit, therefore, before I became deeply enamored of a shopkeeper's daughter in the High-street, who, in fact, was the admiration of many of the students. I wrote several sonnets in praise of her, and spent half of my pocket money at the shop, in buying articles which I did not want, that I might have an opportunity of speaking to her. Her father, a severe-looking old gentleman, with bright silver buckles, and a crisp-curved wig, kept a strict guard on her, as the fathers generally do upon their daughters in Oxford, and well they may. I tried to get into his good graces,

and to be sociable with him, but all in vain. I said several good things in his shop, but he never laughed: he had no relish for wit and humor. He was one of those dry old gentlemen who keep youngsters at bay. He had already brought up two or three daughters, and was experienced in the ways of students. He was as knowing and wary as a gray old badger that has often been hunted. To see him on Sunday, so stiff and starched in his demeanor, so precise in his dress, with his daughter under his arm, was enough to deter all graceless youngsters from approaching.

I managed, however, in spite of his vigilance, to have several conversations with the daughter, as I cheapened articles in the shop. I made terrible long bargains, and examined the articles over and over before I purchased. In the mean time, I would convey a sonnet or an acrostic under cover of a piece of cambric, or slipped into a pair of stockings; I would whisper soft nonsense into her ear as I haggled about the price; and would squeeze her hand tenderly as I received my half-pence of change in a bit of whity-brown paper. Let this serve as a hint to all haberdashers who have pretty daughters for shop-girls, and young students for customers. I do not know whether my words and looks were very eloquent, but my poetry was irresistible; for, to tell the truth, the girl had some literary taste, and was seldom without a book from the circulating library.

By the divine power of poetry, therefore, which is so potent with the lovely sex, did I subdue the heart of this fair little haberdasher. We carried on a sentimental correspondence for a time across the counter, and I supplied her with rhyme by the stockingfull. * * * *



Illustration of the "Society of the Future"

THE SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE



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BUCKTHORNE AND THE SHOPKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

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THE BOLD DRAGOON;

OR, THE

ADVENTURE OF MY GRANDFATHER.*

My grandfather was a bold dragoon, for it's a profession, d'ye see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been dragoons, and died on the field of honor, except myself, and I hope my posterity may be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vainglorious. Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army, which, according to my uncle Toby, swore so terribly in Flanders. He could swear a good stick himself; and moreover was the very man that introduced the doctrine Corporal Trim mentions of radical heat and radical moisture; or, in other words, the mode of keeping out the damps of ditch-water by burnt brandy. Be that as it may, it's nothing to the purport of my story. I only tell it to show you that my grandfather was a man not easily to be humbugged. He had seen service, or, according to his own phrase, he had seen the devil—and that's saying every thing.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark from Ostend—bad luck to

* From the Tales of a Traveller.

the place! for one where I was kept by storms and head-winds for three long days, and the devil of a jolly companion or pretty face to comfort me. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather to Ostend—no matter which, it's all the same. So one evening, towards nightfall, he rode jollily into Bruges.—Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen; a queer old-fashioned Flemish town, once, they say, a great place for trade and money-making in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day.—Well, gentlemen, it was at the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded; and the canals swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly any getting along for goods, wares, and merchandises, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half a score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along, in his easy slashing way, for he was a saucy, sunshiny fellow—staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable ends to the street, and storks' nests in the chimneys; winking at the yafrows who showed their faces at the windows, and joking the women right and left in the street; all of whom laughed, and took it in amazing good part; for though he did not know a word of the language, yet he had always a knack of making himself understood among the women.

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded, every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old rickety inn that looked ready to fall to pieces, and which all the rats would have run away from, if they could have found room in any other house to put their heads. It

was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds, and as many garrets, one over the other, as the seven heavens of Mahomet. Nothing had saved it from tumbling down but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a house in the Low Countries; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival, there were two of these long-legged birds of grace standing like ghosts on the chimney-top. Faith, but they've kept the house on its legs to this very day, for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet, only it is turned into a brewery of strong Flemish beer,—at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not have altogether struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door,

HEER VERKOOPT MAN GOEDEN DRANK.

My grandfather had learnt enough of the language to know that the sign promised good liquor. "This is the house for me," said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing dragoon was an event in an old inn, frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffic. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a stately ample man in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man and great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door; a fat little distiller of Geneva, from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other; and the bottle-nosed host stood in the door, and the comely hostess, in crimped cap, beside him; and the hostess's daughter, a plump Flanders lass, with long gold pendants in her ears, was at a side window.

"Humph!" said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

"De duyvel!" said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw, with the quick glance of a publican, that the new guest was not at all to the taste of the old ones; and, to tell the truth, he did not like my grandfather's saucy eye. He shook his head. "Not a garret in the house but was full."

"Not a garret!" echoed the landlady.

"Not a garret!" echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp, and the little distiller of Schiedam, continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eyeing the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be browbeaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his hat on one side, stuck one arm akimbo,—*"Faith and troth!"* said he, "but I'll sleep in this house this very night."—As he said this he gave a slap on his thigh, by way of emphasis—the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers into the public room.—May be you've been in the bar-room of an old Flemish inn—faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you'd wish to see; with a brick floor, and a great fireplace, with the whole Bible history in glazed tiles; and then the mantel-piece, pitching itself head foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked teapots and earthen jugs paraded on it; not to mention half a dozen great Delft platters, hung about the room by way of pictures; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar-maid inside of it, with a red calico cap, and yellow ear-drops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast

an eye around the room—"Faith, this is the very house I've been looking after," said he.

There was some further show of resistance on the part of the garrison; but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarneyed the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar-maid under the chin; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain, to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had been for some time shut up.

"Some say it's haunted," whispered the landlord's daughter; "but you are a bold dragoon, and I dare say don't fear ghosts."

"The devil a bit!" said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek. "But if I should be troubled by ghosts, I've been to the Red Sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling."

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humored box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house, swaggering all over it; into the stable to look after his horse, into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or do with every one; smoked with the Dutchmen, drank with the Germans, slapped the landlord on the shoulder, romped with his daughter and the bar-maid:—never, since the days of Alley Croaker, had such a rattling blade been

seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment; the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and as he swaggered along the corridor, with his sword trailing by his side, the maids looked after him, and whispered to one another, "What a proper man!"

At supper, my grandfather took command of the table-d'hôte as though he had been at home; helped every body, not forgetting himself; talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking a long time before he broke forth; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hickuping, and trolling the burden of a Low Dutch love-song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters up a large staircase, composed of loads of hewn timber; and through long rigmarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fish, and fruit, and game, and country frolics, and huge kitchens, and portly burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture, where every thing diseased or dis-

abled was sent to nurse or to be forgotten. Or rather it might be taken for a general congress of old legitimate movables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike. Such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms, and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms; and cracked marble tables with curiously carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at nine-pins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and, having undressed himself, placed his light in the fireplace, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in the chimney-corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep, for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The housemaids, one by one, crept up yawning to their attics; and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night without dreaming of the bold dragon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries; and there he lay, melting between two feather beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm-complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little time it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in a fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, excepting the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers; who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bull-frogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

"May be the maid had warmed it too much?" said the curious gentleman, inquiringly.

"I rather think the contrary," replied the Irishman. "But be that as it may, it grew too hot for my grandfather."

"Faith, there's no standing this any longer," says he. So he jumped out of bed and went strolling about the house.

"What for?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"Why, to cool himself, to be sure—or perhaps to find a more comfortable bed—or perhaps—But no matter what he went for—he never mentioned—and there's no use in taking up our time in conjecturing."

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning, perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and listened. It seemed as if some one were trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts, so he pushed the door gently open and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St. Anthony himself. By the light of the fire he saw a pale weazen-faced fellow, in a long flannel gown and a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new

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THE BOLD DRAGON

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cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room a long-backed, bandy-legged chair covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcombical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw-foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique, long-bodied chairs, paired off in couples and led down a country dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary limb; while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the movables got in motion: pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils; all except a great clothes-press, which kept courtesying and courtesying in a corner, like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music; being rather too corpulent to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason; so being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolic, he bounced into the room, called to the musician to strike up Paddy O'Rafferty, capered up to the clothes-press, and seized upon the two handles to lead her out:—when—whirr! the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs and shovel, slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened, and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor with the

clothes-press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off, and in his hands.

"Then, after all, this was a mere dream!" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"The divil a bit of a dream!" replied the Irishman. "There never was a truer fact in this world. Faith, I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream."

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes-press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose that two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise. Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake. The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept below, hurried up with a candle to inquire the cause; but with all his haste his daughter had arrived at the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar-maid, who was followed by the simpering chamber-maids, all holding together, as well as they could, such garments as they had first laid hands on; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the deuce was to pay in the chamber of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had witnessed, and the broken handles of the prostrate clothes-press bore testimony to the fact. There was no contesting such evidence; particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head, but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it, by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt

in that chamber was a famous juggler, who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and had no doubt infected all the furniture.

This set all things to right, particularly when the chambermaids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room; and as they declared this "upon their honors," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

"And did your grandfather go to bed again in that room?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"That's more than I can tell. Where he passed the rest of the night, was a secret he never disclosed. In fact, though he had seen much service, he was but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt to make blunders in his travels about inns at night, which it would have puzzled him sadly to account for in the morning."

"Was he ever apt to walk in his sleep?" said the knowing old gentleman.

"Never that I heard of."

There was a little pause after this rigmarole Irish romance, when the old gentleman with the haunted head observed, that the stories hitherto related had rather a burlesque tendency. "I recollect an adventure, however," added he, "which I heard of during a residence at Paris, for the truth of which I can undertake to vouch, and which is of a very grave and singular nature."

THE SETTLEMENT AT ASTORIA.*

THE Columbia, or Oregon, for the distance of thirty or forty miles from its entrance into the sea, is, properly speaking, a mere estuary, indented by deep bays so as to vary from three to seven miles in width; and is rendered extremely intricate and dangerous by shoals reaching nearly from shore to shore, on which, at times, the winds and currents produce foaming and tumultuous breakers. The mouth of the river proper is but about half a mile wide, formed by the contracting shores of the estuary. The entrance from the sea, as we have already observed, is bounded on the south side by a flat sandy spit of land, stretching into the ocean. This is commonly called Point Adams. The opposite, or northern side, is Cape Disappointment; a kind of peninsula, terminating in a steep knoll or promontory crowned with a forest of pine trees, and connected with the main-land by a low and narrow neck. Immediately within this cape is a wide, open bay, terminating at Chinook Point, so called from a neighboring tribe of Indians. This was called Baker's Bay, and here the Tonquin was anchored.

The natives inhabiting the lower part of the river, and with whom the company was likely to have the most frequent inter-

* From Astoria.

course, were divided at this time into four tribes, the Chinooks, Clatsops, Wahkiacums, and Cathlamahs. They resembled each other in person, dress, language, and manner ; and were probably from the same stock, but broken into tribes, or rather hordes, by those feuds and schisms frequent among Indians.

These people generally live by fishing. It is true they occasionally hunt the elk and deer, and ensnare the waterfowl of their ponds and rivers, but these are casual luxuries. Their chief subsistence is derived from the salmon and other fish which abound in the Columbia and its tributary streams, aided by roots and herbs, especially the wappatoo, which is found on the islands of the river.

As the Indians of the plains who depend upon the chase are bold and expert riders, and pride themselves upon their horses, so these piscatory tribes of the coast excel in the management of canoes, and are never more at home than when riding upon the waves. Their canoes vary in form and size. Some are upwards of fifty feet long, cut out of a single tree, either fir or white cedar, and capable of carrying thirty persons. They have thwart pieces from side to side about three inches thick, and their gunwales flare outwards, so as to cast off the surges of the waves. The bow and stern are decorated with grotesque figures of men and animals, sometimes five feet in height.

In managing their canoes they kneel two and two along the bottom, sitting on their heels, and wielding paddles from four to five feet long, while one sits on the stern and steers with a paddle of the same kind. The women are equally expert with the men in managing the canoe, and generally take the helm.

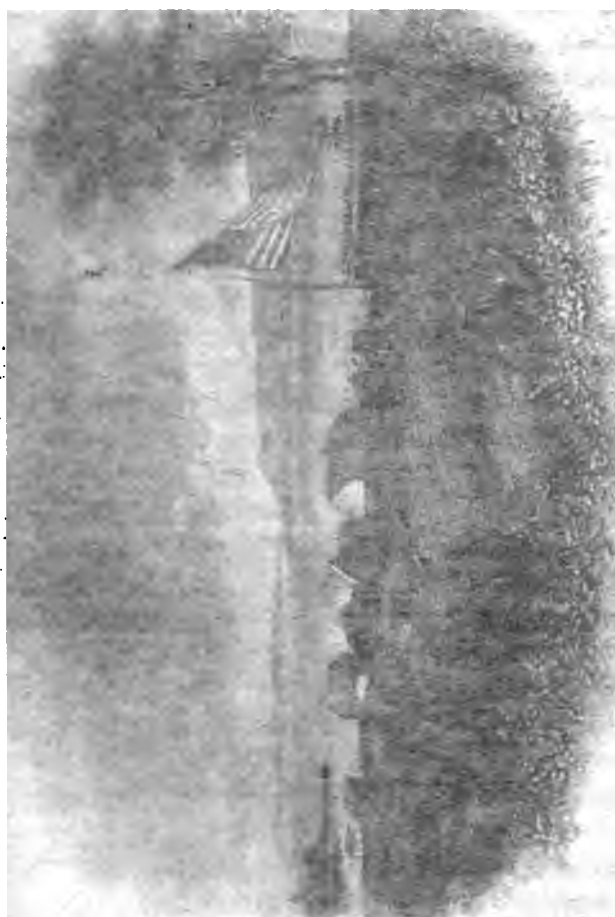
It is surprising to see with what fearless unconcern these savages venture in their light barks upon the roughest and most

tempestuous seas. They seem to ride upon the waves like sea-fowl. Should a surge throw the canoe upon its side and endanger its overturn, those to windward lean over the upper gunwale, thrust their paddles deep into the wave, apparently catch the water and force it under the canoe, and by this action not merely regain an equilibrium, but give their bark a vigorous impulse forward.

The effect of different modes of life upon the human frame and human character is strikingly instanced in the contrast between the hunting Indians of the prairies, and the piscatory Indians of the sea-coast. The former, continually on horseback scouring the plains, gaining their food by hardy exercise, and subsisting chiefly on flesh, are generally tall, sinewy, meagre, but well formed, and of bold and fierce deportment; the latter, lounging about the river banks, or squatting and curved up in their canoes, are generally low in stature, ill-shaped, with crooked legs, thick ankles, and broad flat feet. They are inferior also in muscular power and activity, and in *game* qualities and appearance, to their hard-riding brethren of the prairies.

Having premised these few particulars concerning the neighboring Indians, we will return to the immediate concerns of the Tonquin and her crew.

Further search was made for Mr. Fox and his party, but with no better success, and they were at length given up as lost. In the mean time, the captain and some of the partners explored the river for some distance in a large boat, to select a suitable place for the trading post. Their old jealousies and differences continued; they never could coincide in their choice, and the captain objected altogether to any site so high up the river. They all returned, therefore, to Baker's Bay in no very good humor. The partners proposed to examine the opposite shore, but the captain





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was impatient of any further delay. His eagerness to "get on" had increased upon him. He thought all these excursions a sheer loss of time, and was resolved to land at once, build a shelter for the reception of that part of his cargo destined for the use of the settlement, and, having cleared his ship of it and of his irksome shipmates, to depart upon the prosecution of his coasting voyage, according to orders.

On the following day, therefore, without troubling himself to consult the partners, he landed in Baker's Bay, and proceeded to erect a shed for the reception of the rigging, equipments, and stores of the schooner that was to be built for the use of the settlement.

This dogged determination on the part of the sturdy captain gave high offence to Mr. M'Dougal, who now considered himself at the head of the concern, as Mr. Astor's representative and proxy. He set off the same day (April 5th), accompanied by Mr. David Stuart, for the southern shore, intending to be back by the seventh. Not having the captain to contend with, they soon pitched upon a spot which appeared to them favorable for the intended establishment. It was on a point of land called Point George, having a very good harbor, where vessels, not exceeding two hundred tons burden, might anchor within fifty yards of the shore.

After a day thus profitably spent, they re-crossed the river, but landed on the northern shore several miles above the anchoring ground of the Tonquin, in the neighborhood of Chinook, and visited the village of that tribe. Here they were received with great hospitality by the chief, who was named Comcomly, a shrewd old savage, with but one eye, who will occasionally figure in this narrative. Each village forms a petty sovereignty, gov-

erned by its own chief, who, however, possesses but little authority, unless he be a man of wealth and substance; that is to say, possessed of canoes, slaves, and wives. The greater number of these, the greater is the chief. How many wives this one-eyed potentate maintained, we are not told, but he certainly possessed great sway, not merely over his own tribe, but over the neighborhood.

Having mentioned slaves, we would observe that slavery exists among several of the tribes beyond the Rocky Mountains. The slaves are well treated while in good health, but occupied in all kinds of drudgery. Should they become useless, however, by sickness or old age, they are totally neglected, and left to perish; nor is any respect paid to their bodies after death.

A singular custom prevails, not merely among the Chinooks, but among most of the tribes about this part of the coast, which is the flattening of the forehead. The process by which this deformity is effected, commences immediately after birth. The infant is laid in a wooden trough, by way of cradle. The end on which the head reposes is higher than the rest. A padding is placed on the forehead of the infant, with a piece of bark above it, and is pressed down by cords, which pass through holes on each side of the trough. As the tightening of the padding and the pressing of the head to the board is gradual, the process is said not to be attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression, is whimsically hideous, and "its little black eyes," we are told, "being forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap."

About a year's pressure is sufficient to produce the desired effect, at the end of which time the child emerges from its bandages a complete flathead, and continues so through life. It must

be noted, however, that this flattening of the head has something in it of aristocratical significancy, like the crippling of the feet among Chinese ladies of quality. At any rate, it is a sign of freedom. No slave is permitted to bestow this enviable deformity upon his child; all the slaves, therefore, are roundheads.

With this worthy tribe of Chinooks the two partners passed a part of the day very agreeably. M'Dougal, who was somewhat vain of his official rank, had given it to be understood that they were two chiefs of a great trading company, about to be established here, and the quick-sighted, though one-eyed chief, who was somewhat practised in traffic with white men, immediately perceived the policy of cultivating the friendship of two such important visitors. He regaled them, therefore, to the best of his ability, with abundance of salmon and wappatoo. The next morning, March 7th, they prepared to return to the vessel, according to promise. They had eleven miles of open bay to traverse; the wind was fresh, the waves ran high. Comcomly remonstrated with them on the hazard to which they would be exposed. They were resolute, however, and launched their boat, while the wary chieftain followed at some short distance in his canoe. Scarce had they rowed a mile, when a wave broke over their boat and upset it. They were in imminent peril of drowning, especially Mr. M'Dougal, who could not swim. Comcomly, however, came bounding over the waves in his light canoe, and snatched them from a watery grave.

They were taken on shore and a fire made, at which they dried their clothes, after which Comcomly conducted them back to his village. Here every thing was done that could be devised for their entertainment during three days that they were detained by bad weather. Comcomly made his people perform antics be-

fore them; and his wives and daughters endeavored, by all the soothing and endearing arts of women, to find favor in their eyes. Some even painted their bodies with red clay, and anointed themselves with fish oil, to give additional lustre to their charms. Mr. M'Dougal seems to have had a heart susceptible to the influence of the gentler sex. Whether or no it was first touched on this occasion we do not learn; but it will be found, in the course of this work, that one of the daughters of this hospitable Comcomly eventually made a conquest of the great eri of the American Fur Company.

When the weather had moderated and the sea become tranquil, the one-eyed chief of the Chinooks manned his state canoe, and conducted his guests in safety to the ship, where they were welcomed with joy, for apprehensions had been felt for their safety. Comcomly and his people were then entertained on board of the Tonquin, and liberally rewarded for their hospitality and services. They returned home highly satisfied, promising to remain faithful friends and allies of the white men.

From the report [made by the two exploring partners, it was determined that Point George should be the site of the trading house. These gentlemen, it is true, were not perfectly satisfied with the place, and were desirous of continuing their search; but Captain Thorn was impatient to land his cargo and continue his voyage, and protested against any more of what he termed "sporting excursions."

Accordingly, on the 12th of April the launch was freighted with all things necessary for the purpose, and sixteen persons departed in her to commence the establishment, leaving the Tonquin to follow as soon as the harbor could be sounded.

Crossing the wide mouth of the river, the party landed, and

encamped at the bottom of a small bay within Point George. The situation chosen for the fortified post was on an elevation facing to the north, with the wide estuary, its sand bars and tumultuous breakers, spread out before it, and the promontory of Cape Disappointment, fifteen miles distant, closing the prospect to the left. The surrounding country was in all the freshness of spring; the trees were in the young leaf, the weather was superb, and every thing looked delightful to men just emancipated from a long confinement on shipboard. The Tonquin shortly afterwards made her way through the intricate channel, and came to anchor in the little bay, and was saluted from the encampment with three volleys of musketry and three cheers. She returned the salute with three cheers and three guns.

All hands now set to work cutting down trees, clearing away thickets, and marking out the place for the residence, storehouse, and powder magazine, which were to be built of logs and covered with bark. Others landed the timber intended for the frame of the coasting vessel, and proceeded to put them together, while others prepared a garden spot, and sowed the seeds of various vegetables.

The next thought was to give a name to the embryo metropolis: the one that naturally presented itself was that of the projector and supporter of the whole enterprise. It was accordingly named *ASTORIA*.

The neighboring Indians now swarmed about the place. Some brought a few land-otter and sea-otter skins to barter, but in very scanty parcels; the greater number came prying about to gratify their curiosity, for they are said to be impertinently inquisitive; while not a few came with no other design than to pilfer; the laws of *meum* and *tuum* being but slightly respected among them.

Some of them beset the ship in their canoes, among whom was the Chinook chief Comcomly and his liege subjects. These were well received by Mr. M'Dougal, who was delighted with an opportunity of entering upon his functions, and acquiring importance in the eyes of his future neighbors. The confusion thus produced on board, and the derangement of the cargo caused by this petty trade, stirred the spleen of the captain, who had a sovereign contempt for the one-eyed chieftain and all his crew. He complained loudly of having his ship lumbered by a host of "Indian ragamuffins," who had not a skin to dispose of, and at length put his positive interdict upon all trafficking on board. Upon this Mr. M'Dougal was fain to land, and establish his quarters at the encampment, where he could exercise his rights and enjoy his dignities without control.



ABBOTSFORD.*

LATE in the evening of the 29th of August, 1817, I arrived at the ancient little border town of Selkirk, where I put up for the night. I had come down from Edinburgh, partly to visit Melrose Abbey and its vicinity, but chiefly to get a sight of the "mighty minstrel of the north." I had a letter of introduction to him from Thomas Campbell the poet, and had reason to think, from the interest he had taken in some of my earlier scribblings, that a visit from me would not be deemed an intrusion.

On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I set off in a postchaise for the Abbey. On the way thither I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent the postillion to the house with the letter of introduction and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott (he had not yet been made a Baronet) to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning.

While the postillion was on his errand, I had time to survey the mansion. It stood some short distance below the road, on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed; and was as yet but a snug gentleman's cottage, with something rural and pic-

* From the Crayon Miscellany.

turesque in its appearance. The whole front was overrun with evergreens, and immediately above the portal was a great pair of elk horns, branching out from beneath the foliage, and giving the cottage the look of a hunting lodge. The huge baronial pile, to which this modest mansion in a manner gave birth, was just emerging into existence: part of the walls, surrounded by scaffolding, already had risen to the height of the cottage, and the court-yard in front was encumbered by masses of hewn stone.

The noise of the chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. His alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs:

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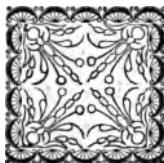
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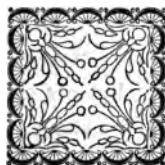
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NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*

I HAD been passing a merry Christmas in the good old style at Barlboro' Hall, a venerable family mansion in Derbyshire, and set off to finish the holidays with the hospitable proprietor of Newstead Abbey. A drive of seventeen miles through a pleasant country, part of it the storied region of Sherwood Forest, brought me to the gate of Newstead Park. The aspect of the park was by no means imposing, the fine old trees that once adorned it having been laid low by Lord Byron's wayward predecessor.

Entering the gate, the postchaise rolled heavily along a sandy road, between naked declivities, gradually descending into one of those gentle and sheltered valleys, in which the sleek monks of old loved to nestle themselves. Here a sweep of the road round an angle of the garden wall brought us full in front of the venerable edifice, embosomed in the valley, with a beautiful sheet of water spreading out before it.

The irregular gray pile, of motley architecture, answered to the description given by Lord Byron :

"An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic——"

* From the Crayon Miscellany.

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One end was fortified by a castellated tower, bespeaking the baronial and warlike days of the edifice; the other end maintained its primitive monastic character. A ruined chapel, flanked by a solemn grove, still reared its front entire. It is true, the threshold of the once frequented portal was grass-grown, and the great lancet window, once glorious with painted glass, was now entwined and overhung with ivy; but the old convent cross still braved both time and tempest on the pinnacle of the chapel, and below, the blessed effigies of the Virgin and child, sculptured in gray stone, remained uninjured in their niche, giving a sanctified aspect to the pile.*

A flight of rooks, tenants of the adjacent grove, were hovering about the ruin, and balancing themselves upon every airy projection, and looked down with curious eye and cawed as the postchaise rattled along below.

The chamberlain of the Abbey, a most decorous personage, dressed in black, received us at the portal. Here, too, we encountered a memento of Lord Byron, a great black and white Newfoundland dog, that had accompanied his remains from Greece. He was descended from the famous Boatswain, and inherited his generous qualities. He was a cherished inmate of the Abbey, and honored and caressed by every visitor. Conducted by the chamberlain, and followed by the dog, who assisted in doing the honors of the house, we passed through a long low

* "— in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born child
With her son in her blessed arms, looked round,
Spared by some chance, when all beside was spoil'd:
She made the earth below seem holy ground."

vaulted hall, supported by massive Gothic arches, and not a little resembling the crypt of a cathedral, being the basement story of the Abbey.

From this we ascended a stone staircase, at the head of which a pair of folding doors admitted us into a broad corridor that ran round the interior of the Abbey. The windows of the corridor looked into a quadrangular grass-grown court, forming the hollow centre of the pile. In the midst of it rose a lofty and fantastic fountain, wrought of the same gray stone as the main edifice, and which has been well described by Lord Byron :

“Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play’d,
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint,
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring rushed through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man’s vain glory, and his vainer troubles.” *

Around this quadrangle were low vaulted cloisters, with Gothic arches, once the secluded walks of the monks : the corridor along which we were passing was built above these cloisters, and their hollow arches seemed to reverberate every footfall. Every thing thus far had a solemn monastic air ; but, on arriving at an angle of the corridor, the eye, glancing along a shadowy gallery, caught a sight of two dark figures in plate armor, with closed visors, bucklers braced, and swords drawn, standing motionless against the wall. They seemed two phantoms of the chivalrous era of the Abbey.

* Don Juan, Canto III.

Here the chamberlain, throwing open a folding door, ushered us at once into a spacious and lofty saloon, which offered a brilliant contrast to the quaint and sombre apartments we had traversed. It was elegantly furnished, and the walls hung with paintings, yet something of its original architecture had been preserved and blended with modern embellishments. There were the stone-shafted casements and the deep bow-window of former times. The carved and panelled wood-work of the lofty ceiling had likewise been carefully restored, and its Gothic and grotesque devices painted and gilded in their ancient style.

Here, too, were emblems of the former and latter days of the Abbey, in the effigies of the first and last of the Byron line that held sway over its destinies. At the upper end of the saloon, above the door, the dark Gothic portrait of "Sir John Byron the Little with the great Beard," looked grimly down from the canvas, while, at the opposite end, a white marble bust of the *genius loci*, the noble poet, shone conspicuously from its pedestal.

The whole air and style of the apartment partook more of the palace than the monastery, and its windows looked forth on a suitable prospect, composed of beautiful groves, smooth verdant lawns, and silver sheets of water. Below the windows was a small flower-garden, enclosed by stone balustrades, on which were stately peacocks, sunning themselves and displaying their plumage. About the grass-plots in front, were gay cock pheasants, and plump partridges, and nimble-footed water hens, feeding almost in perfect security.

Such was the medley of objects presented to the eye on first visiting the Abbey, and I found the interior fully to answer the description of the poet—

"The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved ; the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and the refectory, I ween ;
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene ;
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the friar than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combined
Formed a whole, which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes were in their hearts."

It is not my intention to lay open the scenes of domestic life at the Abbey, nor to describe the festivities of which I was a partaker during my sojourn within its hospitable walls. I wish merely to present a picture of the edifice itself, and of those personages and circumstances about it, connected with the memory of Byron.

I forbear, therefore, to dwell on my reception by my excellent and amiable host and hostess, or to make my reader acquainted with the elegant inmates of the mansion that I met in the saloon ; and I shall pass on at once with him to the chamber allotted me, and to which I was most respectfully conducted by the chamberlain.

It was one of a magnificent suite of rooms, extending between the court of the cloisters and the Abbey garden, the windows looking into the latter. The whole suite formed the ancient state *apartment*, and had fallen into decay during the neglected days

of the Abbey, so as to be in a ruinous condition in the time of Lord Byron. It had since been restored to its ancient splendor, of which my chamber may be cited as a specimen. It was lofty and well proportioned; the lower part of the walls was panelled with ancient oak, the upper part hung with gobelin tapestry, representing oriental hunting scenes, wherein the figures were of the size of life, and of great vivacity of attitude and color.

The furniture was antique, dignified, and cumbrous. High-backed chairs curiously carved, and wrought in needlework; a massive clothes-press of dark oak, well polished, and inlaid with landscapes of various tinted woods; a bed of state, ample and lofty, so as only to be ascended by a movable flight of steps, the huge posts supporting a high tester with a tuft of crimson plumes at each corner, and rich curtains of crimson damask hanging in broad and heavy folds.

A venerable mirror of plate glass stood on the toilet, in which belles of former centuries may have contemplated and decorated their charms. The floor of the chamber was of tessellated oak, shining with wax, and partly covered by a Turkey carpet. In the centre stood a massy oaken table, waxed and polished as smooth as glass, and furnished with a writing desk of perfumed rosewood.

A sober light was admitted into the room through Gothic stone-shafted casements, partly shaded by crimson curtains, and partly overshadowed by the trees of the garden. This solemnly tempered light added to the effect of the stately and antiquated interior.

Two portraits, suspended over the doors, were in keeping with the scene. They were in ancient Vandyke dresses; one was a

cavalier, who may have occupied this apartment in days of yore, the other was a lady with a black velvet mask in her hand, who may once have arrayed herself for conquest at the very mirror I have described.

The most curious relic of old times, however, in this quaint but richly dight apartment, was a great chimney-piece of panel-work, carved in high relief, with niches or compartments, each containing a human bust, that protruded almost entirely from the wall. Some of the figures were in ancient Gothic garb; the most striking among them was a female, who was earnestly regarded by a fierce Saracen from an adjoining niche.

This panel-work is among the mysteries of the Abbey, and causes as much wide speculation as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Some suppose it to illustrate an adventure in the Holy Land, and that the lady in effigy had been rescued by some crusader of the family from the turbaned Turk who watches her so earnestly. What tends to give weight to these suppositions is, that similar pieces of panel-work exist in other parts of the Abbey, in all of which are to be seen the Christian lady and her Saracen guardian or lover. At the bottom of these sculptures are emblazoned the armorial bearings of the Byrons.

I shall not detain the reader, however, with any further description of my apartment, or of the mysteries connected with it. As he is to pass some days with me at the Abbey, we shall have time to examine the old edifice at our leisure, and to make ourselves acquainted not merely with its interior, but likewise with its environs.

THE WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS.*

It was on the 20th of July, that Captain Bonneville first came in sight of the grand region of his hopes and anticipations, the Rocky Mountains. He had been making a bend to the south to avoid some obstacles along the river, and had attained a high, rocky ridge, when a magnificent prospect burst upon his sight. To the west, rose the Wind River Mountains, with their bleached and snowy summits towering into the clouds. These stretched far to the north-northwest, until they melted away into what appeared to be faint clouds, but which the experienced eye of the veteran hunters of the party recognized for the rugged mountains of the Yellowstone; at the feet of which, extended the wild Crow country: a perilous, though profitable region for the trapper.

To the southwest, the eye ranged over an immense extent of wilderness, with what appeared to be a snowy vapor resting upon its horizon. This, however, was pointed out as another branch of the Great Chippewayan, or Rocky chain; being the Eutaw Mountains, at whose basis, the wandering tribe of hunters of the same name pitch their tents.

We can imagine the enthusiasm of the worthy captain, when

* From Astoria.

he beheld the vast and mountainous scene of his adventurous enterprise thus suddenly unveiled before him. We can imagine with what feelings of awe and admiration he must have contemplated the Wind River Sierra, or bed of mountains; that great fountain-head, from whose springs, and lakes, and melted snows, some of those mighty rivers take their rise, which wander over hundreds of miles of varied country and clime, and find their way to the opposite waves of the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Wind River Mountains are, in fact, among the most remarkable of the whole Rocky chain; and would appear to be among the loftiest. They form, as it were, a great bed of mountains, about eighty miles in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth; with rugged peaks, covered with eternal snows, and deep, narrow valleys, full of springs, and brooks, and rock-bound lakes. From this great treasury of waters, issue forth limpid streams, which, augmenting as they descend, become main tributaries, of the Missouri on the one side, and the Columbia on the other; and give rise to the Seeds-ke-dee Agie, or Green River, the great Colorado of the West, that empties its current into the Gulf of California.

The Wind River Mountains are notorious in hunters' and trappers' stories: their rugged defiles, and the rough tracts about their neighborhood, having been lurking-places for the predatory hordes of the mountains, and scenes of rough encounter with Crows and Blackfeet. It was to the west of these mountains, in the valley of the Seeds-ke-dee Agie, or Green River, that Captain Bonneville intended to make a halt, for the purpose of giving repose to his people and his horses, after their weary journeying; and of collecting information as to his future course. This Green River Valley, and its immediate neighborhood, as we have





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On the 21st of July, as they were pursuing their course through one of the meadows of the Sweet Water, they beheld a horse grazing at a little distance. He showed no alarm at their approach, but suffered himself quietly to be taken, evincing a perfect state of tameness. The scouts of the party were instantly on the look-out for the owners of this animal; lest some dangerous band of savages might be lurking in the vicinity. After a narrow search, they discovered the trail of an Indian party, which had evidently passed through that neighborhood but recently. The horse was accordingly taken possession of, as an estray; but a more vigilant watch than usual was kept round the camp at nights, lest his former owners should be upon the prowl.

The travellers had now attained so high an elevation, that on the 23d of July, at daybreak, there was considerable ice in the water-buckets, and the thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees. The rarity of the atmosphere continued to affect the wood-work of the waggon, and the wheels were incessantly falling to pieces. A remedy was at length devised. The tire of each wheel was taken off; a band of wood was nailed round the exterior of the felloes, the tire was then made red-hot, replaced round the wheel, and suddenly cooled with water. By this means, the whole was bound together with great compactness.

The extreme elevation of these great steppes, which range along the feet of the Rocky Mountains, take away from the seem-

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On the 24th, the travellers took final leave of the Sweet Water, and keeping westwardly, over a low and very rocky ridge, one of the most southern spurs of the Wind River Mountains, they encamped, after a march of seven hours and a half, on the banks of a small clear stream, running to the south, in which they caught a number of fine trout.

The sight of these fish was hailed with pleasure, as a sign that they had reached the waters which flow into the Pacific; for it is only on the western streams of the Rocky Mountains that trout are to be taken. The stream on which they had thus encamped, proved, in effect, to be tributary to the Seeds-ke-dee Agie, or Green River, into which it flowed, at some distance to the south.

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A vast valley now spread itself before the travellers, bounded on one side by the Wind River Mountains, and to the west, by a long range of high hills. This Captain Bonneville was assured by a veteran hunter in his company, was the great valley of the Seeds-ke-dee; and the same informant would fain have persuaded him, that a small stream, three feet deep, which he came to on



THE WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS.



J. EASTMAN

BUFFALO HUNT.

NEW YORK: G. PUTNAM.

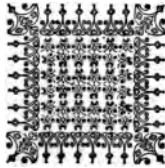
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JOHNSON had now become one of Goldsmith's best friends and advisers. He knew all the weak points of his character, but he knew also his merits ; and while he would rebuke him like a child, and rail at his errors and follies, he would suffer no one else to undervalue him. Goldsmith knew the soundness of his judgment and his practical benevolence, and often sought his counsel and aid amid the difficulties into which his heedlessness was continually plunging him.

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VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS



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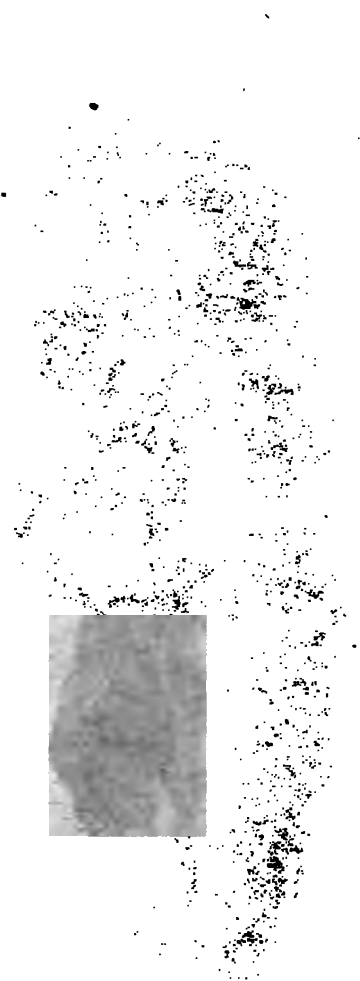
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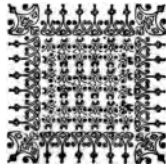
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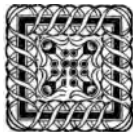
DR. JOHNSON READING THE 'VICAR'

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merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The novel in question was the "Vicar of Wakefield:" the bookseller to whom Johnson sold it was Francis Newbery, nephew to John. Strange as it may seem, this captivating work, which has obtained and preserved an almost unrivalled popularity in various languages, was so little appreciated by the bookseller, that he kept it by him for nearly two years unpublished!



CHARACTER OF GOLDSMITH.*

NEVER was the trite, because sage apothegm, that "The child is father to the man," more fully verified than in the case of Goldsmith. He is shy, awkward, and blundering in childhood, yet full of sensibility; he is a butt for the jeers and jokes of his companions, but apt to surprise and confound them by sudden and witty repartees; he is dull and stupid at his tasks, yet an eager and intelligent devourer of the travelling tales and campaigning stories of his half-military pedagogue; he may be a dunce, but he is already a rhymers; and his early scintillations of poetry awaken the expectations of his friends. He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fairy gifts laid in his cradle by the "good people" who haunted his birth-place, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Inny.

He carries with him the wayward elfin spirit, if we may so term it, throughout his career. His fairy gifts are of no avail at school, academy, or college: they unfit him for close study and practical science, and render him heedless of every thing that does not address itself to his poetical imagination and genial and festive feelings; they dispose him to break away from restraint,

* From *Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography.*

to stroll about hedges, green lanes, and haunted streams, to revel with jovial companions, or to rove the country like a gipsy in quest of odd adventures.

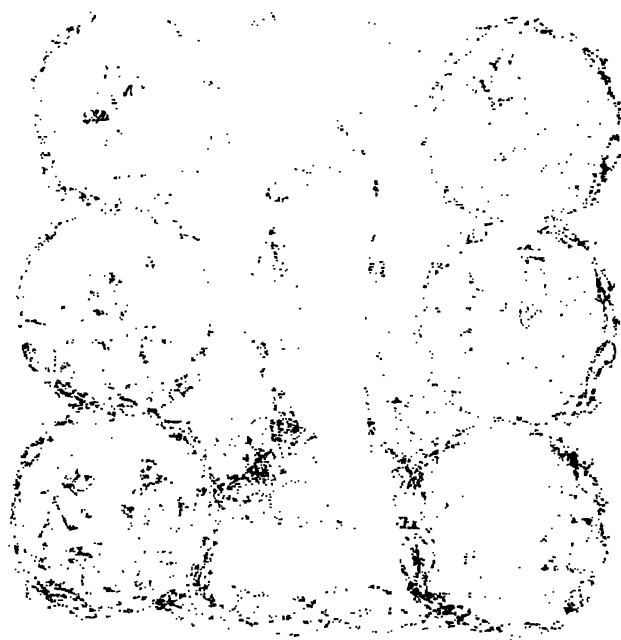
As if confiding in these delusive gifts, he takes no heed of the present nor care for the future, lays no regular and solid foundation of knowledge, follows out no plan, adopts and discards those recommended by his friends, at one time prepares for the ministry, next turns to the law, and then fixes upon medicine. He repairs to Edinburgh, the great emporium of medical science, but the fairy gifts accompany him; he idles and frolics away his time there, imbibing only such knowledge as is agreeable to him; makes an excursion to the poetical regions of the Highlands; and having walked the hospitals for the customary time, sets off to ramble over the Continent, in quest of novelty rather than knowledge. His whole tour is a poetical one. He fancies he is playing the philosopher while he is really playing the poet; and though professedly he attends lectures, and visits foreign universities, so deficient is he on his return, in the studies for which he set out, that he fails in an examination as a surgeon's mate; and while figuring as a doctor of medicine, is outvied on a point of practice by his apothecary. Baffled in every regular pursuit, after trying in vain some of the humbler callings of commonplace life, he is driven almost by chance to the exercise of his pen, and here the fairy gifts come to his assistance. For a long time, however, he seems unaware of the magic properties of that pen: he uses it only as a make-shift until he can find a *legitimate* means of support. He is not a learned man, and can write but meagrely and at second-hand on learned subjects; but he has a quick convertible talent that seizes lightly on the points of knowledge necessary to the illustration of a theme: his writings for a time are

desultory, the fruits of what he has seen and felt, or what he has recently and hastily read; but his gifted pen transmutes every thing into gold, and his own genial nature reflects its sunshine through his pages.

Still unaware of his powers, he throws off his writings anonymously, to go with the writings of less favored men; and it is a long time, and after a bitter struggle with poverty and humiliation, before he acquires confidence in his literary talent as a means of support, and begins to dream of reputation.

From this time his pen is a wand of power in his hand, and he has only to use it discreetly, to make it competent to all his wants. But discretion is not a part of Goldsmith's nature; and it seems the property of these fairy gifts to be accompanied by moods and temperaments to render their effect precarious. The heedlessness of his early days; his disposition for social enjoyment; his habit of throwing the present on the neck of the future, still continue. His expenses forerun his means; he incurs debts on the faith of what his magic pen is to produce, and then, under the pressure of his debts, sacrifices its productions for prices far below their value. It is a redeeming circumstance in his prodigality, that it is lavished oftener upon others than upon himself: he gives without thought or stint, and is the continual dupe of his benevolence and his trustfulness in human nature. We may say of him as he says of one of his heroes, "He could not stifle the natural impulse which he had to do good, but frequently borrowed money to relieve the distressed; and when he knew not conveniently where to borrow, he has been observed to shed tears as he passed through the wretched suppliants who attended his gate." * * * * *

"His simplicity in trusting persons whom he had no previous



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reasons to place confidence in, seems to be one of those lights of his character which, while they impeach his understanding, do honor to his benevolence. The low and the timid are ever suspicious; but a heart impressed with honorable sentiments, expects from others sympathetic sincerity." *

His heedlessness in pecuniary matters, which had rendered his life a struggle with poverty, even in the days of his obscurity, rendered the struggle still more intense when his fairy gifts had elevated him into the society of the wealthy and luxurious, and imposed on his simple and generous spirit fancied obligations to a more ample and bounteous display.

"How comes it," says a recent and ingenious critic, "that in all the miry paths of life which he had trod, no speck ever sullied the robe of his modest and graceful muse? How amidst all that love of inferior company, which never to the last forsook him, did he keep his genius so free from every touch of vulgarity?"

We answer that it was owing to the innate purity and goodness of his nature; there was nothing in it that assimilated to vice and vulgarity. Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humor and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole those familiar pictures of life which form the staple of his most popular writings.

Much, too, of this intact purity of heart may be ascribed to

* Goldsmith's *Life of Nash*.

the lessons of his infancy under the paternal roof; to the gentle, benevolent, elevated, unworldly maxims of his father, who "passing rich with forty pounds a year," infused a spirit into his child which riches could not deprave nor poverty degrade. Much of his boyhood, too, had been passed in the household of his uncle, the amiable and generous Contarine; where he talked of literature with the good pastor, and practised music with his daughter, and delighted them both by his juvenile attempts at poetry. These early associations breathed a grace and refinement into his mind, and tuned it up, after the rough sports on the green, or the frolics at the tavern. This led him to turn from the roaring glees of the club, to listen to the harp of his cousin Jane; and from the rustic triumph of "throwing sledge," to a stroll with his flute along the pastoral banks of the Inny.

The gentle spirit of his father walked with him through life, a pure and virtuous monitor; and in all the vicissitudes of his career, we find him ever more chastened in mind by the sweet and holy recollections of the home of his infancy.

It has been questioned whether he really had any religious feeling. Those who raise the question have never considered well his writings; his *Vicar of Wakefield* and his pictures of the *Village Pastor*, present religion under its most endearing forms, and with a feeling that could only flow from the deep convictions of the heart. When his fair travelling companions at Paris urged him to read the Church Service on a Sunday, he replied that "he was not worthy to do it." He had seen in early life the sacred offices performed by his father and his brother with a solemnity which had sanctified them in his memory; how could he presume to undertake such functions? His religion has

been called in question by Johnson and by Boswell: he certainly had not the gloomy hypochondriacal piety of the one, nor the babbling mouth-piety of the other; but the spirit of Christian charity, breathed forth in his writings and illustrated in his conduct, give us reason to believe he had the indwelling religion of the soul.

We have made sufficient comments in the preceding chapters on his conduct in elevated circles of literature and fashion. The fairy gifts which took him there, were not accompanied by the gifts and graces necessary to sustain him in that artificial sphere. He can neither play the learned sage with Johnson, nor the fine gentleman with Beauclerc: though he has a mind replete with wisdom and natural shrewdness, and a spirit free from vulgarity. The blunders of a fertile but hurried intellect, and the awkward display of the student assuming the man of fashion, fix on him a character for absurdity and vanity which, like the charge of lunacy, it is hard to disprove, however weak the grounds of the charge and strong the facts in opposition to it.

In truth, he is never truly in his place in these learned and fashionable circles, which talk and live for display. It is not the kind of society he craves. His heart yearns for domestic life; it craves familiar, confiding intercourse, family firesides, the guileless and happy company of children; these bring out the heartiest and sweetest sympathies of his nature.

"Had it been his fate," says the critic we have already quoted, "to meet a woman who could have loved him, despite his faults, and respected him despite his foibles, we cannot but think that his life and his genius would have been much more harmonious. his desultory affections would have been concentrated, his

craving self-love appeased, his pursuits more settled, his character more solid. A nature like Goldsmith's, so affectionate, so confiding—so susceptible to simple, innocent enjoyments—so dependent on others for the sunshine of existence, does not flower if deprived of the atmosphere of home."

The cravings of his heart in this respect are evident, we think, throughout his career; and if we have dwelt with more significancy than others, upon his intercourse with the beautiful Horneck family, it is because we fancied we could detect, amid his playful attentions to one of its members, a lurking sentiment of tenderness, kept down by conscious poverty and a humiliating idea of personal defects. A hopeless feeling of this kind—the last a man would communicate to his friends—might account for much of that fitfulness of conduct, and that gathering melancholy, remarked, but not comprehended by his associates, during the last year or two of his life; and may have been one of the troubles of the mind which aggravated his last illness, and only terminated with his death.

We shall conclude these desultory remarks, with a few which have been used by us on a former occasion. From the general tone of Goldsmith's biography, it is evident that his faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we turn more

kindly towards the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and is frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of "poor Goldsmith," speaks volumes. Few, who consider the compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson; "he was a very great man." But, for our part, we rather say, "Let them be remembered," since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of "POOR GOLDSMITH."



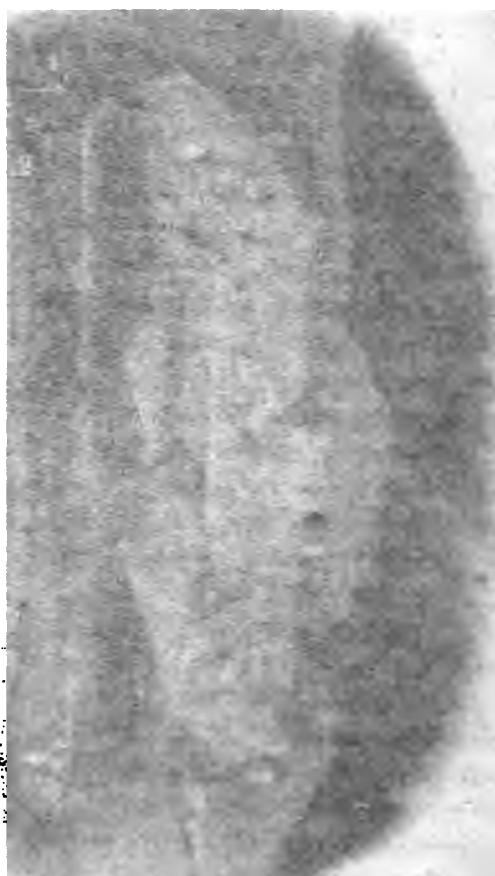
THE NOCTURNAL JOURNEY FROM MECCA.*

AN asylum being provided for Mahomet in the house of Mutem Ibn Adi, one of his disciples, he ventured to return to Mecca. The supernatural visitation of genii in the valley of Naklah, was soon followed by a vision or revelation far more extraordinary, and which has ever since remained a theme of comment and conjecture among devout Mahometans. We allude to the famous night journey to Jerusalem, and thence to the seventh heaven. The particulars of it, though given as if in the very words of Mahomet, rest merely on tradition; some, however, cite texts corroborative of it, scattered here and there in the Koran.

We do not pretend to give this vision or revelation in its amplitude and wild extravagance, but will endeavor to seize upon its most essential features.

The night on which it occurred is described as one of the darkest and most awfully silent that had ever been known. There was no crowing of cocks nor barking of dogs; no howling of wild beasts nor hooting of owls. The very waters ceased to murmur, and the winds to whistle; all nature seemed motionless and dead. In the mid watches of the night, Mahomet was roused by a voice crying, "Awake, thou sleeper!" The angel Gabriel

* Mahomet and his Successors.



1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered.

2. The second step is to gather relevant information and data.

3. The third step is to analyze the information and data to identify patterns and trends.

4. The fourth step is to develop a hypothesis or theory based on the analysis.

5. The fifth step is to test the hypothesis or theory through experiments or observations.

6. The sixth step is to evaluate the results of the tests and determine whether the hypothesis is supported or refuted.

7. The seventh step is to draw conclusions based on the results of the tests.

8. The eighth step is to communicate the findings of the study to the relevant audience.

9. The ninth step is to reflect on the study and identify areas for improvement.

10. The tenth step is to apply the findings of the study to real-world situations.

11. The eleventh step is to share the findings of the study with the wider community.

12. The twelfth step is to continue to explore the topic and build on the existing knowledge.

13. The thirteenth step is to collaborate with other researchers in the field.

14. The fourteenth step is to stay up-to-date with the latest research in the field.

15. The fifteenth step is to maintain a critical and open-minded attitude towards the research.

16. The sixteenth step is to be transparent about the methods and data used in the study.

17. The seventeenth step is to acknowledge the limitations of the study.

18. The eighteenth step is to provide a clear and concise summary of the findings.

19. The nineteenth step is to use appropriate statistical methods to analyze the data.

20. The twentieth step is to ensure that the study is ethically sound.

21. The twenty-first step is to obtain the necessary permissions and approvals.

22. The twenty-second step is to keep accurate records of the study.

23. The twenty-third step is to use appropriate language and terminology.

24. The twenty-fourth step is to provide a clear and concise introduction to the study.

25. The twenty-fifth step is to provide a clear and concise conclusion to the study.

26. The twenty-sixth step is to provide a clear and concise discussion of the findings.

27. The twenty-seventh step is to provide a clear and concise summary of the study.

28. The twenty-eighth step is to provide a clear and concise list of references.

29. The twenty-ninth step is to provide a clear and concise list of acknowledgments.

30. The thirtieth step is to provide a clear and concise list of appendices.



SKETCH OF EL MEDINAH BY A NATIVE ARTIST

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stood before him. His forehead was clear and serene, his complexion white as snow, his hair floated on his shoulders; he had wings of many dazzling hues, and his robes were sown with pearls and embroidered with gold.

He brought Mahomet a white steed of wonderful form and qualities, unlike any animal he had ever seen; and in truth, it differs from any animal ever before described. It had a human face, but the cheeks of a horse; its eyes were as jacinths, and radiant as stars. It had eagle's wings all glittering with rays of light; and its whole form was resplendent with gems and precious stones. It was a female, and from its dazzling splendor and incredible velocity was called Al Borak, or Lightning.

Mahomet prepared to mount this supernatural steed, but as he extended his hand, it drew back and reared.

"Be still, Oh Borak!" said Gabriel; "respect the prophet of God. Never wert thou mounted by mortal man more honored of Allah."

"Oh Gabriel!" replied Al Borak, who at this time was miraculously endowed with speech, "did not Abraham of old, the friend of God, bestride me when he visited his son Ishmael? Oh Gabriel! is not this the mediator, the intercessor, the author of the profession of faith?"

"Even so, Oh Borak, this is Mahomet Ibn Abdallah, of one of the tribes of Arabia the Happy, and of the true faith. He is chief of the sons of Adam, the greatest of the divine legates, the seal of the prophets. All creatures must have his intercession before they can enter paradise. Heaven is on his right hand, to be the reward of those who believe in him; the fire of Jehennam is on his left hand; into which all shall be thrust who oppose his doctrines."

"Oh Gabriel!" entreated Al Borak, "by the faith existing between thee and him, prevail on him to intercede for me at the day of the resurrection."

"Be assured, Oh Borak!" exclaimed Mahomet, "that through my intercession thou shalt enter paradise."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than the animal approached and submitted to be mounted; then rising with Mahomet on its back, it soared aloft far above the mountains of Mecca.

As they passed like lightning between heaven and earth, Gabriel cried aloud, "Stop, Oh Mahomet! descend to the earth, and make the prayer with two inflections of the body."

They alighted on the earth, and having made the prayer—

"Oh friend and well-beloved of my soul!" said Mahomet; "why dost thou command me to pray in this place?"

"Because it is Mount Sinai, on which God communed with Moses."

Mounting aloft, they again passed rapidly between heaven and earth, until Gabriel called out a second time, "Stop, Oh Mahomet! descend, and make the prayer with two inflections."

They descended, Mahomet prayed, and again demanded, "Why didst thou command me to pray in this place?"

"Because it is Bethlehem, where Jesus the Son of Mary was born."

They resumed their course through the air, until a voice was heard on the right, exclaiming, "Oh Mahomet, tarry a moment, that I may speak to thee; of all created beings, I am most devoted to thee."

But Borak pressed forward, and Mahomet forbore to tarry, for he felt that it was not with him to stay his course, but with God *the all-powerful and glorious.*

Another voice was now heard on the left, calling on Mahomet in like words to tarry; but Borak still pressed forward, and Mahomet tarried not. He now beheld before him a damsel of ravishing beauty, adorned with all the luxury and riches of the earth. She beckoned him with alluring smiles: "Tarry a moment, Oh Mahomet, that I may talk with thee. I, who, of all beings, am the most devoted to thee. But still Borak pressed on, and Mahomet tarried not; considering that it was not with him to stay his course, but with God the all-powerful and glorious.

Addressing himself, however, to Gabriel, "What voices are those I have heard?" said he; "and what damsel is this who has beckoned to me?"

"The first, Oh Mahomet, was the voice of a Jew; hadst thou listened to him, all thy nation would have been won to Judaism.

"The second was the voice of a Christian; hadst thou listened to him, thy people would have inclined to Christianity.

"The damsel was the world, with all its riches, its vanities, and allurements; hadst thou listened to her, thy nation would have chosen the pleasures of this life, rather than the bliss of eternity, and all would have been doomed to perdition."

Continuing their aerial course, they arrived at the gate of the holy temple at Jerusalem, where, alighting from Al Borak, Mahomet fastened her to the rings where the prophets before him had fastened her. Then entering the temple, he found there Abraham, and Moses, and Isa (Jesus), and many more of the prophets. After he had prayed in company with them for a time, a ladder of light was let down from heaven, until the lower end rested on the Shakra, or foundation-stone of the sacred house, being the stone of Jacob. Aided by the angel Gabriel, Mahomet ascended this ladder with the rapidity of lightning.

Being arrived at the first heaven, Gabriel knocked at the gate. "Who is there?" was demanded from within. "Gabriel." "Who is with thee?" "Mahomet." "Has he received his mission?" "He has." "Then he is welcome!" and the gate was opened.

This first heaven was of pure silver, and in its resplendent vault the stars are suspended by chains of gold. In each star an angel is placed sentinel, to prevent the demons from scaling the sacred abodes. As Mahomet entered, an ancient man approached him, and Gabriel said, "Here is thy father Adam, pay him reverence." Mahomet did so, and Adam embraced him, calling him the greatest among his children, and the first among the prophets.

In this heaven were innumerable animals of all kinds, which Gabriel said were angels, who, under these forms, interceded with Allah, for the various races of animals upon earth. Among these was a cock of dazzling whiteness, and of such marvellous height, that his crest touched the second heaven, though five hundred years' journey above the first. This wonderful bird saluted the ear of Allah each morning with his melodious chant. All creatures on earth, save man, are awakened by his voice, and all the fowls of his kind chant hallelujahs in emulation of his note.*

* There are three to which, say the Moslem doctors, God always lends a willing ear: the voice of him who reads the Koran: of him who prays for pardon; and of this cock who crows to the glory of the Most High. When the last day is near, they add, Allah will bid this bird to close his wings and chant no more. Then all the cocks on earth will cease to crow, and their silence will be a sign that the great day of judgment is impending.

The Reverend Doctor Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, in his life of Mahomet, accuses him of having stolen this wonderful cock from the tract *Bava Bartha* of the Babylonish Talmud, "wherein," says he, "we have a story of such

They now ascended to the second heaven. Gabriel, as before, knocked at the gate; the same questions and replies were exchanged; the door opened, and they entered.

This heaven was all of polished steel, and dazzling splendor. Here they found Noah; who, embracing Mahomet, hailed him as the greatest among the prophets.

Arrived at the third heaven, they entered with the same ceremonies. It was all studded with precious stones, and too brilliant for mortal eyes. Here was seated an angel of immeasurable height, whose eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart. He had at his command a hundred thousand battalions of armed men. Before him was spread a vast book, in which he was continually writing and blotting out.

"This, Oh Mahomet," said Gabriel, "is Asrael, the angel of death, who is in the confidence of Allah. In the book before him he is continually writing the names of those who are to be born, and blotting out the names of those who have lived their allotted time, and who, therefore, instantly die."

They now mounted to the fourth heaven, formed of the finest silver. Among the angels who inhabited it was one five hundred days' journey in height. His countenance was troubled, and rivers of tears ran from his eyes. "This," said Gabriel, "is the angel of tears, appointed to weep over the sins of the children of men, and to predict the evils which await them."

The fifth heaven was of the finest gold. Here Mahomet was a prodigious bird, called Zig, which, standing with his feet on the earth, reacheth up to the heavens with his head, and with the spreading of his wings, darkeneth the whole orb of the sun, and causeth a total eclipse thereof. This bird the Chaldee paraphrast on the Psalms says is a cock, and that he crows before the Lord; and the Chaldee paraphrast on Job tells us of his crowing every morning before the Lord, and that God giveth him wisdom for that purpose."

received by Aaron with embraces and congratulations. The avenging angel dwells in this heaven, and presides over the element of fire. Of all the angels seen by Mahomet, he was the most hideous and terrific. His visage seemed of copper, and was covered with wens and warts. His eyes flashed lightning, and he grasped a flaming lance. He sat on a throne surrounded by flames, and before him was a heap of red-hot chains. Were he to alight upon earth in his true form, the mountains would be consumed, the seas dried up, and all the inhabitants would die with terror. To him, and the angels his ministers, is intrusted the execution of divine vengeance on infidels and sinners. Leaving this awful abode, they mounted to the sixth heaven, composed of a transparent stone, called Hasala, which may be rendered carbuncle. Here was a great angel, composed half of snow and half of fire; yet the snow melted not, nor was the fire extinguished. Around him a choir of lesser angels continually exclaimed, "Oh Allah! who hast united snow and fire, unite all thy faithful servants in obedience to thy law."

"This," said Gabriel, "is the guardian angel of heaven and earth. It is he who dispatches angels unto individuals of thy nation, to incline them in favor of thy mission, and call them to the service of God; and he will continue to do so until the day of resurrection."

Here was the prophet Musa (Moses), who, however, instead of welcoming Mahomet with joy, as the other prophets had done, shed tears at sight of him.

"Wherefore dost thou weep?" inquired Mahomet. "Because I behold a successor, who is destined to conduct more of his nation into paradise than ever I could of the backsliding children of Israel."

Mounting hence to the seventh heaven, Mahomet was received by the patriarch Abraham. This blissful abode is formed of divine light, and of such transcendent glory that the tongue of man cannot describe it. One of its celestial inhabitants will suffice to give an idea of the rest. He surpassed the whole earth in magnitude, and had seventy thousand heads; each head seventy thousand mouths; each mouth seventy thousand tongues; each tongue spoke seventy thousand different languages, and all these were incessantly employed in chanting the praises of the Most High.

While contemplating this wonderful being, Mahomet was suddenly transported aloft to the lotus-tree, called Sedrat, which flourishes on the right hand of the invisible throne of Allah. The branches of this tree extend wider than the distance between the sun and the earth. Angels more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore, or of the beds of all the streams and rivers, rejoice beneath its shade. The leaves resemble the ears of an elephant; thousands of immortal birds sport among its branches, repeating the sublime verses of the Koran. Its fruits are milder than milk and sweeter than honey. If all the creatures of God were assembled, one of these fruits would be sufficient for their sustenance. Each seed incloses a houri, or celestial virgin, provided for the felicity of true believers. From this tree issue four rivers; two flow into the interior of paradise, two issue beyond it, and become the Nile and Euphrates.

Mahomet and his celestial guide now proceeded to Al Mamour, or the House of Adoration; formed of red jacinths or rubies, and surrounded by innumerable lamps, perpetually burning. As Mahomet entered the portal, three vases were offered him, one containing wine, another milk, and the third honey. He took and drank of the vase containing milk.

"Well hast thou done; auspicious is thy choice," exclaimed Gabriel. "Hadst thou drunk of the wine, thy people had all gone astray."

The sacred house resembles in form the Caaba at Mecca, and is perpendicularly above it in the seventh heaven. It is visited every day by seventy thousand angels of the highest order. They were at this very time making their holy circuit, and Mahomet, joining with them, walked round it seven times.

Gabriel could go no further. Mahomet now traversed, quicker than thought, an immense space; passing through two regions of dazzling light, and one of profound darkness. Emerging from this utter gloom, he was filled with awe and terror at finding himself in the presence of Allah, and but two bow-shots from his throne. The face of the Deity was covered with twenty thousand veils, for it would have annihilated man to look upon his glory. He put forth his hands, and placed one upon the breast and the other upon the shoulder of Mahomet, who felt a freezing chill penetrate to his heart and to the very marrow of his bones. It was followed by a feeling of ecstatic bliss, while a sweetness and fragrance prevailed around, which none can understand, but those who have been in the divine presence.

Mahomet now received from the Deity himself, many of the doctrines contained in the Koran; and fifty prayers were prescribed as the daily duty of all true believers.

When he descended from the divine presence and again met with Moses, the latter demanded what Allah had required. "That I should make fifty prayers every day."

'And thinkest thou to accomplish such a task? I have made the experiment before thee. I tried it with the children of Israel, but in vain; return, then, and beg a diminution of the task.'

Mahomet returned accordingly, and obtained a diminution of ten prayers; but when he related his success to Moses, the latter made the same objection to the daily amount of forty. By his advice Mahomet returned repeatedly, until the number was reduced to five.

Moses still objected. "Thinkest thou to exact five prayers daily from thy people? By Allah! I have had experience with the children of Israel, and such a demand is vain; return, therefore, and entreat still further mitigation of the task."

"No," replied Mahomet, "I have already asked indulgence until I am ashamed." With these words he saluted Moses, and departed.

By the ladder of light he descended to the temple of Jerusalem, where he found Borak fastened as he had left her, and mounting, was borne back in an instant to the place whence he had first been taken.

This account of the vision, or nocturnal journey, is chiefly according to the words of the historians Abulfeda, Al Bokhari, and Abu Horeira, and is given more at large in the Life of Mahomet, by Gagnier. The journey itself has given rise to endless commentaries and disputes among the doctors. Some affirm that it was no more than a dream or vision of the night; and support their assertion by a tradition derived from Ayesha, the wife of Mahomet, who declared that, on the night in question, his body remained perfectly still, and it was only in spirit that he made his nocturnal journey. In giving this tradition, however, they did not consider that at the time the journey was said to have taken place, Ayesha was still a child, and, though espoused, had not become the wife of Mahomet.

Others insist that he made the celestial journey bodily, and

that the whole was miraculously effected in so short a space of time, that, on his return, he was able to prevent the complete overturn of a vase of water, which the angel Gabriel had struck with his wing on his departure.

Others say that Mahomet only pretended to have made the nocturnal journey to the temple of Jerusalem, and that the subsequent ascent to heaven was a vision. According to Ahmed ben Joseph, the nocturnal visit to the temple was testified by the patriarch of Jerusalem himself. "At the time," says he, "that Mahomet sent an envoy to the emperor Heraclius, at Constantinople, inviting him to embrace Islamism, the patriarch was in the presence of the emperor. The envoy having related the nocturnal journey of the prophet, the patriarch was seized with astonishment, and informed the emperor of a circumstance coinciding with the narrative of the envoy. 'It is my custom,' said he, 'never to retire to rest at night until I have fastened every door of the temple. On the night here mentioned, I closed them according to my custom, but there was one which it was impossible to move. Upon this, I sent for the carpenters, who, having inspected the door, declared that the lintel over the portal, and the edifice itself, had settled to such a degree, that it was out of their power to close the door. I was obliged, therefore, to leave it open. Early in the morning, at the break of day, I repaired thither, and behold, the stone placed at the corner of the temple was perforated, and there were vestiges of the place where Al Borak had been fastened. Then, said I, to those present, this portal would not have remained fixed unless some prophet had been here to pray.'"

Traditions go on to say, that when Mahomet narrated his nocturnal journey to a large assembly in Mecca, many marvelled,

yet believed, some were perplexed with doubt, but the Koreishites laughed it to scorn. "Thou sayest that thou hast been to the temple of Jerusalem," said Abu Jahl; "prove the truth of thy words, by giving a description of it."

For a moment Mahomet was embarrassed by the demand, for he had visited the temple in the night, when its form was not discernible; suddenly, however, the angel Gabriel stood by his side, and placed before his eyes an exact type of the sacred edifice, so that he was enabled instantly to answer the most minute questions.

The story still transcended the belief even of some of his disciples, until Abu Beker, seeing them wavering in their faith, and in danger of backsliding, roundly vouched for the truth of it; in reward for which support, Mahomet gave him the title of Al Seddek, or the Testifier to the Truth, by which he was thenceforth distinguished.

As we have already observed, this nocturnal journey rests almost entirely upon tradition, though some of its circumstances are vaguely alluded to in the Koran. The whole may be a fanciful superstructure of Moslem fanatics on one of those visions or ecstasies to which Mahomet was prone, and the relation of which caused him to be stigmatized by the Koreishites as a madman.



THE FAITH OF ISLAM.*

IN an early chapter of this work we have given such particulars of the faith inculcated by Mahomet as we deemed important to the understanding of the succeeding narrative: we now, though at the expense of some repetition, subjoin a more complete summary, accompanied by a few observations.

The religion of Islam, as we observed on the before-mentioned occasion, is divided into two parts; FAITH and PRACTICE:—and first of Faith. This is distributed under six different heads, or articles, viz: 1st, faith in God; 2d, in his angels; 3d, in his Scriptures or Koran; 4th, in his prophets; 5th, in the resurrection and final judgment; 6th, in predestination. Of these we will briefly treat in the order we have enumerated them.

FAITH IN GOD.—Mahomet inculcated the belief that there is, was, and ever will be, one only God, the creator of all things; who is single, immutable, omniscient, omnipotent, all-merciful, and eternal. The unity of God was specifically and strongly urged, in contradistinction to the Trinity of the Christians. It was designated, in the profession of faith, by raising one finger and exclaiming, “La illaha il Allah!” There is no God but God—to which was added, “Mohamed Resoul Allah!” Mahomet is the prophet of God.

* Appendix to Mahomet and his Successors.



CONCLUSIONS

It is a well-known fact that the law of supply and demand is a fundamental principle of economics. It states that the price of a good or service is determined by the relationship between the quantity demanded and the quantity supplied. When the quantity demanded exceeds the quantity supplied, the price tends to rise. Conversely, when the quantity supplied exceeds the quantity demanded, the price tends to fall. This principle is essential for understanding market dynamics and for making informed decisions in business and economics.

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

1. John Doe (Name)
 2. John Doe (Name)
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 4. John Doe (Name)
 5. John Doe (Name)

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FAITH IN ANGELS.—The beautiful doctrine of angels, or ministering spirits, which was one of the most ancient and universal of oriental creeds, is interwoven throughout the Islam system. They are represented as ethereal beings, created from fire, the purest of elements, perfect in form and radiant in beauty, but without sex; free from all gross or sensual passion, and all the appetites and infirmities of frail humanity; and existing in perpetual and unfading youth. They are various in their degrees and duties, and in their favor with the Deity. Some worship around the celestial throne; others perpetually hymn the praises of Allah; some are winged messengers to execute his orders, and others intercede for the children of men.

The most distinguished of this heavenly host are four Arch-angels. Gabriel, the angel of revelations, who writes down the divine decrees; Michael, the champion, who fights the battles of the faith; Azrail, the angel of death; and Israfil, who holds the awful commission to sound the trumpet on the day of resurrection. There was another angel named Azazil, the same as Lucifer, once the most glorious of the celestial band; but he became proud and rebellious. When God commanded his angels to worship Adam, Azazil refused, saying, "Why should I, whom thou hast created of fire, bow down to one whom thou hast formed of clay?" For this offence he was accursed, and cast forth from paradise, and his name changed to Eblis, which signifies despair. In revenge of his abasement, he works all kinds of mischief against the children of men, and inspires them with disobedience and impiety.

Among the angels of inferior rank is a class called *Moakki-bat*; two of whom keep watch upon each mortal, one on the right hand, the other on the left, taking note of every word and

action. At the close of each day they fly up to heaven with a written report, and are replaced by two similar angels on the following day. According to Mahometan tradition, every good act is recorded ten times by the angel on the right; and if the mortal commit a sin, the same benevolent spirit says to the angel on the left, "Forbear for seven hours to record it; peradventure he may repent and pray and obtain forgiveness."

Beside the angelic orders, Mahomet inculcates a belief in spiritual beings called Gins or Genii, who, though likewise created of fire, partake of the appetites and frailties of the children of the dust, and like them are ultimately liable to death. By beings of this nature, which haunt the solitudes of the desert, Mahomet, as we have shown, professed to have been visited after his evening orisons in the solitary valley of Al Naklah.

When the angel Azazil rebelled and fell, and became Satan or Eblis, he still maintained sovereignty over these inferior spirits; who are divided by Orientalists into Dives and Peri: the former ferocious and gigantic; the latter delicate and gentle, subsisting on perfumes. It would seem as if the Peri were all of the female sex, though on this point there rests obscurity. From these imaginary beings it is supposed the European fairies are derived.

Besides these there are other demi-spirits called Tacwins or Fates; being winged females of beautiful forms, who utter oracles and defend mortals from the assaults and machinations of evil demons.

There is a vagueness and uncertainty about all the attributes given by Mahomet to these half-celestial beings; his ideas on the subject having been acquired from various sources. His whole system of intermediate spirits has a strong, though indis-

tinct infusion of the creeds and superstitions of the Hebrews and the Magians, and the Pagans or Sabeans.

The third article of faith is a belief in the KORAN, as a book of divine revelation. According to the Moslem creed, a book was treasured up in the seventh heaven, and had existed there from all eternity, in which were written down all the decrees of God and all events, past, present, or to come. Transcripts from these tables of the divine will were brought down to the lowest heaven by the angel Gabriel, and by him revealed to Mahomet from time to time, in portions adapted to some event or emergency. Being the direct words of God, they were all spoken in the first person.

Of the way in which these revelations were taken down, or treasured up by secretaries and disciples, and gathered together by Abu Beker after the death of Mahomet, we have made sufficient mention. The compilation, for such in fact it is, forms the Moslem code of civil and penal as well as religious law, and is treated with the utmost reverence by all true believers. A zealous pride is shown in having copies of it splendidly bound and ornamented. An inscription on the cover forbids any one to touch it who is unclean, and it is considered irreverent, in reading it, to hold it below the girdle. Moslems swear by it, and take omens from its pages, by opening it and reading the first text that meets the eye. With all its errors and discrepancies, if we consider it mainly as the work of one man, and that an unlettered man, it remains a stupendous monument of solitary legislation.

Beside the Koran or written law, a number of precepts and apologues which casually fell from the lips of Mahomet were collected after his death from ear-witnesses, and transcribed into a

book called the *Sonna* or Oral Law. This is held equally sacred with the Koran by a sect of Mahometans thence called *Sonnites*; others reject it as apocryphal; these last are termed *Schiites*. Hostilities and persecutions have occasionally taken place between these sects almost as virulent as those which, between Catholics and Protestants, have disgraced Christianity. The *Sonnites* are distinguished by white, the *Schiites* by red turbans; hence the latter have received from their antagonists the appellation of *Kus-silbachi*, or Red Heads.

It is remarkable that circumcision, which is invariably practised by the Mahometans, and forms a distinguishing rite of their faith, to which all proselytes must conform, is neither mentioned in the Koran nor the *Sonna*. It seems to have been a general usage in Arabia, tacitly adopted from the Jews, and is even said to have been prevalent throughout the East before the time of Moses.

It is said that the Koran forbids the making likenesses of any living thing, which has prevented the introduction of portrait-painting among Mahometans. The passage of the Koran, however, which is thought to contain the prohibition, seems merely an echo of the second commandment, held sacred by Jews and Christians, not to form images or pictures for worship. One of Mahomet's standards was a black eagle. Among the most distinguished Moslem ornaments of the Alhambra at Grenada, is a fountain supported by lions carved of stone, and some Moslem monarchs have had their effigies stamped on their coins.

Another and an important mistake with regard to the system of Mahomet, is the idea that it denies souls to the female sex, and excludes them from paradise. This error arises from his omitting to mention their enjoyments in a future state, while he

details those of his own sex with the minuteness of a voluptuary. The beatification of virtuous females is alluded to in the 56th Sura of the Koran, and also in other places, although from the vagueness of the language a cursory reader might suppose the Houris of paradise to be intended.

The fourth article of faith relates to the PROPHETS. Their number amounts to two hundred thousand, but only six are super-eminent, as having brought new laws and dispensations upon earth, each abrogating those previously received wherever they varied or were contradictory. These six distinguished prophets were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet.

The fifth article of Islam faith is on the RESURRECTION and the FINAL JUDGMENT. On this awful subject Mahomet blended some of the Christian belief with certain notions current among the Arabian Jews. One of the latter is the fearful tribunal of the Sepulchre. When Azraïl, the angel of death, has performed his office, and the corpse has been consigned to the tomb, two black angels, Munkar and Nakier, of dismal and appalling aspect, present themselves as inquisitors; during whose scrutiny the soul is reunited to the body. The defunct, being commanded to sit up, is interrogated as to the two great points of faith, the unity of God and the divine mission of Mahomet, and likewise as to the deeds done by him during life; and his replies are recorded in books against the day of judgment. Should they be satisfactory, his soul is gently drawn forth from his lips, and his body left to its repose; should they be toherwise, he is beaten about the brows with iron clubs, and his soul wrenched forth with racking tortures. For the convenience of this awful inquisition, the Mahometans generally deposit their dead in hollow or vaulted sepulchres; merely wrapped in funeral clothes, but not placed in coffins.

The space of time between death and resurrection is called *Berzak*, or the Interval. During this period the body rests in the grave, but the soul has a foretaste, in dreams or visions, of its future doom.

The souls of prophets are admitted at once into the full fruition of paradise. Those of martyrs, including all who die in battle, enter into the bodies or crops of green birds, who feed on the fruits and drink of the streams of paradise. Those of the great mass of true believers are variously disposed of, but, according to the most received opinion, they hover, in a state of seraphic tranquillity, near the tombs. Hence the Moslem usage of visiting the graves of their departed friends and relatives, in the idea that their souls are the gratified witnesses of these testimonials of affection.

Many Moslems believe that the souls of the truly faithful assume the forms of snow-white birds, and nestle beneath the throne of Allah; a belief in accordance with an ancient superstition of the Hebrews, that the souls of the just will have a place in heaven under the throne of glory.

With regard to the souls of infidels, the most orthodox opinion is, that they will be repulsed by angels both from heaven and earth, and cast into the cavernous bowels of the earth, there to await in tribulation the day of judgment.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION will be preceded by signs and portents in heaven and earth. A total eclipse of the moon; a change in the course of the sun, rising in the west instead of the east; wars and tumults; a universal decay of faith; the advent of Antichrist; the issuing forth of Gog and Magog to desolate the world; a great smoke, covering the whole earth: these and many more prodigies and omens affrighting and harassing the

souls of men, and producing a wretchedness of spirit and a weariness of life; insomuch that a man passing by a grave shall envy the quiet dead, and say, "Would to God I were in thy place!"

The last dread signal of the awful day will be the blast of a trumpet by the archangel Izrafil. At the sound thereof the earth will tremble; castles and towers will be shaken to the ground, and mountains levelled with the plains. The face of heaven will be darkened; the firmament will melt away, and the sun, the moon, and stars will fall into the sea. The ocean will be either dried up, or will boil and roll in fiery billows.

At the sound of that dreadful trump a panic will fall on the human race; men will fly from their brothers, their parents, and their wives; and mothers, in frantic terror, abandon the infant at the breast. The savage beasts of the forests, and the tame animals of the pasture, will forget their fierceness and their antipathies, and herd together in affright.

The second blast of the trumpet is the blast of extermination. At that sound, all creatures in heaven and on earth, and in the waters under the earth, angels and genii, and men and animals, all will die; excepting the chosen few especially reserved by Allah. The last to die will be Azrail, the angel of death!

Forty days, or, according to explanations, forty years of continued rain will follow this blast of extermination; then will be sounded for the third time the trumpet of the archangel Izrafil; it is the call to judgment! At the sound of this blast, the whole space between heaven and earth will be filled with the souls of the dead flying in quest of their respective bodies. Then the earth will open, and there will be a rattling of dry bones, and a gathering together of scattered limbs; the very hairs will con-

gregate together, and the whole body be reunited, and the soul will re-enter it, and the dead will rise from mutilation, perfect in every part, and naked as when born. The infidels will grovel with their faces on the earth, but the faithful will walk erect; as to the truly pious, they will be borne aloft on winged camels, white as milk, with saddles of fine gold.

Every human being will then be put upon his trial as to the manner in which he has employed his faculties, and the good and evil actions of his life. A mighty balance will be poised by the angel Gabriel; in one of the scales, termed Light, will be placed his good actions; in the other, termed Darkness, his evil deeds. An atom or a grain of mustard-seed will suffice to turn this balance; and the nature of the sentence will depend on the preponderance of either scale. At that moment retribution will be exacted for every wrong and injury. He who has wronged a fellow-mortal, will have to repay him with a portion of his own good deeds, or, if he have none to boast of, will have to take upon himself a proportionate weight of the other's sins.

The trial of the balance will be succeeded by the ordeal of the bridge. The whole assembled multitude will have to follow Mahomet across the bridge Al Sarát, as fine as the edge of a scimeter, which crosses the gulf of Jehennam or Hell. Infidels and sinful Moslems will grope along it darkling and fall into the abyss; but the faithful, aided by a beaming light, will cross with the swiftness of birds, and enter the realms of paradise. The idea of this bridge, and of the dreary realms of Jehennam, is supposed to have been derived partly from the Jews, but chiefly from the Magians.

Jehennam is a region fraught with all kinds of horrors. The very trees have writhing serpents for branches, bearing for fruit

the heads of demons. We forbear to dwell upon the particulars of this dismal abode, which are given with painful and often disgusting minuteness. It is described as consisting of seven stages, one below the other, and varying in the nature and intensity of torment. The first stage is allotted to Atheists, who deny creator and creation, and believe the world to be eternal. The second for Manicheans and others that admit two divine principles; and for the Arabian idolaters of the era of Mahomet. The third is for the Brahmins of India; the fourth for the Jews; the fifth for Christians; the sixth for the Magians or Ghebers of Persia; the seventh for hypocrites, who profess without believing in religion.

The fierce angel Thabeck, that is to say, the Executioner, presides over this region of terror.

We must observe that the general nature of Jehennam, and the distribution of its punishments, have given rise to various commentaries and expositions among the Moslem doctors. It is maintained by some, and it is a popular doctrine, that none of the believers in Allah and his prophets will be condemned to eternal punishment. Their sins will be expiated by proportionate periods of suffering, varying from nine hundred to nine thousand years.

Some of the most humane among the Doctors contend against eternity of punishment to any class of sinners, saying that, as God is all-merciful, even infidels will eventually be pardoned. Those who have an intercessor, as the Christians have in Jesus Christ, will be first redeemed. The liberality of these worthy commentators, however, does not extend so far as to admit them into paradise among true believers; but concludes that, after long punishment, they will be relieved from their torments by annihilation.

Between Jehennam and paradise is Al Araf, or the Partition, a region destitute of peace or pleasure, destined for the reception of infants, lunatics, idiots, and such other beings as have done neither good nor evil. For such, too, whose good and evil deeds balance each other; though these may be admitted to paradise through the intercession of Mahomet, on performing an act of adoration, to turn the scales in their favor. It is said that the tenants of this region can converse with their neighbors on either hand, the blessed and the condemned; and that Al Araf appears a paradise to those in hell, and a hell to those in paradise.

AL JANNAT, OR THE GARDEN.—When the true believer has passed through all his trials, and expiated all his sins, he refreshes himself at the Pool of the Prophet. This is a lake of fragrant water, a month's journey in circuit, fed by the river Al Cauther, which flows from paradise. The water of this lake is sweet as honey, cold as snow, and clear as crystal; he who once tastes of it will never more be tormented by thirst; a blessing dwelt upon with peculiar zest by Arabian writers, accustomed to the parching thirst of the desert.

After the true believer has drunk of this water of life, the gate of paradise is opened to him by the angel Rushvan. The same prolixity and minuteness which occur in the description of Jehennam, are lavished on the delights of paradise, until the imagination is dazzled and confused by the details. The soil is of the finest wheaten flour, fragrant with perfumes, and strewed with pearls and hyacinths, instead of sands and pebbles.

Some of the streams are of crystal purity, running between green banks enamelled with flowers; others are of milk, of wine and honey; flowing over beds of musk, between margins of camphire, covered with moss and saffron! The air is sweeter than

the spicy gales of Sabea, and cooled by sparkling fountains. Here, too, is Taba, the wonderful tree of life, so large that a fleet horse would need a hundred years to cross its shade. The boughs are laden with every variety of delicious fruit, and bend to the hand of those who seek to gather.

The inhabitants of this blissful garden are clothed in raiment sparkling with jewels; they wear crowns of gold enriched with pearls and diamonds, and dwell in sumptuous palaces or silken pavilions, reclining on voluptuous couches. Here every believer will have hundreds of attendants, bearing dishes and goblets of gold, to serve him with every variety of exquisite viand and beverage. He will eat without satiety, and drink without inebriation; the last morsel and the last drop will be equally relished with the first: he will feel no repletion, and need no evacuation.

The air will resound with the melodious voice of Izrafil, and the songs of the daughters of paradise; the very rustling of the trees will produce ravishing harmony, while myriads of bells, hanging among their branches, will be put in dulcet motion by airs from the throne of Allah.

Above all, the faithful will be blessed with female society to the full extent even of oriental imaginings. Beside the wives he had on earth, who will rejoin him in all their pristine charms, he will be attended by the *Hûr al Oyûn*, or *Houris*, so called from their large black eyes; resplendent beings, free from every human defect or frailty; perpetually retaining their youth and beauty, and renewing their virginity. Seventy-two of these are allotted to every believer. The intercourse with them will be fruitful or not, according to their wish, and the offspring will grow within an hour to the same stature with the parents.

That the true believer may be fully competent to the enjoyments of this blissful region, he will rise from the grave in the prime of manhood, at the age of thirty, of the stature of Adam, which was thirty cubits; with all his faculties improved to a state of preternatural perfection, with the abilities of a hundred men, and with desires and appetites quickened rather than sated by enjoyment.

These and similar delights are promised to the meanest of the faithful; there are gradations of enjoyment, however, as of merit; but, as to those prepared for the most deserving, Mahomet found the powers of description exhausted, and was fain to make use of the text from Scripture, that they should be such things "as eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The expounders of the Mahometan law differ in their opinions as to the whole meaning of this system of rewards and punishments. One set understanding every thing in a figurative, the other in a literal sense. The former insist that the prophet spake in parable, in a manner suited to the coarse perceptions and sensual natures of his hearers; and maintains that the joys of heaven will be mental as well as corporeal; the resurrection being of both soul and body. The soul will revel in a supernatural development and employment of all its faculties; in a knowledge of all the arcana of nature; the full revelation of every thing past, present, and to come. The enjoyments of the body will be equally suited to its various senses, and perfected to a supernatural degree.

The same expounders regard the description of Jehennam as equally figurative; the torments of the soul consisting in the anguish of perpetual remorse for past crimes, and deep and ever-

increasing despair for the loss of heaven ; those of the body in excruciating and never-ending pain.

The other doctors, who construe every thing in a literal sense, are considered the most orthodox, and their sect is beyond measure the most numerous. Most of the particulars in the system of rewards and punishments, as has been already observed, have close affinity to the superstitions of the Magians said to be the same as the Hiram Behest of the Persian Magi, and Mahomet is accused by Christian investigators of having purloined much of his description of heaven from the account of the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypse ; with such variation as is used by knavish jewellers, when they appropriate stolen jewels to their own use.

The sixth and last article of the Islam faith is PREDESTINATION, and on this Mahomet evidently reposed his chief dependence for the success of his military enterprises. He inculcated that every event had been predetermined by God, and written down in the eternal tablet previous to the creation of the world. That the destiny of every individual, and the hour of his death, were irrevocably fixed, and could neither be varied nor evaded by any effort of human sagacity or foresight. Under this persuasion, the Moslems engaged in battle without risk ; and, as death in battle was equivalent to martyrdom, and entitled them to an immediate admission into paradise, they had in either alternative, death or victory, a certainty of gain.

This doctrine, according to which men by their own free will can neither avoid sin nor avert punishment, is considered by many Mussulmen as derogatory to the justice and clemency of God ; and several sects have sprung up, who endeavor to soften and explain away this perplexing dogma ; but the number of these doubters is small, and they are not considered orthodox.

The doctrine of Predestination was one of those timely revelations to Mahomet, that were almost miraculous from their seasonable occurrence. It took place immediately after the disastrous battle of Ohod, in which many of his followers, and among them his uncle Hamza, were slain. Then it was, in a moment of gloom and despondency, when his followers around him were disheartened, that he promulgated this law, telling them that every man must die at the appointed hour, whether in bed or in the field of battle. He declared, moreover, that the angel Gabriel had announced to him the reception of Hamza into the seventh heaven, with the title of Lion of God and of the Prophet. He added, as he contemplated the dead bodies, "I am witness for these, and for all who have been slain for the cause of God, that they shall appear in glory at the resurrection, with their wounds brilliant as vermilion, and odoriferous as musk."

What doctrine could have been devised more calculated to hurry forward, in a wild career of conquest, a set of ignorant and predatory soldiers, than this assurance of booty if they survived, and paradise if they fell?"* It rendered almost irresistible the Moslem arms; but it likewise contained the poison that was to destroy their dominion. From the moment the successors of the prophet ceased to be aggressors and conquerors, and sheathed the sword definitively, the doctrine of predestination began its baneful work. Enervated by peace, and the sensuality permitted by the Koran—which so distinctly separates its doctrines from the pure and self-denying religion of the Messiah—the Moslem regarded every reverse as preordained by Allah, and inevitable; to be borne stoically, since human exertion and foresight were vain.

* The reader may recollect that a belief in predestination, or destiny, was encouraged by Napoleon, and had much influence on his troops.



THE GREAT EASTERN

THE GREAT EASTERN



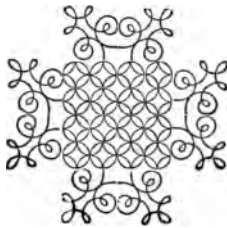
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"Help thyself, and God will help thee," was a precept never in force with the followers of Mahomet, and its reverse has been their fate. The crescent has waned before the cross, and exists in Europe, where it was once so mighty, only by the suffrage, or rather the jealousy of the great Christian powers, probably ere long to furnish another illustration, that "they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."



QUEEN ISABELLA AT THE CAMP.*

THE war of Granada, however poets may embroider it with the flowers of their fancy, was certainly one of the sternest of those iron conflicts which have been celebrated under the name of holy wars. The worthy Fray Antonio Agapida dwells with unsated delight upon the succession of rugged mountain enterprises, bloody battles, and merciless sackings and ravages, which characterized it; yet we find him on one occasion pausing in the full career of victory over the infidels, to detail a stately pageant of the Catholic sovereigns.

Immediately on the capture of Loxa, Ferdinand had written to Isabella, soliciting her presence at the camp, that he might consult with her as to the disposition of their newly-acquired territories.

It was in the early part of June that the queen departed from Cordova, with the princess Isabella and numerous ladies of her court. She had a glorious attendance of cavaliers and pages, with many guards and domestics. There were forty mules for the use of the queen, the princess, and their train.

As this courtly cavalcade approached the Rock of the Lovers, on the banks of the river Yeguas, they beheld a splendid train of

* From the Conquest of Granada.

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QUEEN ISABELIA OF CASTILE

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JOHN MARCELLA AT THE CAMP

Knicker



knights advancing to meet them. It was headed by that accomplished cavalier the marques duke de Cadiz, accompanied by the adelantado of Andalusia. He had left the camp the day after the capture of Illora, and advanced thus far to receive the queen and escort her over the borders. The queen received the marques with distinguished honor; for he was esteemed the mirror of chivalry. His actions in this war had become the theme of every tongue, and many hesitated not to compare him in prowess with the immortal Cid.*

Thus gallantly attended, the queen entered the vanquished frontier of Granada; journeying securely along the pleasant banks of the Xenel, so lately subject to the scourings of the Moors. She stopped at Loxa, where she administered aid and consolation to the wounded, distributing money among them for their support, according to their rank.

The king, after the capture of Illora, had removed his camp before the fortress of Moclin, with an intention of besieging it. Thither the queen proceeded, still escorted through the mountain roads by the marques of Cadiz. As Isabella drew near to the camp, the duke del Infantado issued forth a league and a half to receive her, magnificently arrayed, and followed by all his chivalry in glorious attire. With him came the standard of Seville, borne by the men-at-arms of that renowned city; and the Prior of St. Juan, with his followers. They ranged themselves in order of battle, on the left of the road by which the queen was to pass.

The worthy Agapida is loyally minute, in his description of the state and grandeur of the Catholic sovereigns. The queen

* Cura de los Palacios.

rode a chestnut mule, seated in a magnificent saddle-chair decorated with silver gilt. The housings of the mule were of fine crimson cloth; the borders embroidered with gold; the reins and head-piece were of satin, curiously embossed with needle-work of silk, and wrought with golden letters. The queen wore a brial or regal skirt of velvet, under which were others of brocade; a scarlet mantle, ornamented in the Moresco fashion; and a black hat, embroidered round the crown and brim.

The Infanta was likewise mounted on a chestnut mule, richly caparisoned; she wore a brial or skirt of black brocade, and a black mantle ornamented like that of the queen.

When the royal cavalcade passed by the chivalry of the duke del Infantado, which was drawn out in battle array, the queen made a reverence to the standard of Seville, and ordered it to pass to the right hand. When she approached the camp, the multitude ran forth to meet her, with great demonstrations of joy; for she was universally beloved by her subjects. All the battalions sallied forth in military array, bearing the various standards and banners of the camp, which were lowered in salutation as she passed.

The king now came forth in royal state, mounted on a superb chestnut horse, and attended by many grandees of Castile. He wore a jubon or close vest of crimson cloth, with cuisses or short skirts of yellow satin, a loose cassock of brocade, a rich Moorish scimeter, and a hat with plumes. The grandees who attended him were arrayed with wonderful magnificence, each according to his taste and invention.

These high and mighty princes (says Antonio Agapida) regarded each other with great deference, as allied sovereigns, rather than with connubial familiarity as mere husband and wife.

When they approached each other, therefore, before embracing, they made three profound reverences; the queen taking off her hat, and remaining in a silk net or cawl, with her face uncovered. The king then approached and embraced her, and kissed her respectfully on the cheek. He also embraced his daughter the princess; and, making the sign of the cross, he blessed her, and kissed her on the lips.*

The good Agapida seems scarcely to have been more struck with the appearance of the sovereigns, than with that of the English earl. He followed (says he) immediately after the king, with great pomp, and, in an extraordinary manner, taking precedence of all the rest. He was mounted "*a la guisa*," or with long stirrups, on a superb chestnut horse, with trappings of azure silk which reached to the ground. The housings were of mulberry, powdered with stars of gold. He was armed in proof, and wore over his armor a short French mantle of black brocade; he had a white French hat with plumes, and carried on his left arm a small round buckler, banded with gold. Five pages attended him, apparelled in silk and brocade, and mounted on horses sumptuously caparisoned; he had also a train of followers, bravely attired after the fashion of his country.

He advanced in a chivalrous and courteous manner, making his reverences first to the queen and Infanta, and afterwards to the king. Queen Isabella received him graciously, complimenting him on his courageous conduct at Loxa, and condoling with him on the loss of his teeth. The earl, however, made light of his disfiguring wound; saying, that "our blessed Lord, who had built all that house, had opened a window there, that he might see more readily what passed within;"† whereupon the worthy

* Cura de los Palacios.

† Pietro Martyr, Epist. 92.

Fray Antonio Agapida is more than ever astonished at the pregnant wit of this island cavalier. The earl continued some little distance by the side of the royal family, complimenting them all with courteous speeches, his horse curveting and caracoling, but being managed with great grace and dexterity; leaving the grantees and the people at large, not more filled with admiration at the strangeness and magnificence of his state, than at the excellence of his horsemanship.*

To testify her sense of the gallantry and services of this noble English knight, who had come from so far to assist in their wars, the queen sent him the next day presents of twelve horses, with stately tents, fine linen, two beds with coverings of gold brocade, and many other articles of great value.

Having refreshed himself, as it were, with the description of this progress of Queen Isabella to the camp, and the glorious pomp of the Catholic sovereigns, the worthy Antonio Agapida returns with renewed relish to his pious work of discomfiting the Moors.

* Cura de los Palacios.



SURRENDER OF GRANADA.*

THE night preceding the surrender was a night of doleful lamentings, within the walls of the Alhambra; for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. All the royal treasures, and most precious effects, were hastily packed upon mules; the beautiful apartments were despoiled, with tears and wailings, by their own inhabitants. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern-gate of the Alhambra, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, which he sent off thus privately, that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers, or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the sultana Ayxa la Horra, rode on in silence, with dejected yet dignified demeanor; but his wife Zorayma, and all the females of his household, gave way to loud lamentations, as they looked back upon their favorite abode, now a mass of gloomy towers behind them. They were attended by the ancient domestics of the household, and by a small guard of veteran Moors, loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defence of his family. The city was yet buried in sleep, as they passed through

* From the Conquest of Granada.

its silent streets. The guards at the gate shed tears, as they opened it for their departure. They paused not, but proceeded along the banks of the Xenel on the road that leads to the Al-puxarras, until they arrived at a hamlet at some distance from the city, where they halted, and waited until they should be joined by king Boabdil.

The night which had passed so gloomily in the sumptuous halls of the Alhambra, had been one of joyful anticipation in the Christian camp. In the evening proclamation had been made that Granada was to be surrendered on the following day, and the troops were all ordered to assemble at an early hour under their several banners. The cavaliers, pages, and esquires were all charged to array themselves in their richest and most splendid style, for the occasion; and even the royal family determined to lay by the mourning they had recently assumed for the sudden death of the prince of Portugal, the husband of the princess Isabella. In a clause of the capitulation, it had been stipulated that the troops destined to take possession, should not traverse the city, but should ascend to the Alhambra by a road opened for the purpose outside of the walls. This was to spare the feelings of the afflicted inhabitants, and to prevent any angry collision between them and their conquerors. So rigorous was Ferdinand in enforcing this precaution, that the soldiers were prohibited under pain of death from leaving the ranks to enter into the city.

The rising sun had scarce shed his rosy beams upon the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, when three signal guns boomed heavily from the lofty fortress of the Alhambra. It was the concerted sign that all was ready for the surrender. The Christian army forthwith poured out of the city, or rather camp of Santa Fé, and advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with

the prince and princess, the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead, accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

In the mean time, the grand cardinal of Spain, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, escorted by three thousand foot and a troop of cavalry, and accompanied by the commander Don Gutierrez de Cardenas, and a number of prelates and hidalgos, crossed the Xenel and proceeded in the advance, to ascend to the Alhambra and take possession of that royal palace and fortress. The road which had been opened for the purpose led by the Puerta de los Molinos, or gate of mills, up a defile to the esplanade on the summit of the Hill of Martyrs. At the approach of this detachment, the Moorish king sallied forth from a postern gate of the Alhambra, having left his vizier Yusef Aben Comixa to deliver up the palace. The gate by which he sallied passed through a lofty tower of the outer wall, called the tower of the seven floors (de los siete suelos). He was accompanied by fifty cavaliers, and approached the grand cardinal on foot. The latter immediately alighted, and advanced to meet him with the utmost respect. They stepped aside a few paces, and held a brief conversation in an under tone, when Boabdil, raising his voice, exclaimed, "Go, señor, and take possession of those fortresses in the name of the powerful sovereigns, to whom God has been pleased to deliver them in reward of their great merits, and in punishment of the sins of the Moors." The grand cardinal sought to console him in his reverses, and offered him the use of his own tent, during any time he might sojourn in the camp. Boabdil thanked him for the courteous offer, adding some words

of melancholy import, and then taking leave of him gracefully, passed mournfully on to meet the Catholic sovereigns, descending to the vega by the same road by which the cardinal had come. The latter, with the prelates and cavaliers who attended him, entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were thrown wide open by the alcaide Aben Comixa. At the same time the Moorish guards yielded up their arms, and the towers and battlements were taken possession of by the Christian troops.

While these transactions were passing in the Alhambra and its vicinity, the sovereigns remained with their retinue and guards near the village of Armilla, their eyes fixed on the towers of the royal fortress, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or Great Watch-Tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James, and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king of arms, with the shout of "Castile! Castile! For king Ferdinand and queen Isabella!" The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns sank upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph; the whole assembled host followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of "*Te Deum laudamus.*"

The king now advanced with a splendid escort of cavalry and the sound of trumpets, until he came to a small mosque near the banks of the Xenel, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here he beheld the unfortunate king of Granada approaching on horseback, at the head of his slender retinue. Boabdil, as he drew near, made a movement to dismount, but, as had previously been concerted, Ferdinand prevented him. He then offered to kiss the king's hand, which according to arrangement was likewise declined, whereupon he leaned forward and kissed the king's right arm; at the same time he delivered the keys of the city with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation: "These keys," said he, "are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain: thine, oh king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person. Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands." *

King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. "Doubt not our promises," replied he, "nor that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee."

Being informed that Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, the good count of Tendilla, was to be governor of the city, Boabdil drew from his finger a gold ring set with a precious stone, and presented it to the count. "With this ring," said he, "Granada has been governed; take it and govern with it, and God make you more fortunate than I." †

* Abarca, *Anales de Aragon*, Rey 80, c. 3.

† This ring remained in the possession of the descendants of the count until the death of the marques Don Inigo, the last male heir, who died in Malaga with-

He then proceeded to the village of Armilla, where the queen Isabella remained with her escort and attendants. The queen, like her husband, declined all act of homage, and received him with her accustomed grace and benignity. She at the same time delivered to him his son, who had been held as a hostage for the fulfilment of the capitulation. Boabdil pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes.*

Having rejoined his family, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence in the valley of Purchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenel. The Moorish cavaliers

out children, in 1656. The ring was then lost through inadvertence and ignorance of its value. Dona Maria, the sister of the marques, being absent in Madrid, Alcantara, l. 4, c. 18.

* Zurita, *Anales de Aragon*, lib. 20, cap. 92.

gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself: "Allah Achbar! God is great!" said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into tears.

His mother, the intrepid Ayxa, was indignant at his weakness: "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman, for what you failed to defend like a man!"

The vizier Aben Comixa endeavored to console his royal master. "Consider, Señor," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity."

The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled; his tears continued to flow. "Allah Achbar!" exclaimed he; "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?"

From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar: but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada, is known among Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*; or, "The last sigh of the Moor."

PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA.*

To the traveller imbued with a feeling for the historical and poetical, so inseparably intertwined in the annals of romantic Spain, the Alhambra is as much an object of devotion as is the Caaba to all true Moslems. How many legends and traditions, true and fabulous; how many songs and ballads, Arabian and Spanish, of love and war and chivalry, are associated with this oriental pile! It was the royal abode of the Moorish kings, where, surrounded with the splendors and refinements of Asiatic luxury, they held dominion over what they vaunted as a terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The royal palace forms but a part of a fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a hill, a spur of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains, and overlook the city; externally it is a rude congregation of towers and battlements, with no regularity of plan nor grace of architecture, and giving little promise of the grace and beauty which prevail within.

In the time of the Moors the fortress was capable of containing within its outward precincts an army of forty thousand men, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against

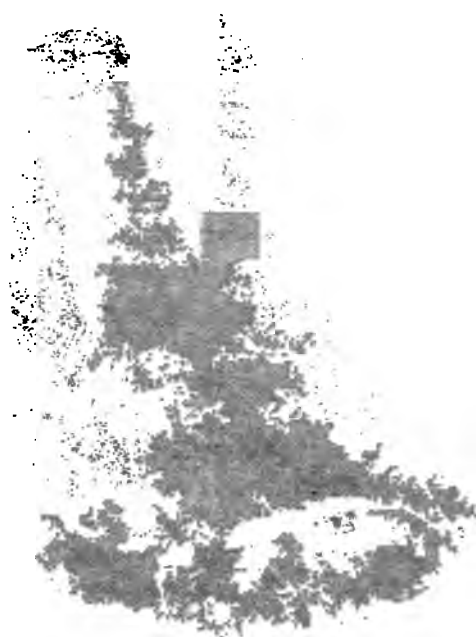
* From The Alhambra.

their rebellious subjects. After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued to be a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The emperor Charles V. commenced a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful queen, Elizabetha of Parma, early in the eighteenth century. Great preparations were made for their reception. The palace and gardens were placed in a state of repair, and a new suite of apartments erected, and decorated by artists brought from Italy. The sojourn of the sovereigns was transient, and after their departure the palace once more became desolate. Still the place was maintained with some military state. The governor held it immediately from the crown, its jurisdiction extended down into the suburbs of the city, and was independent of the captain-general of Granada. A considerable garrison was kept up, the governor had his apartments in the front of the old Moorish palace, and never descended into Granada without some military parade. The fortress, in fact, was a little town of itself, having several streets of houses within its walls, together with a Franciscan convent and a parochial church.

The desertion of the court, however, was a fatal blow to the Alhambra. Its beautiful halls became desolate, and some of them fell to ruin; the gardens were destroyed, and the fountains ceased to play. By degrees the dwellings became filled with a loose and lawless population; contrabandists, who availed themselves of its independent jurisdiction to carry on a wide and daring course of smuggling, and thieves and rogues of all sorts, who made this their place of refuge whence they might depredate

upon Granada and its vicinity. The strong arm of government at length interfered; the whole community was thoroughly sifted; none were suffered to remain but such as were of honest character, and had legitimate right to a residence; the greater part of the houses were demolished and a mere hamlet left, with the parochial church and the Franciscan convent. During the recent troubles in Spain, when Granada was in the hands of the French, the Alhambra was garrisoned by their troops, and the palace was occasionally inhabited by the French commander. With that enlightened taste which has ever distinguished the French nation in their conquests, this monument of Moorish elegance and grandeur was rescued from the absolute ruin and desolation that were overwhelming it. The roofs were repaired, the saloons and galleries protected from the weather, the gardens cultivated, the water-courses restored, the fountains once more made to throw up their sparkling showers; and Spain may thank her invaders for having preserved to her the most beautiful and interesting of her historical monuments.

On the departure of the French they blew up several towers of the outer wall, and left the fortifications scarcely tenable. Since that time the military importance of the post is at an end. The garrison is a handful of invalid soldiers, whose principal duty is to guard some of the outer towers, which serve occasionally as a prison of state; and the governor, abandoning the lofty hill of the Alhambra, resides in the centre of Granada, for the more convenient dispatch of his official duties. I cannot conclude this brief notice of the state of the fortress without bearing testimony to the honorable exertions of its present commander, Don Francisco de Serna, who is tasking all the limited resources at his command to put the palace in a state of repair,



The first of these is the *Comares*, which is the most beautiful of the three. It is a large hall, with a high vaulted ceiling, and is decorated with intricate carvings and paintings. The second is the *León*, which is a smaller hall, also with a high vaulted ceiling, and decorated with similar carvings and paintings. The third is the *Isabella*, which is the largest of the three, and is decorated with the most magnificent carvings and paintings. The *Comares* is the most beautiful of the three, and is the most famous of the halls. It is a large hall, with a high vaulted ceiling, and is decorated with intricate carvings and paintings. The *León* is a smaller hall, also with a high vaulted ceiling, and decorated with similar carvings and paintings. The *Isabella* is the largest of the three, and is decorated with the most magnificent carvings and paintings. The *Comares* is the most beautiful of the three, and is the most famous of the halls. It is a large hall, with a high vaulted ceiling, and is decorated with intricate carvings and paintings. The *León* is a smaller hall, also with a high vaulted ceiling, and decorated with similar carvings and paintings. The *Isabella* is the largest of the three, and is decorated with the most magnificent carvings and paintings.



Roberts

THE ALHAMBRA.

NEW YORK: G. PUTNAM.

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and by his judicious precautions, has for some time arrested its too certain decay. Had his predecessors discharged the duties of their station with equal fidelity, the Alhambra might yet have remained in almost its pristine beauty: were government to second him with means equal to his zeal, this relic of it might still be preserved for many generations to adorn the land, and attract the curious and enlightened of every clime.

Our first object, of course, on the morning after our arrival, was a visit to this time-honored edifice; it has been so often, however, and so minutely described by travellers, that I shall not undertake to give a comprehensive and elaborate account of it, but merely occasional sketches of parts with the incidents and associations connected with them.

Leaving our posada, and traversing the renowned square of the Vivarrambla, once the scene of Moorish jousts and tournaments, now a crowded market-place, we proceeded along the Zacatin, the main street of what, in the time of the Moors, was the Great Bazaar, and where small shops and narrow alleys still retain the oriental character. Crossing an open place in front of the palace of the captain-general, we ascended a confined and winding street, the name of which reminded us of the chivalric days of Granada. It is called the Calle, or street of the Gomerres, from a Moorish family famous in chronicle and song. This street led up to the Puerta de las Granadas, a massive gateway of Grecian architecture, built by Charles V., forming the entrance to the domains of the Alhambra.

At the gate were two or three ragged superannuated soldiers, dozing on a stone bench, the successors of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages; while a tall, meagre varlet, whose rusty-brown cloak was evidently intended to conceal the ragged state of his

nether garments, was lounging in the sunshine and gossiping with an ancient sentinel on duty. He joined us as we entered the gate, and offered his services to show us the fortress.

I have a traveller's dislike to officious ciceroni, and did not altogether like the garb of the applicant.

"You are well acquainted with the place, I presume?"

"Ninguno mas; pues señor, soy hijo de la Alhambra."—(Nobody better; in fact, sir, I am a son of the Alhambra!)

The common Spaniards have certainly a most poetical way of expressing themselves. "A son of the Alhambra!" the appellation caught me at once; the very tattered garb of my new acquaintance assumed a dignity in my eyes. It was emblematic of the fortunes of the place, and befitted the progeny of a ruin.

I put some farther questions to him, and found that his title was legitimate. His family had lived in the fortress from generation to generation ever since the time of the conquest. His name was Mateo Ximenes. "Then, perhaps," said I, "you may be a descendant from the great Cardinal Ximenes?"—"Dios Sabe! God knows, Señor! It may be so. We are the oldest family in the Alhambra,—*Christianos Viejos*, old Christians, without any taint of Moor or Jew. I know we belong to some great family or other, but I forget whom. My father knows all about it; he has the coat-of-arms hanging up in his cottage, up in the fortress."—There is not any Spaniard, however poor, but has some claim to high pedigree. The first title of this ragged worthy, however, had completely captivated me, so I gladly accepted the services of the "son of the Alhambra."

We now found ourselves in a deep narrow ravine, filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue, and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats, and ornamented with

fountains. To our left, we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right, on the opposite side of the ravine, we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos, or vermillion towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra: some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others, by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. Within the barbican was another group of veteran invalids, one mounting guard at the portal, while the rest, wrapped in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes: a custom common to the oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the Sacred Scriptures. "Judges and officers shalt thou make thee *in all thy gates*, and they shall judge the people with just judgment."

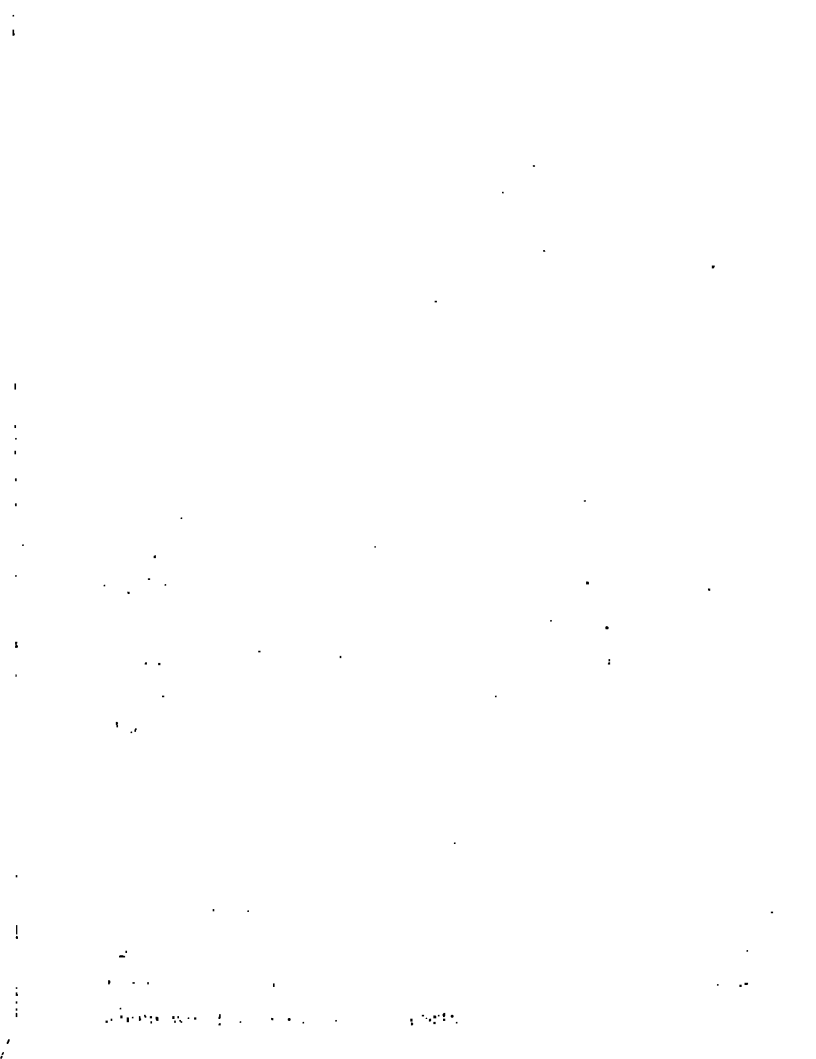
The great vestibule, or porch of the gate, is formed by an immense Arabian arch, of the horseshoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the keystone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the keystone of the portal, is sculptured, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mohammedan symbols, affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine; the five fingers designating the five principal commandments of the creed of Islam, fasting, pilgrimage, alms-giving, ablution, and war against infidels. The key, say they, is the emblem of the faith or of power; the key of Daoud or David, transmitted to the prophet. "And the key of

the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open and none shall shut, and he shall shut and none shall open." (Isaiah xxii. 22.) The key, we are told, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross, when they subdued Spain or Andalusia. It betokened the conquering power invested in the prophet. "He that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth." (Rev. iii. 7.)

A different explanation of these emblems, however, was given by the legitimate son of the Alhambra, and one more in unison with the notions of the common people, who attach something of mystery and magic to every thing Moorish, and have all kind of superstitions connected with this old Moslem fortress. According to Mateo, it was a tradition handed down from the oldest inhabitant, and which he had from his father and grandfather, that the hand and key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. The Moorish king who built it was a great magician, or, as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress under a magic spell. By this means it had remained standing for several hundred years, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruins, and disappeared. This spell, the tradition went on to say, would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors would be revealed.

Notwithstanding this ominous prediction, we ventured to pass through the spell-bound gateway, feeling some little assurance against magic art in the protection of the Virgin, a statue of whom we observed above the portal.

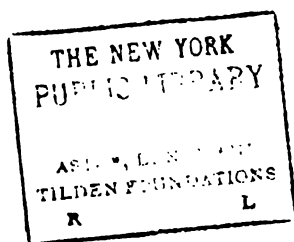






GATEWAY OF THE ALHAMBRA

NEW YORK: 1850.



After passing through the barbican, we ascended a narrow lane, winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Aljibes, or Place of the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors to receive the water brought by conduits from the Darro, for the supply of the fortress. Here, also, is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water; another monument of the delicate taste of the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

In front of this esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., and intended, it is said, to eclipse the residence of the Moorish kings. Much of the oriental edifice intended for the winter season was demolished to make way for this massive pile. The grand entrance was blocked up; so that the present entrance to the Moorish palace is through a simple and almost humble portal in a corner. With all the massive grandeur and architectural merit of the palace of Charles V., we regarded it as an arrogant intruder, and passing by it with a feeling almost of scorn, rang at the Moslem portal.

While waiting for admittance, our self-imposed cicerone, Mateo Ximenes, informed us that the royal palace was intrusted to the care of a worthy old maiden dame called Doña Antonia-Molina but who, according to Spanish custom, went by the more neighborly appellation of Tia Antonia (Aunt Antonia), who maintained the Moorish halls and gardens in order and showed them to strangers. While we were talking, the door was opened by a plump little black-eyed Andalusian damsel, whom Mateo addressed as Dolores, but who from her bright looks and cheerful disposition evidently merited a merrier name. Mateo informed me in

a whisper that she was the niece of Tia Antonia, and I found she was the good fairy who was to conduct us through the enchanted palace. Under her guidance we crossed the threshold, and were at once transported, as if by magic wand, into other times and an oriental realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. Nothing could be in greater contrast than the unpromising exterior of the pile with the scene now before us. We found ourselves in a vast patio or court one hundred and fifty feet in length, and upwards of eighty feet in breadth, paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles, one of which supported an elegant gallery of fretted architecture. Along the mouldings of the cornices and on various parts of the walls were escutcheons and ciphers, and cufic and Arabic characters in high relief, repeating the pious mottoes of the Moslem monarchs, the builders of the Alhambra, or extolling their grandeur and munificence. Along the centre of the court extended an immense basin or tank (*estanque*) a hundred and twenty-four feet in length, twenty-seven in breadth, and five in depth, receiving its water from two marble vases. Hence it is called the Court of the Alberca (from *al Beerkah*, the Arabic for a pond or tank). Great numbers of gold-fish were to be seen gleaming through the waters of the basin, and it was bordered by hedges of roses.

Passing from the court of the Alberca under a Moorish archway, we entered the renowned court of Lions. No part of the edifice gives a more complete idea of its original beauty than this, for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; the twelve lions which support them, and give the court its name, still cast forth

crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The lions, however, are unworthy of their fame, being of miserable sculpture, the work probably of some Christian captive. The court is laid out in flower-beds, instead of its ancient and appropriate pavement of tiles or marble; the alteration, an instance of bad taste, was made by the French when in possession of Granada. Round the four sides of the court are light Arabian arcades of open filigree work supported by slender pillars of white marble, which it is supposed were originally gilded. The architecture, like that in most parts of the interior of the palace, is characterized by elegance, rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy traces of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful, pilferings of the tasteful traveller: it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

On one side of the court a rich portal opens into the hall of the Abencerrages; so called from the gallant cavaliers of that illustrious line who were here perfidiously massacred. There are some who doubt the whole story, but our humble cicerone Mateo pointed out the very wicket of the portal through which they were introduced one by one into the court of Lions, and the white marble fountain in the centre of the hall beside which they were beheaded. He showed us also certain broad ruddy stains on the pavement, traces of their blood, which, according to popular belief, can never be effaced.

Finding we listened to him with apparently easy faith, he

added, that there was often heard at night, in the court of Lions, a low confused sound, resembling the murmuring of a multitude; and now and then a faint tinkling, like the distant clank of chains. These sounds were made by the spirits of the murdered Abencerrages; who nightly haunt the scene of their suffering, and invoke the vengeance of Heaven on their destroyer.

The sounds in question had no doubt been produced, as I had afterwards an opportunity of ascertaining, by the bubbling currents and tinkling falls of water conducted under the pavement through pipes and channels to supply the fountains; but I was too considerate to intimate such an idea to the humble chronicler of the Alhambra.

Encouraged by my easy credulity, Mateo gave me the following as an undoubted fact, which he had from his grandfather:

There was once an invalid soldier, who had charge of the Alhambra, to show it to strangers: as he was one evening, about twilight, passing through the court of Lions, he heard footsteps on the hall of the Abencerrages; supposing some strangers to be lingering there, he advanced to attend upon them, when to his astonishment he beheld four Moors richly dressed, with gilded cuirasses and cimeters, and poniards glittering with precious stones. They were walking to and fro with solemn pace; but paused and beckoned to him. The old soldier, however, took to flight, and could never afterwards be prevailed upon to enter the Alhambra. Thus it is that men sometimes turn their backs upon fortune; for it is the firm opinion of Mateo, that the Moors intended to reveal the place where their treasures lay buried. A successor to the invalid soldier was more knowing; he came to the Alhambra poor; but at the end of a year went off to Malaga, bought houses, set up a carriage, and still lives there one of the

richest as well as oldest men of the place; all which, Mateo sagely surmised, was in consequence of his finding out the golden secret of these phantom Moors.

I now perceived I had made an invaluable acquaintance in this son of the Alhambra, one who knew all the apocryphal history of the place, and firmly believed in it, and whose memory was stuffed with a kind of knowledge for which I have a lurking fancy, but which is too apt to be considered rubbish by less indulgent philosophers. I determined to cultivate the acquaintance of this learned Theban.

Immediately opposite the hall of the Abencerrages a portal, richly adorned, leads into a hall of less tragical associations. It is light and lofty, exquisitely graceful in its architecture, paved with white marble, and bears the suggestive name of the Hall of the Two Sisters. Some destroy the romance of the name by attributing it to two enormous slabs of alabaster which lie side by side, and form a great part of the pavement; an opinion strongly supported by Mateo Ximenes. Others are disposed to give the name a more poetical significance, as the vague memorial of Moorish beauties who once graced this hall, which was evidently a part of the royal harem. This opinion I was happy to find entertained by our little bright-eyed guide, Dolores, who pointed to a balcony over an inner porch; which gallery, she had been told, belonged to the women's apartment. "You see, señor," said she, "it is all grated and latticed, like the gallery in a convent chapel where the nuns hear mass; for the Moorish kings," added she, indignantly, "shut up their wives just like nuns."

The latticed "jalousies," in fact, still remain, whence the dark-eyed beauties of the harem might gaze unseen upon the zambras and other dances and entertainments of the hall below.

On each side of this hall are recesses or alcoves for ottomans and couches, on which the voluptuous lords of the Alhambra indulged in that dreamy repose so dear to the Orientalists. A cupola or lantern admits a tempered light from above and a free circulation of air; while on one side is heard the refreshing sound of waters from the fountain of the lions, and on the other side the soft splash from the basin in the garden of Lindaraxa.

It is impossible to contemplate this scene so perfectly Oriental without feeling the early associations of Arabian romance, and almost expecting to see the white arm of some mysterious princess beckoning from the gallery, or some dark eye sparkling through the lattice. The abode of beauty is here, as if it had been inhabited but yesterday; but where are the two sisters; where the Zoraydas and Lindaraxas!

An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and fishpools, sparkling in jets within its halls, or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements. When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and parterres, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and beautify the whole hill of the Alhambra.

Those only who have sojourned in the ardent climates of the South, can appreciate the delights of an abode, combining the breezy coolness of the mountain with the freshness and verdure of the valley. While the city below pants with the noontide heat, and the parched Vega trembles to the eye, the delicate airs from the Sierra Nevada play through these lofty halls, bringing with them the sweetness of the surrounding gardens. Every

thing invites to that indolent repose, the bliss of southern climes ; and while the half-shut eye looks out from shaded balconies upon the glittering landscape, the ear is lulled by the rustling of groves, and the murmur of running streams.

I forbear for the present, however, to describe the other delightful apartments of the palace. My object is merely to give the reader a general introduction into an abode where, if so disposed, he may linger and loiter with me day by day until we gradually become familiar with all its localities.



WASHINGTON'S COURTSHIP.*

Among the guests at Mr. Chamberlayne's, was a young and blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of Mr. John Dandridge, both patrician names in the province. Her husband John Parke Custis, had been dead about three years, leaving her with two young children and a large fortune. She is represented as being rather below the middle size, but extremely well shaped with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank, engaging manners, so captivating in Southern women. We are not informed whether Washington had met with her before; probably not during her widowhood, as during that time he had been almost continually on the frontier. We have shown that, with all his gravity and reserve, he was quickly susceptible to female charms; and they may have had a greater effect upon him when thus casually encountered in fleeting moments snatched from the cares and perplexities and rude scenes of frontier warfare. At any rate, his heart appears to have been taken by surprise.

The dinner, which in those days was an earlier meal than at present, seemed all too short. The afternoon passed away like a dream. Bishop was punctual to the orders he had received.

* Life of Washington, vol. i.



London
10th Sept. 1757 }

G. Washington





A. F. Moore

WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE

Manuscript text, likely a letter or document, partially legible and faded.

Jam Sir. Yr. Most Obed^t & H^{ble} Serv.
 For/Loudoun }
 10th Sept. 1757 } G. Washington

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halting; the horses pawed at the door; but for once Washington loitered in the path of duty. The horses were countermanded, and it was not until the next morning that he was again in the saddle, spurring for Williamsburg. Happily the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, was in New Kent County, at no great distance from that city, so that he had opportunities of visiting her in the intervals of business. His time for courtship, however, was brief. Military duties called him back almost immediately to Winchester; but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some more enterprising rival might supplant him during his absence, as in the case of Miss Philipse, at New York. He improved, therefore, his brief opportunity to the utmost. The blooming widow had many suitors, but Washington was graced with that renown so ennobling in the eyes of woman. In a word, before they separated, they had mutually plighted their faith, and the marriage was to take place as soon as the campaign against Fort Duquesne was at an end.



THE FATE OF ANDRÉ

On the 26th of September, the day after the treason of Arnold had been revealed to Washington, André arrived at the Robinson House, having been brought on in the night, under escort and in charge of Major Tallmadge. Washington made many inquiries of the major, but declined to have the prisoner brought into his presence, apparently entertaining a strong idea of his moral obliquity, from the nature of the scheme in which he had been engaged, and the circumstances under which he had been arrested.

The same evening he transmitted him to West Point, and shortly afterwards, Joshua H. Smith, who had likewise been arrested. Still, not considering them secure even there, he determined on the following day to send them on to the camp. In a letter to Greene he writes: "They will be under an escort of horse, and I wish you to have separate houses in camp ready for their reception, in which they may be kept perfectly secure; and also strong, trusty guards, trebly officered, that a part may be constantly in the room with them. They have not been permitted to be together, and must be kept apart. I would wish the room for Mr. André to be a decent one, and that he may be treated with civility; but that he may be so guarded as to pre

* Life of Washington, vol. iv.

clude a possibility of his escaping, which he will certainly attempt to effect, if it shall seem practicable in the most distant degree."

Major Tallmadge continued to have the charge of André. Not regarding him from the same anxious point with the commander-in-chief, and having had opportunities of acquiring a personal knowledge of him, he had become fascinated by his engaging qualities. "The ease and affability of his manners," writes he, "polished by the refinement of good society and a finished education, made him a most delightful companion. It often drew tears from my eyes, to find him so agreeable in conversation on different subjects, when I reflected on his future fate, and that too, as I feared, so near at hand."

Early on the morning of the 28th, the prisoners were embarked in a barge, to be conveyed from West Point to King's Ferry. Tallmadge placed André by his side on the after seat of the barge. Being both young, of equal rank, and prepossessing manners, a frank and cordial intercourse had grown up between them. By a cartel, mutually agreed upon, each might put to the other any question not involving a third person. They were passing below the rocky heights of West Point, and in full view of the fortress, when Tallmadge asked André whether he would have taken an active part in the attack on it, should Arnold's plan have succeeded. André promptly answered in the affirmative; pointed out a table of land on the west shore, where he would have landed at the head of a select corps, described the route he would have taken up the mountain to a height in the rear of Fort Putnam, overlooking the whole parade of West Point—"and this he did," writes Tallmadge, "with much greater exactness than I could have done. This eminence he

would have reached without difficulty, as Arnold would have disposed of the garrison in such a manner as to be capable of little or no opposition—and then the key of the country would have been in his hands, and he would have had the glory of the splendid achievement."

Tallmadge fairly kindled into admiration as André, with hereditary French vivacity, acted the scene he was describing. "It seemed to him," he said, "as if André were entering the fort sword in hand."

He ventured to ask what was to have been his reward had he succeeded. "Military glory was all he sought. The thanks of his general and the approbation of his king would have been a rich reward for such an undertaking."

Tallmadge was perfectly charmed, but adds quietly, "I think he further remarked, that, if he had succeeded, *he was to have been promoted to the rank of a brigadier-general.*"

While thus the prisoner, confident of the merit of what he had attempted, kindled with the idea of an imaginary triumph, and the youthful officer who had him in charge, caught fire from his enthusiasm, the barge glided through that solemn defile of mountains, through which, but a few days previously, Arnold, the panic-stricken traitor of the drama, had fled like a felon.

After disembarking at King's Ferry near Stony Point, they set off for Tappan under the escort of a body of horse. As they approached the Clove, a deep defile in the rear of the Highlands, André, who rode beside Tallmadge, became solicitous to know the opinion of the latter as to what would be the result of his capture, and in what light he would be regarded by General Washington and by a military tribunal, should one be ordered. Tallmadge evaded the question as long as possible, but being





WASHINGTON'S HEAD QUARTERS AT TAPPAN

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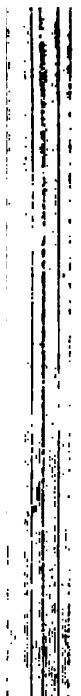
urged to a full and explicit reply, gave it, he says, in the following words: "I had a much-loved classmate in Yale College, by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken, just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his return; said I with emphasis—'Do you remember the sequel of the story?' 'Yes,' said André. 'He was hanged as a spy! But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?' 'Yes, precisely similar; and similar will be your fate.'"

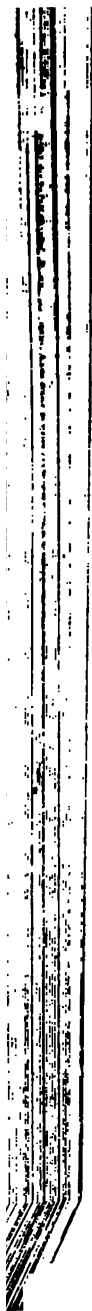
"He endeavored," adds Tallmadge, "to answer my remarks, but it was manifest he was more troubled in spirit than I had ever seen him before."

"We stopped at the Clove to dine and let the horse-guard refresh," continues Tallmadge. "While there, André kept reviewing his shabby dress, and finally remarked to me, that he was positively ashamed to go to the head-quarters of the American army in such a plight. I called my servant and directed him to bring my dragoon cloak, which I presented to Major André. This he refused to take for some time; but I insisted on it, and he finally put it on and rode in it to Tappan."

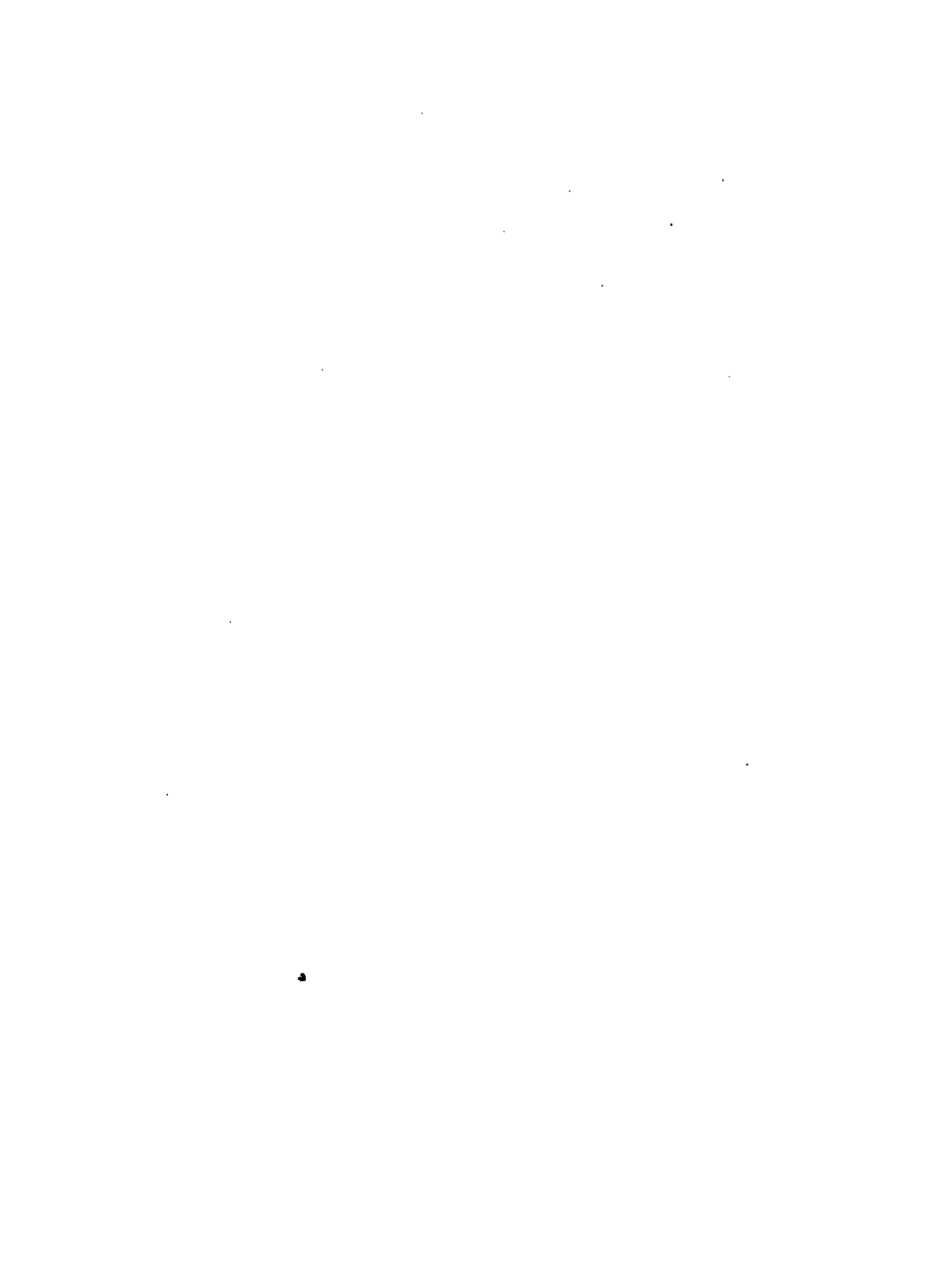
The place which had been prepared to receive Major André is still pointed out as the "76 Stone House." * * *















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